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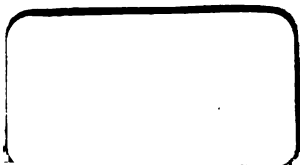
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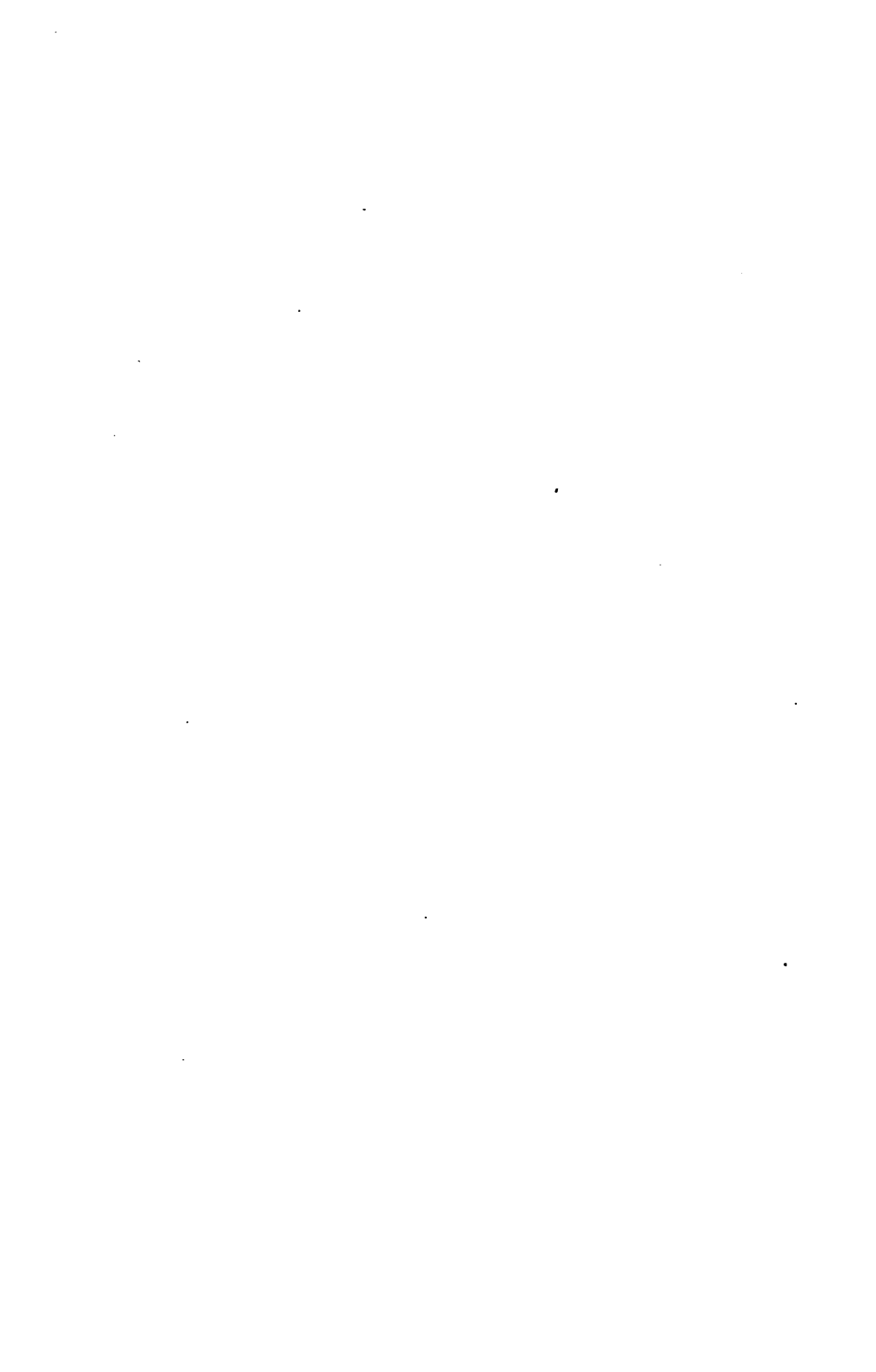
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BAILY'S MAGAZINE
OF
SPORTS & PASTIMES.

VOLUME THE SEVENTY-FIRST.

BEING

Nos. 467—472. JANUARY TO JUNE, 1899.

LONDON:
VINTON AND CO., LIMITED,
9, NEW BRIDGE STREET, LUDGATE CIRCUS, E.C.

1899.

86¹/₁₄

~~VIII. 254~~

3612.1

1899, Jan. 19 - June 10

Sc. ill. Jan. 1.

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BAILY'S MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

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WITH

Steel Engraved Portrait of THE BARON DE ROBECK.

Engraving:—CRUMPLED IN THE AIR.

The Baron de Robeck.

ALL history goes to prove that Ireland is a most assimilative country, and makes foreigners and transitory visitors so enamoured of her soil, climate, or easy ways, that not a few of them become permanent citizens, and often pronounced Irishmen. How it fared with the Firlbolgs and the Tuatha Danaans, we cannot say, but we are assured that the Milesians grew as Irish as the Autochthones (whoever they were), and that the Danes, after a few fights and cattle raids, and the despoil-

ings of a few rich shrines and sanctuaries, became admirable Irishmen; for it is quite a mistake to suppose that Brian Borhoime, the victor of Clontarf, expelled the Danes from Ireland or severed the ties which bound them to the men and women of Leinster. Dublin has been proved to have been far more of a Scandinavian than a Celtic city, and perhaps the same thing might have been said of Limerick as well. The Spanish settlement in Ireland is enveloped in mystery, but we

have the Pope's legate writing to his master in the fifteenth century about the fast and "victorious" horses to be found in Ireland called "Austercones" from Asturias.

We know that the Norman annexers of portions of Ireland very soon felt the assimilating spell, and became "more Irish than the Irish themselves," till the statutes of Kilkenny, prohibiting under the severest penalties the adoption of Irish customs by the men of the Pale, were passed to curb if possible the tendencies of nature and circumstance. Then later on we find the expatriated Huguenots became the best citizens of Ireland.

Horace in his day lamented in indignant alcaics the degeneracy of the Roman army that had followed Crassus into Parthia, and gradually adopted Oriental customs—

"Pro curia inversique mores!"

It boots not now to enquire into the causes that led to this assimilation. Sport may have had a good deal to say to it, for Irish falcons were famous, Irish greyhounds or wolfhounds noble creatures, and Irish horses as good perhaps as they are now, while from the earliest times we know that the national trend of opinion was all in favour of sport, as it is found in an early chronicle that the kings of Ireland were bound by solemn pact to encourage coursing and horse-racing by their presence, as it is written that he is to witness coursing every Wednesday, and to devote Friday to horse-racing, while Sunday brought the duty of drinking ale, for, according to the Celtic Scholiast's gloss, "He is not a lawful chief who does not distribute ale every Sunday."

This assimilative faculty finds

splendid illustration in the comparatively modern instance of the noble Swedish family of the De Robecks, who have been in Ireland for three generations, and are now as racy of the soil, and as thoroughly Irish, as the most lineal descendant of Shane O'Neil or Rory O'More; and show Irishism even in the extent of their families. True, the Swedish strain has been mingled with that of the MacGilpatrick, and since then with that of the Geraldines and the Lawlesses, but the fact remains that our subject is a typical Irishman in heart and soul, in speech, in manners, and in love of sport. His paternal grandfather, after serving in the Swedish cavalry (he was a Knight of the Swedish Military Order "of the Sword") with distinction, married Anne, the daughter and heiress of the Honourable Richard FitzPatrick, second son of Richard, first Lord Gowran, and brother of John, second Lord Gowran, who was created Earl of Upper Ossory, and thus became seized of lands, tenements and hereditaments in the counties of Kildare, Dublin, and Wicklow. His son served as High Sheriff for the co. Kildare, the co. Dublin, and the co. Wicklow, after spending some time in the 7th Hussars, and fighting under Sir John Moore. He had two families, one by the Honorable Margaret Lawless, eldest daughter of the second Lord Cloncurry, and the second by Emily Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Joseph J. Henry, Esq., and niece of the third Duke of Leinster.

The present Baron de Robeck gave up soldiering when he came in for the avital acres, and wishing to live amongst his friends in Kildare, he had the task of building a house and enclosing a place. After hesitating between

Killashee and Gowran Grange, he chose the latter, and has lived to see the firs which he planted attain fair size and height at Gowran Grange, which is within about four big broad pastures of the grand stand of Punchestown, and for these two days of the meeting in April there is not only open house, but open yard too, for the carriages of his friends who put up here in great numbers (by invitation, of course).

Kildare, at the time we write of, was a very rising country in the world of sport. Sir John Kennedy, who almost created it and defined its boundaries, has had several successors, among the best known of whom are Lord Clonmel, Mr. W. Kennedy, his son, and Mr. J. La Touche, of Harristown, but at this time the county pack was under the presidency of Lord Naas, M.P. for Cockermouth, who, though a Conservative and a man of great weight, not only in council, but, alas! in the saddle also, was one of the best and most popular masters Kildare ever knew. When Lord Naas, afterwards Governor-General of India, became Chief Secretary for Ireland, and more tied to his official work than before, the Baron de Robeck became, so to speak, his understudy and field master, and when India was offered to Lord Naas, and accepted, the Baron received the unanimous county suffrage, and was installed as real, not merely acting, M.F.H., for he had shown his fitness for the post. At this epoch Kildare was the premier fox-hunting county in Ireland, for Royal Meath was only in process of development by the genius of Sam Reynell. Punchestown had taken the place of Lismacross as the finest natural course in the kingdom, and it had its Curragh entirely devoted to

sport, and not then a military parade-ground. In those days county kennels and offices were unknown, and the master had his hounds located in his park, lodging the hunt servants as best he could. For six seasons the Baron showed splendid sport, hardly missed a day, and saw almost everything in the shape of a gallop, including the great Laragh chase, when the pack, finding in the gorse at that covert near Killocock, hunted their fox at good sustained pace through Colestown Gorse, and killed him as he was jumping the boundary fence at Swainstown, where, as in Meath, earths were open.

Gowran Grange was nearly thirty statute miles distant, after this great run over the cream of Meath and Kildare, that covered fully sixteen miles, but the Baron rode home on his hunter with the few who had survived the misfortunes and mischances of such a run, for he was always extremely well mounted on small, thick, blood horses, a couple of stone over his light weight, and their price in those days rarely exceeded £60 or £70. In a county of sportsmen, of course, the Baron was most popular. He rode to be near his hounds, and hardly cared if, for a field or two, he was not absolutely *next*, and thus realised the lines which Mr. Frankland composed for Kilkenny :—

No jealousy here mars the charm of a
run,
No jostling whilst going, no boasting
when done;
Good fellows they're all, whether cautious
or bold,
And kindness reigns 'twixt the young
and the old.

The perfect master, like the four-leaved shamrock, has not been yet discovered, and if the Baron had faults they leaned to the side of sport, for he hardly

knew when to leave off drawing, and may have been too hard on his hounds. He was a believer in very extended cubbing, and was hard at work in autumn in the Carberry coverts, that have hardly known a cry of hounds since his day. I think if the Baron had been a bachelor he would be the master of the Kildare hounds to-day, but he had met his fate in the beautiful Miss Zoe Burton, of Burton Hall, co. Carlow, sister to Lady Sutton, wife of the famous Sir Richard, and the family at Gowran Grange was already big, so, to the general regret, he resigned, and, lo! in the whirligig of time, his eldest son, Colonel H. de Robeck, fills his place, and promises to be about as good an M.F.H. as his predecessor, Major St. Leger Moore. I do not think I ever saw the Baron ride even in a point-to-point race, but even within the last few years he has constantly been seen galloping wide of the competitors, and finishing close to them; and only last season I noticed the field, like a flock of sheep, following each other over what seemed the smallest spot in a fence, whilst the Baron selected a larger but sounder spot, and thus got away from the crowd, which is sometimes "madding." For a man who rode so straight as our subject, the Baron had few falls,

perhaps because he let his hunters' heads alone, a *sine qua non* in a bank country. Two of his coverts are amongst the best and surest in Kildare, namely, Silliatt Wood and Cry Help Gorse. He was not a boy when he took the Kildare hounds in 1862, and in 1898 must be rather old, but he is a young man still on a horse, and he still rides in all weathers to the fixtures. Whyte Melville has drawn a lively picture of a fox-hunter who, after marshalling the joys of his life, declares that he owes the best of them to horse and hound.

The Baron has many pleasant retrospects besides hunting ones. Living amongst his own people like the Shunammite of Scripture, he has earned the love and esteem of all, gentle and simple. His sons are chivalrous, his daughters comely, and those who saw him "stewarding" at the last Dublin Horse Show must have recognised a hard worker, but the work was a labour of love.

BAILY being an organ of sport, we have not dwelt on "the Baron" (as he is universally styled) in the rôle of farmer, county gentleman, magistrate or grand juror—in all he has given unqualified satisfaction. He is also H.M.'s Ranger of the Curragh, but his deputy, Colonel Frank Forster, Master of the Horse to the Lord-Lieutenant, does most of the little work there.

Hunt Servants—Their Benefits.

EVER fearless, often careless, is the young hunt servant. From the nature of his calling ever liable to accidents and misfortunes, to be taken as they come, with little or no thought for the future. Luckily for him, however, there has been a kind thought engendered by the Nestors of the chase, which has ripened into benefits which any set of men, whatever be their occupation, may well be proud. Wide-spreading as the adoption of the Hunt Servants' Benefit Society has become, we have been painfully reminded within the last few days that it is not universally taken advantage of by those for whom it was intended. I allude to the death of Will Hurrell, whipper-in to the Puckeridge, through a fall in a very mysterious way, leaving a widow and child unprovided for. The poor lad had neglected to enrol himself as a benefit member of the Society which was formed to save his family from want under the very circumstances that have unhappily occurred. In this case, doubtless, voluntary effort will to a great extent allay the widow's need, yet nevertheless we have here an object lesson which we may well lay to heart. Ought not every hunt servant on his engagement be encouraged, if not obliged, to join this Society in his own interest as well as that of the profession to which he belongs?

In putting this important question I may not be speaking directly to the hunt servants themselves, who seldom, I fear, read the pages of your Magazine, but I shall, at all events, be bringing the question before the eyes of their masters, and also

before those of thousands of their friends and well-wishers, the hunting men and women of the United Kingdom. That by this means pressure may be brought to bear on many a young man who is donning the hunt uniform for the first time to induce him to provide for a rainy day, accident, or sickness. Perhaps also the Society may be induced to form a junior branch for its younger members, and increase their encouragement to join it. If I take this opportunity of calling attention to this excellent Society, it is certainly due to it that I should give to the sporting world some particulars of its growth, its scope and present condition. For does it not form one of the pillars of hunting?

Established in 1872, its growth has been most remarkable, consisting as it now does, after only twenty-six years existence, of eighteen hundred honorary members, contributing either £1 a year to its funds, or being constituted honorary members for life through a donation of £5. The income by this means assured to the Society was in 1897 £782 2s. 6d. In addition to this, the Society has an income of £1,556 16s. from well-invested funds with which to meet its liabilities and benefit members, who number at present four hundred and twenty, and their subscriptions amount to £941 16s. 9d. per annum. These sums, with those in the bank and in the hands of officers, bring the total income of the Society up to about £3,600. The Society is threefold in the means it employs in dealing with these funds.

(1) It gives a weekly allowance of 15s. in case of sickness or accident.

(2) An annuity at the rate of 15s. a week after the age of sixty or sixty-five years.

(3) A provision of £170 or £150 (as circumstances admit) for widows, orphans, or other relations.

No fewer than 102 hunt servants have during the year 1897 received sick and accident pay amounting to £792.

Whilst twelve hunt servants are enjoying annuities in their old age amounting to £441 15s., Death has entitled the surviving relatives of six hunt servants to the sum of £1,000 during 1897. Now let us see what economy the hunt servant is called upon to exercise in order to participate in these three permanent advantages.

If a lad enters at fifteen years, he has to pay 11s. 9d. a year in order to participate in the sick-pay fund; at the age of twenty-one 12s. 6d., and so on up to the age of fifty-five years, when it amounts to £1 4s. 11d. The lad of fifteen years who wishes to insure his life for £170 or £150 has to pay £1 11s. 4d. a year, or if he is twenty-one, £1 16s. 4d. a year, and so on up to fifty-five years, when his premium is £8 1s. 3d. The lad who wishes to secure an annuity of 15s. a week after sixty must pay £1 13s. a year, or if twenty-one years £2 4s. 10d., and so in proportion up to fifty-five years. Considering the excellent wages paid to hunt servants and the tips that the majority get, the annual deductions required by the Hunt Servants' Benefit Society are by no means heavy. Happy indeed ought the hunt servant to feel that in joining this Society he is aided by no less than 1,800 sportsmen and women voluntarily each year, and consequently in a comparatively short existence, as compared with other friendly societies, his society has

become one of the most flourishing and beneficent societies in the United Kingdom.

There are about 240 packs of fox and stag-hounds in the United Kingdom, and these must employ quite 600 hunt servants, to whom this Society offers its assistance. So that at the present time there are at least 100 hunt servants who are still not benefit members, and participate in no way in its advantages. Is it going too far for me to remind masters of hounds that they may not be exceeding their duty in insisting on their servants becoming members when they join their establishments, provided they have not already done so? For be it remembered that by joining the Society when a man is young gives him the immense advantage of a small annual payment rather than a larger one, and above and beyond this there is the incentive for the young man, having chosen this as his walk in life, to stay in it, and strive for improvement and success, rather than lose the benefits, which as a hunt servant he thus enjoys.

On looking carefully into the Society's list of benefit members, it is somewhat striking to notice that only 94 out of the 420 benefit members subscribe towards all three funds, and are entitled to sick pay, an old-age pension, and an insurance. The great majority content themselves by subscribing solely to the sick-pay fund, which I venture to point out to them is somewhat short-sighted policy, because if in addition to this they insured their lives for £150, or made provision for old age, or both, they are making the future safe for their widows and children as well as themselves. Had poor Will Hurrell done this when he donned the Puckeridge uniform, his widow and children would not,

as now is the case, be the necessary recipients of charity—especially uncalled-for, seeing that probably most of the people asked to relieve them have already subscribed to the Hunt Servants' Benefit Society, or are honorary members of it, and thus can hardly in fairness be asked a second time to help in a case where a little more forethought would have relieved them of the burden. May I also be forgiven for noticing that, of gentlemen and ladies in the different hunts who have undertaken to collect subscriptions for the Society, many hunts are without representatives? Surely this is not quite as it should be. To keep up the volume of voluntary aid of which the Society now boasts is not an easy matter in the ever fluctuating numbers and personality of hunting people, and such a Society as this should undoubtedly be represented by a collector in every established country throughout the United Kingdom. Even life members are continually dying out, and it requires others to take their places, and the claims on hunt funds are now becoming so multifarious that this, the noblest of hunting institutions, must never be relegated to the background. Only in forty packs in the United Kingdom does there appear to be an existing collector, according to the last annual report, and even many of these have not the asterisk opposite their names denoting their success in having gathered subscriptions during the last year.

Speaking of hunt servants as a class, what an excellent example they are of civility, diligence, straightforwardness, honesty and good behaviour! Who amongst us who have had long experience in the hunting-field can gainsay this? And the same can be amply verified by those who have seen

them in their kennel and other duties. It has often puzzled me to know why the hunt servant should almost invariably be superior in manner and bearing to the men who, as grooms or in other like occupations, may be considered of equal social standing, although, as a matter of fact, this is seldom the case. Is it not because during the last century there has sprung up, as it were, a generation of hunt servants, bred from a good stock, and like their hounds, carefully watched over by masters, who have endued them by regular intercourse, example, and precept, with all the good attributes that they themselves have cultivated, and happily possessed? Not only this, but hunt servants are thrown continually into the society (without mixing with it, however), of well-bred, and, as a rule, well-behaved people. From the necessity of their calling, arrogance and pride are rare attributes, whereas diligence, and the fact that there is always so much to do, and learn to do well, in their daily duties, inculcates a regularity of life and habits, which must of necessity tell in a man's favour as he advances in life and in his profession, thus winning for himself a respect, which in a great majority of cases he carries with him to the grave. It is not the lot of all hunt servants to attain the height of their ambition and become huntsmen, and yet how many who fail in this have no difficulty in gaining places of trust outside the precincts of the kennel, when middle age overtakes them.

In the course of many years' experience I have had often the pleasurable remembrance of chats by the fireside, or in the kennel, with well-known hunt servants, from all of which I have come away refreshed and happy, assured that

sport, guided and handled by such men, must be, and is, sport indeed ! I could recount, but probably have already done so throughout my long years of babbling in your revered pages, anecdotes and experiences which hunt servants above all others can furnish us with. Suffice it here, however, only to say what I know will be re-echoed by your readers, that the hunt servant is a typical man, and as such is in almost every case worthy of the benefits which have been bestowed on him.

It may not be generally known, but the fact appears by the records of the Hunt Benefit Society now before me, that the late Mr. George Lane Fox, so far back as 1883, provided for the purchase of an annuity and a life insurance for Tom Smith, his excellent and well-beloved huntsman at Bramham. Nor is this, I believe, a solitary instance of long and faithful service being remembered by a master. There are several instances where hunt servants' testimonials have formed the plan of purchase of life annuities in the Society, such a plan being in every way to be recommended.

"Nature's gentlemen" is the only apt title by which to describe our leading professional huntsmen, and I leave it to my experienced readers to particularise those to whom I would refer. Some of them unhappily are not destined to remain on the active list much longer, and some have already retired, but in all instances their fame and good name will be handed down to posterity in hunting annals as patterns that should have a glorious following.

How better can we show our thorough appreciation of them than by, according to our means, assisting annually to improve their prospects as a class, and inasmuch as they live and work in their best days to add to our pleasure, and risk their necks for our enjoyment, let us assure them of a comfortable old age, and a freedom from care, in the provision for those dependent upon them. Thus we shall not only be carrying out a bounden duty, but we shall also be furthering the cause of hunting in one of its most material necessities. Put it well up in your subscription list for 1899, all friends of hunting.

BORDERER.

"Don't"—To Ingenuous Polo Players.

DON'T attempt, unless you have a very extraordinary knowledge of horses, to buy ponies for yourself when you begin polo; ask some discreet and experienced player to let you know when there is a good beginner's pony for sale. Speed is not one of the requirements necessary to such a pony. Argentines and Arabs are most likely to suit you. If the pony goes very fast you will not have so much

time to hit the ball, and when you blunder into another player (as will probably happen), you will do more harm if you are going fast than if you are cantering.

Don't buy a pony "with a leg"; unless you buy in the autumn and can blister and turn out the pony for the winter.

Don't expect good players to sell their best ponies to you for a very moderate price: they may be

trusted not to do so; but you will only annoy them if, after an exhaustive trial, you make them a very small offer and find what they will consider an imaginary fault as a reason for doing so.

Don't imagine, unless you are a very fine horseman, that you can make polo ponies; begin practising on a made pony and always practise at a fast pace, cover the poor animal's legs with boots and bandages, and never hit the ball if it be near his legs; try and hit it about two to three feet to the right of your stirrup—practise swinging your stick and sitting at daisies, &c., till you have opened your shoulders and have a thorough command over it. Most young players, as they attempt to hit the ball, get their inside elbow away from their side, lean over to the off side, and touch their trained pony on the near side of the neck with the rein; this changes his direction about a foot or so to the right, when they reward his docility by a tremendous blow on the leg with the ball, or if, as is most likely, they have missed that, with the head of their stick. A regular course of this will ruin any pony. To ascertain if you keep your elbow to your side, put a glove between your elbow and your side and keep it there.

Don't play even in a practise game on anything but a trained pony. You will probably be asked to play at No. 1 at first; if so, ask your No. 2 to tell you what to do, and tell him not to mind how much he abuses you. Also ask the opposing sides "back" to give you hints as to your play.

Don't, when you commence the second or third chucker, on being requested to play at 1, say you have already played there several times; such a speech argues you are one of the son-roed division. Remember that you are put at

No. 1 because you can do less harm there with your stick than anywhere else. The greatest chance you will have of hitting one of the players' eyes will be when the ball is thrown in. If, however, you keep your stick's head close to the ground and point at the ball you may hit it, and it will be a consolation to you to know that this is the correct attitude in which to await the umpire's throw in. You can also be of decided use here instead of trying to hit a ball as it passes; you tap the stick of the man opposite. Some men are very good at getting the ball when it is thrown in and preventing their opponents from getting it.

Don't play with a very swishy stick, but if you use the end moderately plain and thick the ball round about your player's neck if anyone is near you will as you will very many times your opponent a tremendous "back" behind the left ear. A few of these delivered by yourself on your own vulnerable body when at practise are an excellent corrective.

Don't raise your stick high in the air and not swing it any time in a scrimmage. No part of it in a scrimmage does much good as it nearly always goes to "a loose ball." A certain amount of practise will enable you to hit a ball with a short stroke without raising the arm a short distance and just clear of the scrimmage, then jumping after it you may, if clear, hit as hard as you can in what your ears tell you is a large game's desired spot as the best direction. At this practise moment it is well to remember that the goals are at the end, not the side, of the ground.

Don't use a very severe bit or tight curb chain. If you see your poor pony's mouth bleeding as a result of your bad habits, examine

the bars of the lower jaw, and if there is a wound there, see that it is kept clean and the broken pieces of jaw, if any, removed—the pony should not be played at all for a month or two, and then, at first, only with a snaffle (a gag snaffle is usually best). Here it may be remarked that the nose band frequently rubs the inside of the cheek against the sharp outer edges of the teeth of the lower jaws. These sharp edges should be rasped off. This will also enable the pony to grind his corn properly.

Don't play in what saddlers call a "polo saddle," a seven pounds' abomination, which gives sore backs and withers, and out of which you can easily fall. Select a well-stuffed, roomy old hunting-saddle, with flaps as soft and comfortable as if they had knee rolls. Let your stirrup leathers be strong and well tested; extra strips of leather sewn on where the holes are punched will save many a break. Make your servant twist your stirrup leather so that the stirrup iron hangs ready for your toe—then if you lose your stirrup you can easily catch it again. Look round your tackle yourself occasionally, when your servant is there, it will make him more careful in turning you out.

Don't leave the question of stabling, shoeing, forage and watering to anyone but a most experienced polo stud-groom; even with such, an intelligent interest on the part of his master works wonders. Nearly all grooms over-feed and under-exercise their master's ponies. When your pony is fiery and pulls don't put severer bits on him, stop his corn altogether and work him hard for a week; then begin again with a mild bit to play polo on him. Knowledge of this kind enables

you to buy other people's pulling ponies and get them right; thereby you may gain a reputation for "good hands" which you very probably do not deserve.

Don't let the farrier put sharp-frost nail studs into your ponies' shoes when you are about to play on a slippery ground; blunt studs will be quite as effectual and will not hurt other people's ponies. If a pony falls or side-slips two or three times with you, without much provocation, you had better get rid of him or only play him on ground which is not slippery. His conformation is probably faulty, or he is not sufficiently trained. If he has very long and sloping pasterns and donkey feet, cat hams, and his forelegs coming out of the same hole (like a child's wooden horse) you may safely conclude it is the fault of his conformation. "Sell him if you can."

Don't keep everyone waiting in practise games whilst you linger over changing your pony; it is much better to have your pony brought out to you in the middle of the ground and that which you have just played led away. Thus the pony learns that he is not to run out to the side of the ground till you dismount from him at the end of the chucker, and again you are in some cases saved an unseemly difference of opinion which may result in a kicking match amongst the crowd of ponies awaiting their masters. Make a habit of drawing your girths after getting on to your pony, and, when doing so, put your leg in front of the saddle flap, not behind, as some tailors have been seen to do.

Don't play polo at all if you have an uncontrollable temper, but if you have a good temper and lose it on some trying occasion with one of your own or the other side, don't let the sun go

down upon your wrath; in other words, make it up by a pleasant word during the next interval.

Don't wrangle; if you are playing without an umpire you must make the best of any difference of opinion, and as, presumably, it is not a match, any point lost or won makes no odds to you: if there be an umpire, it is his business to settle any point of serious dispute.

Don't forget to offer to umpire whenever you get a chance; having first read the rules carefully, it will teach you the game and do

your ponies good; you will also more fully appreciate the difficulty of umpiring, and will not, as many players who ought to know better have done, question the umpire's decision.

Don't crib, as the soldiers say, when you are, or imagine you are, playing on a weak side. You will never be a player if you can't make a hard fight of it under any circumstances, and you will learn more by being beaten than by easily winning a game.

REIVER.

The Farmer.

COME? Yes, Sir, you're welcome, come here when you will,
You'll find on the stubble, you'll find on the hill;
I thanked him, and thought as I handled the horn,
A sportsman at heart is a gentleman born.

What else would you have it, and where would it be?
The chase, with its wonderful freemasonry?
The secret is told every bright hunting morn
A sportsman at heart is a gentleman born.

The owners of coverts, the farmers and all
Who lend us the land, both the great and the small,
Are moved by one instinct, 'twould quickly be gone
Were a sportsman at heart not a gentleman born.

And so as it grows comes a feeling of trust,
A feeling that binds us, a feeling that must
Raise men from their own baser selves and adorn
When a sportsman at heart is a gentleman born.

Men talk of good breeding, 'tis noble we know,
And long may the blue blood continue to flow,
But the chase has a theory, broad based and well worn,
That a sportsman at heart is a gentleman born.

And homeward the journey, and homeward the way,
With hounds in the twilight, still happy and gay;
And I think of the farmer, and, touching the horn,
Say a sportsman at heart is a gentleman born.

W. PHILLPOTTS WILLIAMS.

Hunting in Devonshire.

THE late Mr. Bromley Davenport published, thirteen years ago, four "Essays on Sport," one of them being, as may be supposed, devoted to fox-hunting. The author, it may be remembered, died suddenly a few days after he had penned the concluding sentences of the article on Deer-stalking, consequently that paper was not revised by him prior to its being printed. The fox-hunting article, however, he had corrected and re-corrected, and appeared in the finished style which characterised all his work. After due deliberation, therefore, he wrote: "Perhaps no greater anomaly — no more palpable anachronism — exists than fox-hunting in England. Yet it has been called, and is, the 'national sport.' Why? Population increases; the island is filling up fast. The limited area unoccupied by human dwellings, machineries, and locomotive facilities of all kinds is still, in spite of bad seasons, as a rule, fertile enough to supply some considerable proportion of the increasing wants of the nation. Every acre worth cultivating, let waste-land reclaimers say what they will, is cultivated, and impoverished landlords and tenants alike are less than ever able to bear the losses inflicted by broken fences, unhinged gates, and over-ridden wheat, which are the result of the inroads of constantly increasing multitudes of ignorant riders, unable to distinguish seeds from squitch, or turnips from tares, and which have already caused the masters of several packs of hounds to discontinue the public advertisement of their meets. Why, then, is fox-hunting, which is generally regarded as the rich man's or country squire's

(by no means synonymous terms) amusement, still the popular sport of the nation?"

Now, this passage which I have extracted breathes the sentiment of true sport; but it was possibly, I do not mind saying probably, prompted by the fact that Mr. Bromley Davenport was not over fond of seeing his land invaded by hunting men. Still his remarks hold good, and when we look at the enormous fields of the shires, and remember how little farmers and hunting men, as a rule, know of each other, there is small reason to quarrel with Mr. Bromley Davenport's words. There is a fashion in hunting as there is in most other things, and for those who have both time and money the aim is to hunt from a spot whence several packs of hounds can be reached, and from which no fixture is distant more than about eight miles. Moreover, there must be good society, and the country, from a riding point of view, must be as good as possible—that is to say, much grass in the place, and the fences be of the flying order. All this, and more besides, men and women enjoy in the shires; but the price to be paid is having to fight through a big crowd, and to struggle for a start, or else, if hounds really run, to be shut out for ever from seeing what the pack may chance to do.

We all, of course, know the story of the man who, when asked whether he had ever hunted with a certain provincial pack, replied that he had "never hunted out of Leicestershire, and he would take d——d good care that he never did." This is the sentiment which holds not a few of the men and women who go out in the Mid-

lands, and I have often wondered what these people would do if, for some reason or other, they had to quit "the Vale of Cachmere," as Nimrod termed Leicestershire, and settle down in some quiet, and perhaps rough provincial country. Yet some men adapt themselves to circumstances, and enjoy themselves far away from the Midlands. Let me instance Mr. Walter Selby, late master of the Percy Hounds. Mr. Selby made his mark in Leicestershire, and on retiring to his family residence, Biddleston, near Rothbury, kept a pack of foxhounds which hunted over a wildish district, and he subsequently became master of the Percy, while in various other unfashionable countries may be found men whose riding days are by no means over, yet who become acclimatised, so to speak, to plough, hills, rugged fences, big banks, small fields, and long morning and evening rides, and I am inclined to think that by degrees not a few people will come to realise the pleasure to be derived from hunting in rough countries, where modest subscriptions are regarded as munificent; where an expensive wardrobe is superfluous, yet where much excellent sport is to be obtained. Mr. Bromley Davenport answered his own questions by stating that hunting, in the first place, owed its popularity to the manly predilection for sport inherent in the Anglo-Saxon race; and certainly such would appear to be the case, otherwise we should not find people trudging about on foot all day after hounds, as they do, with the Coniston pack, for instance.

Devonshire and Cornwall were, however, the counties I had in my mind when I first referred to the difference between fashionable and unfashionable countries. It so

happened that after six or seven seasons with the Heythrop, V.W.H., Bicester, Cotswold, and Pytchley, I found myself in Devonshire, and never shall I forget first impressions on seeing a Devonshire bank. A kindly friend, however, assured me that I should find them perfectly easy to surmount after a very little practice, and undertook the personal supervision of my early attempts to get over them. He mounted me on the best hunter in his stable, and getting on another himself, bade me follow him over several small places. The first two or three were small, scarcely higher than those one meets with in some parts of the Vale of Blackmore, and then we came to another which appeared to be about as high as the fence surrounding Kennington Oval. When I was a boy old Ben Land said to me, "Never lean forward at a fence, or you won't get back in time; swing back at once, and you'll be all right"—advice which I have always tried to follow, and succeeded in so doing to an eminent degree at the aforesaid bank. From habit I did swing back, and found out my mistake as the horse rose at the bank. Then I leaned forward, and next Ben Land's words came true. The horse nipped off the top of the bank, I was not "back in time," and took a magnificent toss on landing. This is a difficulty which will always beset up-countrymen at first, but after a short time I found banks easy enough, as my Mentor had predicted.

This, however, is by the way. The first pack of foxhounds with which I ever hunted in the West of England was the Lamerton, at that time in the hands of the twin brothers Leamon, of Willistrew Park, near Tavistock. It sounds a grand address, but it was really

a very humble dwelling, and these two good old sportsmen had only an old woman to do for them indoors; all the outside work they performed themselves. The two brothers (the huntsman wore a cap, and his brother, the whipper-in, a "bowler"), who were as alike as two peas, and could hardly have been distinguished apart but for their head-gear, looked after the hounds, their stud of two cobs, and often had to skin a horse on their return from hunting. In my time the story was current that the brothers once engaged an old man who had been a helper in the old coaching days to do odd jobs for them about the kennel and stable, and as his own wardrobe was scanty in the extreme, they clothed his nakedness with a coat which had once been scarlet, but which at the time of the gift was deep plum-colour, while its deep collar showed that it was built in the days of long ago. This ancient stud-groom was the recipient of outdoor relief, but when a guardian saw him swelling about in a red coat, he reported the matter to his colleagues, and the relief was stopped, on the ground that he was clothed by his employers.

The first time I went to the kennels—the whole affair was scarcely bigger than a cottage kitchen, for the strength of the pack was no more than about twelve couples—I trod on a flag, and up squirted about a quart of dirty water, yet the hounds throve well enough. Meal they tasted but comparatively seldom, their chief food being flesh—horse or sheep, and as often as not eaten quite raw, as the carcase lay on the ground. Yet what wonderful sport these hounds used to show! William and Thomas Leamon would take their hounds to the covert-side, and on the majority of

days would proceed to draw a wood the extent of which would lead a Meltonian to suppose that the pack would spend the rest of the day there. These great greyhound foxes—"limby foxes," they call them in the West—used to go away as quickly as do others further north from a small gorse or spinney. The brothers Leamon could not, of course, ride to their hounds, for they were getting on in years, and were badly mounted, yet it was surprising what places they would climb through and over, generally dismounting at a fence, and turning or leading over. Nevertheless, nothing gratified the old gentlemen more than to hear that the pack had gone away with a good fox, and were racing some two or three miles ahead. They generally managed, however, to turn up at the finish, or some little time after it; they never bothered about missing hounds, and if those which were left out trickled home, as they generally did, in time for the next day's hunting, they were quite content. Another primitive pack in the West Country was the T.C.B., or, to give the hounds their full title, the Tintagel, Camelford and Boscastle Hounds. The master and huntsman was an old fellow by the name of Baker, who during the summer acted as guide to visitors to Tintagel. He hunted over the Bodmin Moors, and pursued both hares and foxes—"first come first served," was the Hunt maxim, and whichever they found first they went after. It was a grand scenting country, and with these hounds and the Lamerton I have seen many a good run.

These kennels, however, were the curiosities of the West of England; for many have been the better-found establishments in Devon and Cornwall. The wild

Dartmoor country has been hunted from time out of mind, and at the beginning of the century Mr. Pode, of Slade Hall, was hunting both hares and foxes, over a district which comprised a good part of what is now the Dartmoor and South Devon countries. To give an understandable account of these two countries is well-nigh impossible, but with the Dartmoor the names of Mr. J. C. Butteel and Mr. Charles Trelawny will ever be honourably associated. Mr. Butteel succeeded Mr. Pode in 1826, and having considerably modernised the establishment, showed excellent sport. He was a rare judge of a hound, and a fine horseman; in fact, no one could beat him either across the moor or over the enclosed country. Horsemanship, indeed, has ever been a characteristic of the family, the feminine members whereof have excelled in the saddle, while Lady Elizabeth Bulteel gave proof of her practical interest in the hunt by presenting the pack to the late Mr. Charles Trelawny when that gentleman came forward to hunt the country after the death of Mr. Bulteel. The name of Trelawny is, as most people know, celebrated in song:—

“And shall Trelawny die?
And thirty thousand Cornishmen shall
know the reason why.”

This song has often been supposed to be a very old one, but it was really written in comparatively modern times by the Rev. Mr. Hawker, the very eccentric Vicar of Morwinstow. For no fewer than thirty-four years did Mr. Trelawny hunt the Dartmoor country, bearing all the expense himself, and it was my good fortune to be out with the pack towards the close of the master's career, that is to say, in the late “sixties” and

early “seventies.” On one occasion, I remember, the hounds ran as if tied to their fox for about a couple of hours over the moor, leaving horses far behind. It should be mentioned that soon after Mr. Trelawny took over the country the kennel was strengthened by an importation from the North Warwickshire hounds, when Mr. Shaw HELLIER removed from Warwickshire to the South-wold country. When Mr. Trelawny resigned, in the spring of 1874, he retained all his old interest in the country, and lent his hounds to a committee. The new master was Mr. Alexander Munro, who married the elder daughter of Mr. Charles Symonds, the once well-known dealer of Oxford, and he hunted the country until 1877, in which year Admiral Parker, a right good sportsman, took his place, and bought of Mr. Trelawny the entire pack, which was descended from the famous Lambton blood, and which up to 1889, when Admiral Parker was succeeded by Mr. Coryton, had never been broken up.

In the neighbouring South Devon country the name of Mr. Westlake is held in affectionate remembrance, for he was an excellent master and a most keen sportsman. Sir Walter Carew may perhaps be said to have started the South Devon hounds about the year 1820, when he borrowed part of Mr. Pode's country, in which he found much amusement to lie for something like a quarter of a century, and then, as part of the country was unhunted, Sir Henry Seale started a pack, obtaining some hounds from the Belvoir and other kennels, and hunted round about Dartmouth, a very hilly country which now resounds only to the music of the Britannia Beagles, a pack which often attracts quite

a big field. Before Sir Henry Seale, however, became an M.F.H., Mr. King, who became master of the Hambledon Hounds in Hampshire, hunted the South Devon country. Mr. Westlake resigning what may be called the parent country in 1876, was succeeded by Mr. Ross, a rather eccentric person; but he was very fond of hunting. His mastership was not, however, quite a success; and Mr. Tanner, who succeeded him, lacked experience, so Mr. Ross ruled for a second time, and after that the South Devon country was chopped and changed about in the most bewildering manner.

In the time of Parson Russell and Mr. Templer, of Stover, foxes were not too well preserved, or the latter gentleman would not have kept so many foxes in captivity—the “Bold Dragoon” was hunted about thirty-four times in his career. There then came a period during which a wave of true sport passed over the county of Devon, but now, at least in some parts of the county, a certain amount of luke-warmness would appear to have re-asserted itself. It is true that every effort has been made to extend the arena of fox-hunting, and it was not until comparatively recently that the Sidmouth district knew what hunting was since the brothers Cockburn gave up their hounds many years ago. The Mid-Devon and East Devon have pushed hunting wider afield than formerly, and are meeting with fair success, but in parts of the county the fox supply runs rather short.

Between riding to hounds in a country where fields run large, and there are flying fences to be encountered, and riding to hounds in Devonshire, there is a most marvellous difference. Of course on Exmoor (most of which by the

way is in Somersetshire), Dartmoor and the open country generally, one has to contend not with fences, but with hills, valleys, and combs, and they present difficulties of their own when hounds really run. In the enclosed parts, however, things are very different. To begin with, some parts of Devon cannot be crossed by man and horse, no matter how good either or both may be. I remember having a very fast hour and five minutes with the late Lord Portsmouth's Hounds. They found in a big covert not far from Eggesford; the fox never dwelt in covert for five minutes; there was a halloo, and Lord Portsmouth, clad in scarlet coat and felt hat, led the way, Charles Littleworth, his huntsman, who had a marvellous knack of getting away from the most unlikely places, soon joined his master, and we all galloped our hardest, but not for one minute did we quit road, lane, or bridleway, and not one jump of any kind did we have from first to last, for although one might here and there have jumped a bank, it would have been difficult to find an exit from the next field. There was a river, too, to be reckoned with, and this state of things I experienced more than once.

A good many people may say that this is not hunting at all; yet do not a considerable proportion of those riding in far more fashionable countries hunt in very much the same manner? Why has Leicestershire obtained such a reputation for being well gated, unless the blessings of its gates have been fully tested and appreciated, while road riders, from choice rather than from necessity, are as numerous in fashionable countries as in those in which there is no choice in the matter. Still, there is no doubt that

crossing a country is preferable to clattering along the hard high road; but in some parts of Devon the roads and lanes must be accepted with thankfulness. The most rideable part of Devon is possibly that which is hunted over by Mr. Scott Brown, who succeeded the late Mr. Vincent Calmady, at Tetcott. Many of the banks are big enough in all conscience, but a Devonshire horse can surmount a good deal. Then again, in the Stevenstone territory there is a considerable amount of nice riding country, for much of it is less cramped than in other parts of Devon. There is, however, in the county, for the most part, a sense of hunting on one's own account instead of having to play at follow-my-leader. When hounds are over one bank they are out of the sight of all who are not in the same field with them, and with a few only found at the covert side on some occasions, it is easy enough to lose hounds and one's course. Then if the lost sportsman do not happen to know the country he may land himself in difficulties. I well remember how one day, when out with the Eggesford, hounds turned short from a big covert; I rode in the direction in which I heard hounds running, only to find on reaching the outskirts of the wood that not a trace of the hunt was visible. There was a certain amount of excitement in riding over Devonshire banks in cool blood, until at last the pack became visible running hard up a steep hill. A green lane came in handily, but it came to a full-stop so soon that one could not help wondering what it was made for.

However, a way out of the difficulty was discovered; the hounds ceasing to run ahead, turned short to the left and en-

tered a covert, and could be seen racing along one of the rides. An attempt to get on better terms with the pack resulted in the discovery that the fox, hounds, and a few of the morning's field, were one side of a river while I was on the other. Finding a place at which the bottom could be seen, in we went, and with the water nearly up to the girths, fair progress was made for some way, when it began to get deeper. But to cut a long story, we eventually reached the other side without going under, but the bank was as steep as the side of a house. I, however, managed to scramble out of the saddle on to dry land, and having tied the whip-thong to the reins, set about discovering a landing-place, which luckily was not far off. The hounds came towards us, and I was with them again.

This may appear to some a queer way of hunting, but it is not by any means without its charms. In short, the fact of having to think for one's self, and to pick one's way over a difficult country with no one in sight—though there may be a dozen men on the other side of the fence, makes hunting in some parts of the West quite a different thing from hunting in a flying country, and there are some very funny places to be encountered in Devon. When hounds are not running, leading or turning over is much resorted to, and this, of course, eases the horse a good deal. The real old Devonshire fox, too, takes a deal of killing. When one reads of the disputes which occur in several countries, of barbed wire, of overgrown fields, and sundry other drawbacks to success in fox-hunting, the comparative wildness of Devonshire sport is by no means unattractive.

DEVON.

Badger Digging.

GIVEN a bright autumn day or a clear frosty winter morning, what better news can reach those of us poor mortals who live in a remote country district (unable to afford the luxury of a hack) than the intelligence of a badger being "at home."

It was my good fortune to be staying lately in the west country, at a small village half-way between Dorchester and Sherborne, on the verge of the Blackmoor Vale, a quaint old world place, well sheltered under the downs, and above all in the midst of one of the finest sporting counties in the south. My host (an honest, hard-working publican, with a small holding of his own, a keen sportsman, of whom one can truly quote an old west country tag, "He is just the sort of fellow to keep a fox in his parlour for us, and feed him with canaries!") roused me at daybreak with the exciting news that a badger had been tracked to an earth some two miles off. Leaving me to swallow a hasty breakfast, he asked me to follow on with one or two of his neighbours and their dogs. I myself had a hard-bitten terrier, wire-haired, with a touch of bull in his blood, one which had often gone to earth with a fox, and had occasionally worked with a pack of otter hounds.

Arrived at the scene of action I found my host dispensing beer to some three or four labourers, to whom was deputed the honour of digging out our friend. Promptly setting to work we sent a terrier to ground, an old "Parliamentary" hand, who knew what was expected of him, *i.e.*, not to face "Mr. Badger," but to stick to his hind quarters, giving tongue all the time, so as to enable the men

to dig down to the pipe (a west-country term for one or other of the badger's dwelling-rooms), and also to keep him from digging.

In sandy soil it is an acknowledged fact that a badger can bury himself quicker than three or four men can dig over him. In all we used seven dogs in turn before we were near to our quarry, having dug some 7 to 8 feet through chalk. Then came a piece of science, where a knowledge of otter hunting was useful, *viz.*, in "tailing" the badger. My worthy host, with the aid of a spade, managed this feat admirably, bringing up a badger which weighed about 30 lbs. Without more ado we put this gentleman down, giving him some 100 yards law in the open, and slipped a dozen terriers, most of them the wire-haired variety. To my astonishment I found that the badger, snapping from right to left, inflicting severe punishment, was getting away from the terriers without a scratch, until one of the men running up hit him over the snout with a crow-bar, giving the *coup de grâce*. It was pointed out to me afterwards that there is practically only one vital spot in the badger at the mercy of dogs, and that even a pack of fox-hounds will not roll one over unless there might be one who had tackled the same before. The badger's skin is like parchment, and practically impenetrable to a terrier's teeth. An old sheep dog of the true breed is about the only dog who can neatly turn him over, fixing the belly, which is the only vulnerable part.

Having an impression of the foulness of the badger's habits, I was agreeably surprised, on examining the earth, to note his

cleanly ways, each "pipe" being used for different purposes. A dozen badger skins, properly dressed, make a splendid carriage rug, impenetrable even by a Scotch mist.

It seems a pity that a war of extermination should be carried on against this interesting animal. Naturalists now admit that he is more sinned against than sinning, being an inveterate enemy to mice,

rats, moles and *hoc omne genus*. Consequently a friend to the farmers.

It would be interesting to learn in how many English counties the badger still exists.

In Scotland he is believed to be almost extinct, owing to the bitter and prejudiced action of the gentlemen in velvet, doubtless with the consent of their employers.

PHILOCUNOS.

The Hunt Ball.

IT is curious to note that in the otherwise comprehensive "Badminton" volume concerned with dancing, no mention is made of that essentially English institution, the Hunt Ball; possibly, therefore, a few words concerning the origin and evolution of these important social fixtures will not be out of place at this time of year. Like the sport which suggested them, the date of their systematisation would appear to be extremely obscure, although as early as 1617 Heywood's play, "A Woman Killed by Kindness," mentions as a favourite dance one entitled "Hunting of the Fox," which may, possibly, have had something to do with the convivial evenings indulged in by our seventeenth century fox-hunters.

To come to more enlightened times, viz., the commencement of the present century, it is evident that the hunt ball was nothing more than a piece of courtesy extended by the master of a pack, at his own private expense, as a kind of *quid pro quo* to the farmers and small proprietors over whose land he rode, being, in fact, a

festive gathering for all the humbler followers and dependents of the hunt, where the wives and daughters of the squireens, farmers, yeomen, and sporting tradesfolk, &c., had an opportunity given them of airing their fine feathers, and of partaking in all the enjoyments of a real dance, unaccompanied by the frigid etiquette and atmosphere of exclusiveness that characterised most of county balls a hundred years ago. For those, it should be remembered, were the palmy days of Almack's, when, it is said, three-fourths of the nobility knocked at its doors in vain; and when also, all over the country, foolish attempts at aping the manners of the grand London ball-patronesses were being perpetuated.

But there can be but little doubt that the hunt ball, as it is now known, was the direct outcome of the institution of convivial clubs in connection with various hunts, the leaders of which had inaugurated distinctive dress uniforms that grew more elaborate as the century advanced. The very first of these was the "Stratford-on-

Avon," afterwards the "Warwickshire Hounds," which club, as early as the year 1801, chose for its evening uniform, "black stockings, breeches and waistcoat, and a scarlet coat with handsome gilt buttons, with the letters 'S.H.' upon them, and a black velvet collar," the latter appendage gaining for the members the name of "Black Collars." For many years, however, these striking evening toilets (where they existed) blushed unseen; that is to say, no general inclination was as yet evinced to follow up in the relaxation of the after-dinner hours the effect produced by the red-coat of the morning. The fox-hunting men of the period were, as a rule, averse to going out in the evening; the winter months being regarded by them as too precious and fleeting to be impregnated with the observance of social duties. Hence it was that not until the rise of various fashionable spas in the heart of popular hunting countries had leavened the fields with sportsmen of the "Wyndey Waffles" type, the ladies managed to induce their cavaliers to take to ball-giving on a new and princely scale. The custom originated, we believe, at Leamington, in the early "thirties." At any rate, one disgusted fox-hunter, writing in 1835, described that watering place, the headquarters of the "Warwickshire," as having deteriorated into a "denuded half-hunting, water-drinking, waltzing, and amateur-playing place," and spreading all over the country it was not long before the hunt ball had entirely dethroned the county subscription dance from its pride of place.

These ball-giving clubs, as they exist at the present day, are constituted on much the same lines as those governing their proceed-

ings sixty years ago, being subsidised by the purses of the male portion of the county society; though it by no means follows that to be an associate of the hunt club, with the right to wear a "pink coat," implies riding to hounds. In fact, were the sport of fox-hunting abolished to-morrow, it is probable that these ball-giving clubs would still be carried on. To turn to the balls themselves, there can be no question as to their high standard of excellence. At the same time it is a curious, but none the less well-established fact, that the best of them are not confined to what are pre-eminently hunting counties, the "provinces" beating the "shires" in this respect. The clubs are rich, for members are never lacking; many possess their own floors hung on chains, their own plant of electric light, and a whole gallery of sporting trophies and artistic decorations. From the very commencement they were famous for the music provided, being the first to engage the services of Strauss, Weippert, Coote and Tinney, and other celebrated ball-room orchestras, away from the metropolis.

Other important details materially contributing to the success of any ball, are the supper and the wine, and it is the rarest exception at a hunt ball to find either the subject of aspersion. Lastly, from the picturesque point of view, the brilliancy of the *mise en scène* is unrivalled, since the uniforms of the various hunts, such as the blue and buff of the "Badminton," the green knee-breeches, stockings and collars of the "Tarpoley," the white collars and coat lapels of the "Pythley," the sky-blue silk facings of the "Croome," and others too numerous to mention, form the now nearest possible approach to

the bygone splendours of the eighteenth century ball-room.

It is amusing to observe, however, the competition which so often prevails for invitation-vouchers, each member of the club having a certain number to dispose of, and as the demand generally exceeds the supply, these gentlemen have by no means a rosy time of it during the fortnight preceding the hunt ball. Occasionally emergency meetings are summoned to consider the issue of extra tickets, momentous deliberations, the results of which are as eagerly awaited as are those of cabinet councils in political circles. In one county, at least, very stringent rules have recently been drawn up, with the object of regulating the influx of "smart" strangers with no interests in that part of the world. The composition of house parties is sternly scrutinised, and the ball

committee distinctly give members to understand that only a limited number of tickets are to be handed over to such acquaintances.

In conclusion, mention should be made of an interesting custom that prevails in connection with the "Old Shropshire Hunt," which gives its annual ball in November. In the morning, a special service is held in one of the Shrewsbury churches, and a sermon preached in aid of the county infirmary. Plates for donations are held at the church door by the following individuals who will, of course, attend the ball: the bride and bridegroom of the year, the most eligible young bachelor who has attained his majority during it; and last, but not least, *the débutante* of the county, who is to "come out" that evening.

H. G. ARCHER.

Northamptonshire in 1827, '28, and '29.*

THE THAW, &c.

THE thaw has set in, let's prepare for the Chase,
But first take a view of each fellow's grimace
How horses, or riders in courage may fail,
From Brooks go to Bridges, at Fences turn tail;
The horses or men I may praise or abuse,
But I'm d—d if asperity sharpens my muse.

Suppose Crick the meet, it deserves to be first,
By many tho' lauded, by others 'tis cursed,
The fences are strong, which makes men's faces wry,
There, horses no use are, unless they can fly;
For there the strong binders turn over the best,
And a Brook now and then sets the Creepers at rest.

* These verses were found among the papers of the late Rev. J. C. Whalley, who is referred to in them as "the embryo rector of Ecton." Mr. Nethercote, in his "History of the Pytchley Hunt," written in 1888, described him as the last survivor of the Northamptonshire county gentlemen who witnessed the Pytchley Hunt Race Meeting of 1838. Mr. Whalley, who was born in 1806, died in 1895.

Jack, Jem and the hounds are all right, Osbaldeston
 Mounted on Gully, by some called his best one,
 Tho' Pilot I hold could always in a run
 Have seen the black lengthy horse thoroughly done.
 While Jack rides old Blucher 'tis seldom the pace
 If a fox goes ahead, keeps him out of his place.

Jem, too, is a good one, but his horse's eyes
 With goodly intent are turned up to the skies,
 And 'tis well if for many they were, for I swear
 The horse will his rider send there, or elsewhere.
 Jem does well upon him, but makes best of his play
 On old Chestnut Paddy, or Miss Halliday.

But I hold the star-gazer, tho' sound as a roach,
 At best not too good for the Manchester Coach.
 The fox from the Covert has broke ice at speed,
 Away goes Vere Isham as straight as a reed ;
 No knowledge of riding he wants, but to the sense
 Of the Beauty of Hunting he has no pretence.

At score off he goes, over every fence bounds,
 Till at last he rides over the scent of the hounds.
 What was said of him once, now as justly may be,
 He's deaf and can't hear, and I'm d—d if he'll see,
 No jealousy taints him, and tho' I say this,
 No man more annoy'd is at doing amiss.

The embryo Parson of Ecton elate
 From Oxford's come up, hunting laws to relate.
 Declares we of Horses or riding know nought,
 So a grey and a bay private Tutors he bought
 In kindness to teach us, but ten minutes each
 Was the longest of Lectures that either could teach.

Tho' fluent and good was the lesson, we need
 Must say they could never ten minutes exceed.
 The grey is gone off God knows where, but the bay
 By observers is seen in the Times every day ;
 As Oxford has failed Sir Jus and Cantab
 Were bought, at such lectures considered a Dah.

Cantab may be good, but Sir Jus as it rhymes
 I think will be seen at off-wheel in the Times.
 Sir Jus (not the horse) will each man duly task
 If his friend's a hard rider, and well he may ask
 He ne'er sees a run and oft seems as tho' he
 Had sent Brother Harry out skirting to see.

See Payne as in racing contends to be first
 If the hounds over-carry the scent, he is curs't.
 The Squire, tho' the prince of good fellows for fun,
 Can't bear to have spoiled by hard riding a run ;
 Yet Payne or no other man mean to annoy,
 Hard riding is always the emblem of joy.

If hounds get away, we must own to a man,
Their motto to us is—"You catch as catch can."
Sir Edward well mounted at covert appears
His horses all fresh as to beauty and years,
Yet all don't avail, for the asthma contends
That he and his hunting should never be friends.

'Tis a pity, say we that such horses and wealth,
Should not be the servants of vigour and health.
From the Island of Saints, with a team rather light,
Comes Fortescue o'er to enjoy the delight,
By riding two runs he quite ruined one mare,
Like most of the others, whose horses were there.

But to make up his loss in a way rather new,
This reason in buying one mare, he got two,
Tho' light his team may be, yet if you are wise
Don't bet he won't ride over timber of size.
Tho' Gaskell is counted as one of the few,
If hounds go the pace, which these oftentimes do.

'Gainst weight such as his is, most horses rebel,
And few the minutæ of such runs can tell.
Let a run be but steady, no fence can impart,
One feeling of fear to o'ershadow his heart.
He goes over or through, if his horse is not burst
By the pace, he is generally one of the first.

The Isted prepared for the chase has no doubt,
To get a first place when he's mounted on Gout ;
But he had been wrong to have back'd his good luck,
As Gout and his Rider fell slap in a Brook.
He wished, I've no doubt, to have had A B C,
And then from disasters he might have been free.

Yet Wilmer Park run, if November could speak,
Would say A B C was both tired and weak.
For Nichol and Clutterbuck, both knowing men,
Got once over the Brook, but ne'er ventured again.
'Twas lucky the Fox didn't head t'other way,
Or they had been lost for the rest of the day.

Had Ramping Jack been for that run, Nichol's horse,
He swears he had rode it, or else been a corpse.
Tho' Nichol at times may ride each very bold,
Yet which is his best he can only unfold.
I only know this much that Barclay and he
Are always contending which most hunting see,
But friends cannot know, only Judges can tell,
Both ne'er go the same line of Country tho' well.

A Mixed Bag on the East Coast.

THERE is magic in the cry of "Mark cock!", which seems to awake every effort in the sportsman to see him, and every gun looks with the greatest keenness for a shot at him. Some years ago, in the latter part of October and the beginning of November, I was visiting a friend who resided near the East coast, and who had a large shoot of marsh and other wild lands dotted with small coppice, and whose bags for woodcock had been recorded as out of the ordinary. At this time of the year much talk of the woodcock season was going on, which showed only too plainly that the arrival of this bird was expected daily; indeed, the keepers had orders to be on the look-out for the arrival of woodcock.

One morning earlier than usual came a thundering knock at my bedroom door, with "Harry, are you awake?" The reply being in the affirmative, a shout followed of "Get up. Woodcock over!" This struck me wide awake as I answered, "All right," and out of bed I jumped, feeling that something had happened at last that had been long expected, and looked forward to with great excitement. Before I had finished my morning's toilet another rap was heard; followed by "Come along, old man!" "All right!" again I shouted, as footsteps were heard hurrying down the stairs. I soon followed, and found my friend talking to King, the keeper, who assured us that a big drop of cocks had been seen on the furze common.

"Now," said my host, "I shall shoot with No. 6 shot, but there are plenty of cartridges of No. 8 if you prefer them."

"Do you expect any snipe?" I enquired.

"No. The common is high and dry, and we may do a small coppice or two," was the reply.

"Very well, then," I said. "I will use the same shot as you do."

Instructions having been given to have the dog-cart ready by 9.30, we left King to convey the orders to the stables. My host was in high spirits, and told me some wonderful tales of shooting on the East coast, not only of long-billed birds, but also some of short, and shovellers. 9.30 came round, and with it the dog-cart as punctual as wheels could move. I put my great-coat on, buttoned it well together, and soon found myself beside my friend, who was puffing a big cloud from his briar-root. The keeper, having lifted a brace of cockers into the dog-cart, now took a back seat, and was accompanied by the groom as the wheels began to move.

"A jolly fine morning!" was the first remark my friend made as he took the ribbons.

"Yes," I replied. "If I had not shaved, I think this wind would have saved me the trouble."

There was a kind of hoar frost on the grass, but the roads were as dry as a chip, with thin waving sheets of ice which had formed puddles the previous night. There could be no doubt about it being a "wind frost" I had heard so much about during my stay, and that it was a north-easterly one, with a cutting keenness only fit for snipe and woodcock arrivals.

Having driven about three or four miles, we alighted at the edge of the common. Great coats were taken off, and cartridge bags were slung across our



CRUMPLED IN THE AIR.

shoulders, while King had taken the brace of cockers out of the cart, and put the guns together. Orders were given for the luncheon basket to be at East End Farm at one o'clock, and the groom, acknowledging his orders, drove back to the Hall.

We then faced the common, patched with furze and bracken. The little spaniels worked with lively spirits, and their activity was quite marvellous as they threaded the bracken and gorse. Soon a sharp whimper was heard, and a rabbit dodged past me. I turned to get a clear sight of him again, but he was gone for a second. Again I caught a glimpse of the grey fur, and cracked my first barrel, but a lucky turn saved him, and he found a home in a clump of furze. The tussock grass became thicker, when suddenly up sprang a woodcock. "Mark cock!" cried King, but before his last words seemed to have died away it was crumpled in the air, and counted to the bag as the first cock of the season. Both my friend and myself stroked its soft glossy russet - brown plumage, so beautifully marked and barred with dark blackish brown, agreeing with admiration that it was a splendid bird. We saw him put carefully into the keeper's net, which faced the bag. All satisfied, we settled down to work again, while the cockers were working as busily as bees among tussock-grass, and bracken. Smack was heard again from the wings of another cock, as he was sprung just before the spaniel's nose, and was brought to *terra firma* by my friend's second barrel. No notice, however, was taken of him, as we had seen one before—and he was placed in the net beside the one he journeyed with across the seas. Many more accompanied the couple, and at

1.15 we found ourselves at East End Farm, at which place our luncheon had arrived, and was already spread in a snug room, with a log fire on the hearth. We had now finished the common, and crossed a few fields, for eight couples of woodcock, a leash of pheasants, two brace of hares, and one and a half couple of rabbits; a Royston crow had been shot, but did not count to the bag.

After making a hearty meal, which required no second invitation, and which we felt had been done justice to, we lit our cigars with a smouldering ash picked up from the bright hearth with still brighter tongs; for the embers then began to assume a greyer tone, which reminded us that if we were to shoot the few coppice and more fields we had to be off. As we walked along the lane leading to a spinney which was about five hundred yards away, the pure fresh air gave a charming odour to the scent of our cigars, which had just lasted their turn. We took a stand at the two-top corner of the coppice, while King went in the bottom end and beat it up. Here we bagged two and a half brace of pheasants and a hare, but we were rather disappointed not to have found a woodcock. The cover was thin, and doubtless it was, as my friend surmised, owing to the little shelter it possessed. After walking many a rough-grassed meadow, and having beaten a few more spinneys, the air became moist and chilly, which caused hoar frost to settle around, so at four o'clock we found ourselves driving back to the Hall, after having brought the bag up to eleven couple of woodcock, five brace of pheasants, six brace of hares, a leash of partridges, and four and a half couple of rabbits, making a total of fifty-six head.

HENRY STANNARD, R.B.A.

Bits and Biting.

WE may take it for granted that in prehistoric times "the connecting link" was backed about with a raw hide bridle in place of the now popular "Ninth Lancer Solo Bit." But there were evidently disadvantages in riding with a rudimentary halter, because our forefathers subsequently adopted wooden and horn snaffles, and later on added sides or "cheeks" to them.

There was no further improvement for many centuries, until the iron period, when the snaffle attained a higher pitch of perfection. So far as we can gather from historians, the ancient Romans were the first to introduce the principle of the "lever," or curb; it is humiliating to find that we have made hardly any advance in effective snaffles during the last thousand years. Dates are dangerous things to quote in connection with this interesting subject, for the evidence of the recognised authorities is conflicting. In order, therefore, to be on the safe side, let us state that horses were bitted in Egypt certainly 1,500 to 2,000 years before Christ, and probably much earlier.

A very curious wooden mouthpiece, shaped like a badly-drawn horse, and believed to have been made about 1,000 B.C., was found in Germany not long ago. Then again, in the horn and bronze period—according to old records—a primitive half-twist-bar-mouth-turn-cheek-pelham came into vogue: of course the original makers did not call it by that name, but it was one all the same. Virgil mentions a Roman bit, which was termed in his time *Lupatus*, on account of its jagged structure. Berenger, in his "History and Art of Horsemanship"

(1776), gives the figure of a bit which was found in a large barrow called Silbury Hill, which stands near the road from Bath to London. The mouthpiece is not unlike that of a modern snaffle; the cheek pieces are peculiar, and would not serve to carry a curb chain. This bit is supposed to be either Roman or early British. All bits, practically speaking, come under the heading of either curbs or snaffles, excepting those which partake of the character of both. In the fourteenth century, the long lever bits had formidable spikes attached to them, so that a rider's enemies might not attempt to arrest his progress by catching hold of the charger's mouthpiece. The sixteenth century was responsible for chain snaffles, which restrained hard pullers; and in a curious little black-letter volume published 1566, we find numerous plates showing curb bits more or less severe, and more or less ornamented. These resembled the handsome cavalry bits of the present day. The following is an outline history of bits up to the age of steel:—

- (a) The raw-hide halter was introduced.
- (b) The wooden snaffle, which was only a straight bar.
- (c) The primitive wooden snaffle with side-pieces.
- (d) The plain straight-snaffle of bronze.
- (e) The jointed snaffle, in bronze.
- (f) The jointed snaffle, in iron.
- (g) The lever, or earliest form of curb-bit used by the Romans.
- (h) The snaffle and curb of the Merovingian and Carolingian periods, made all in one, like a modern Pelham.
- (i) Steel curbs and snaffles invented.

The impatient rider or driver perhaps remarks, "I do not care a straw about the origin of bits;

but simply want to know the most suitable bridle for a puller, a buckner, a star-gazer, or a tender-

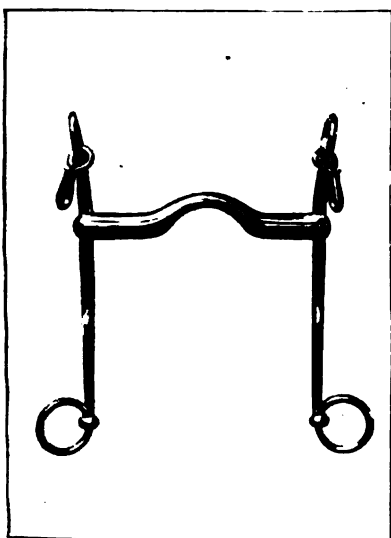


FIG. 1.—Ordinary "Fast Check" Hunting-Bit.

mouthed horse." We will come to that presently. But let us first glance at a few of our modern bits.

Fig. 1 shows a popular hunting-bit, with straight cheeks, whilst Fig. 2 shows one with shorter cheeks and sliding mouth; an easier bit for a light-mouthed horse.

The strength of a double-bit is chiefly derived from the height of the port and the length of the cheeks. Throughout Europe of late years there has been a humane tendency to reduce the height of the port and seek restraining power in other directions. In making this general statement, however, mention must be made of that most cruel implement known as "The Russian Rearing-Bit," as the exception to the rule.

The inquirer is chiefly concerned with the improvements

which have been made in this century, more especially in double-reined bridles; for our racing-snaffles are uncommonly like the bits which were used before and in the time of the Romans, though of course ours are made of the best steel, whereas formerly such bits were made in wood and bronze, and afterwards in iron.

The chief peculiarities of the modern curbs is their movable mouthpiece, which is made so as to allow a certain degree of play on the cheek (see Fig. 2). Good examples are:— "The Sliding-Mouth-Buxton-Bit-Bar-Mouth"; "The Sliding-Mouth-Cambridge-Bar-Mouth"; and "The Sliding-Mouth-High-Port-Bar-Mouth."

There are also sliding and revolving mouthpieces, such as the Buxton Bit, the cheeks of which are bent; "The Gig" is straight. Then there is the "Sliding-Mouth-Liverpool-Bit," which is an enlightened edition of the mediæval curb-and-snaffle in one.

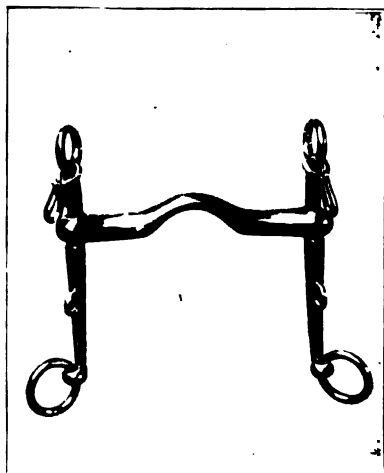


FIG. 2.—Hunting-Bit, with Sliding Mouth.

"The Roller-Hanoverian Bit" (see Fig. 3) has a port two inches high, the sides of the mouth

have rollers—this is to prevent a horse from getting too much purchase, or as the phrase is, “taking the bit between his teeth.”

Despite the fact that a first-class saddler keeps in stock something like a hundred different sorts of curbs, these in reality only vary in regard to the shape of the cheek, the height of the port, the play of the mouthpiece, and the absence or presence of the Bridoon, which is the principal innovation in double-reined bridles, since the middle ages; this is merely a thin snaffle (Fig. 4),

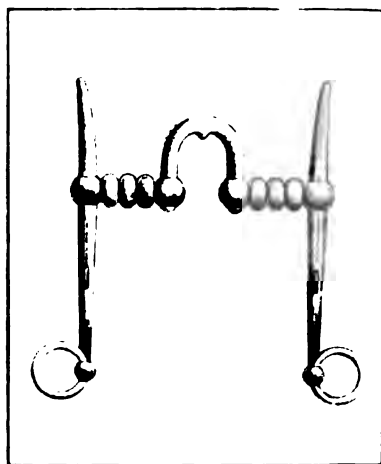


FIG. 3.—Hanoverian Bit with High Port and Roller Mouth.

which is used with the curb, the two together constituting the ordinary double bridle.

A curb made of the finest forged steel costs about 14s. 6d. The Bridoon, sold separately, costs 4s. 6d. Racing snaffles, with 2½ in. flat rings, are 7s. 6d. The old-fashioned curb-chains cost 1s. 6d., but letters patent have recently been taken out by Messrs. Peat, for a “Humane Curb,” consisting of a smooth steel bar shaped to accommodate the angles of the

lower jaw, and ringed at the ends to slip on the hooks of the bit.

The advantage claimed for this invention is, that a horse is not unnecessarily fretted by links becoming twisted underneath his jaw. Ordinary curb-chains are single or double, thick or thin, to suit the fancy of purchasers; leather curbs are sometimes used instead of a chain, and chains encased in leather are occasionally seen. In the well-kept harness-room we frequently admire the glittering polish of the bits. Alas! when the curb or snaffle has been a short time in use, its pristine brilliancy has departed, and although the steel may be kept well polished, there are usually an appalling number of tiny scratches.

The secret of an irreproachably-cleaned bit is an expensive mill fitted with brushes sprinkled with fine emery powder. But it takes almost an expert to clean steel properly with this machine. The ordinary groom will act wisely if he ceases to scratch bits with a burnisher, and uses a paste consisting of ¾ brilliantine, and ¼ paraffin.

Now as regards the bridles suitable for the rearer, bolter, kicker, star-gazer, borer, or puller, and other horses that are ill-tempered, or as crafty in their own way as “The Heathen Chinee.”

Owners of rearing-horses may feel disposed to try the Russian-Rearing-Bits before mentioned, but they had far better send the horse to a careful breaker to be cured of the vice. This bit is simply an instrument of torture, because it not only half maddens the horse, but is apt to nearly break the jaw. Many hard-pullers can be mastered by a pair of light though very decided hands and a Hanoverian pelham; but in spite of the time-honoured adage,

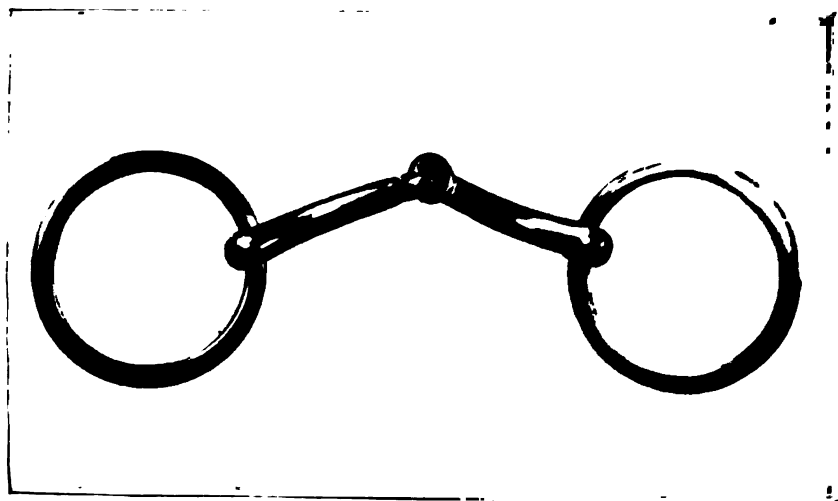


FIG. 4- Bridon.

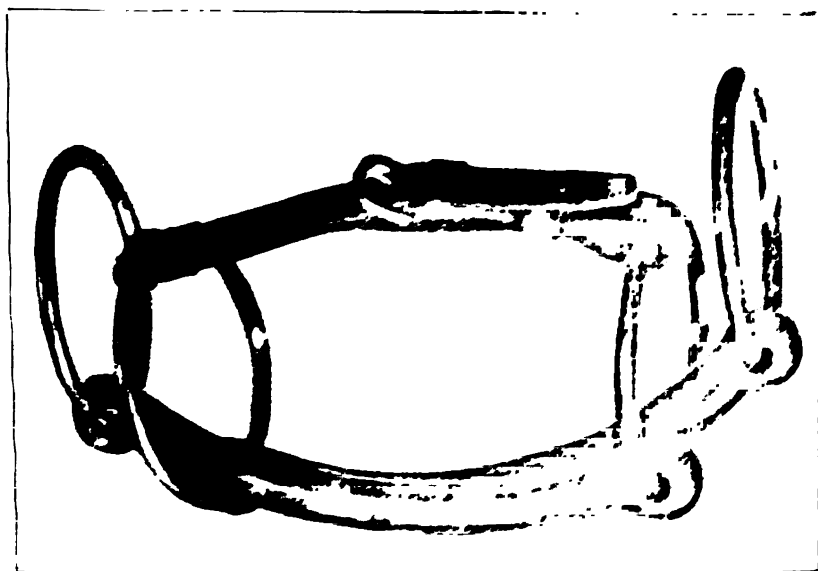


FIG. 5- The Champion Snaffle.

"There is a key to every horse's mouth," there are some horses which from constitutional defects cannot be made amenable. The intemperate "rushing" brute which loses its head, apparently, at the sight of hounds, can only be kept in hand by means of a powerful bit; and though sufficiently strong tackle will enable you to restrain him from bolting, the pain goads him into a state of frenzy, which makes him anything but a pleasant mount. A horse which can only be kept under control with a gag snaffle and chifney bit in the hunting-field may be a delightful mount for a solitary ride with nothing more than a chain snaffle in his mouth. The "Champion" Snaffle (Fig. 5), named after its inventor, the well known saddler, is a very useful bit for some pullers in harness. The checks of the bridle are buckled to the two inner rings and the reins to the two outer rings. The sliding action caused by this adjustment allows very considerable power to be exercised over the horse.

The "Bucephalus nose-band" is often usefully employed in conjunction with a bit of good leverage; the nose-net is said to give good results with a puller, but only for a time, the restraining effect of the contrivance seeming to wear off more or less rapidly. The star-gazer may be made to carry his head properly by buckling the rings of a snaffle to a martingale of suitable length or shortness, but this plan is open to the objection that the dead strain may teach the horse to pull. Perhaps the better system is to take a long pair of reins, pass the buckle ends through the rings of the snaffle and carry them down to the breastplate, thus combining martingale and reins in one: "piped" reins answer best for

this purpose, as they run more freely. With this arrangement of gear a rider with good hands may overcome the star-gazing trick. In very bad cases, an Irish martingale, a six-inch strap with a ring at each end, placed on the reins under the jaw, or a single ring through which both reins are passed before being brought, one on either side of the neck, to the rider's hand, prevents all risk of

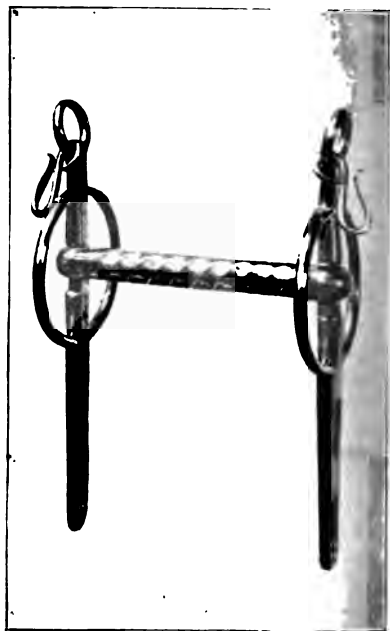


FIG. 6.—Guard Check, or Liverpool Driving-Bit.

the star-gazer throwing the reins over his head.

The horse afflicted with the contrary vice, boring, or carrying the head too low, may be taught to keep it up by the use of the gag-snaffle, which is so contrived that by means of a piped rein buckled high on the cheek-piece and carried through extra rings on the bit, the mouthpiece can be pressed into the corners of the mouth.

Many devices have been tried to cure horses with "one-sided" mouths; circular pieces of stiff leather with a few studs rivetted on them and fixed on the bit answer the direct purpose, but are liable to make the horse shy of "going up to the bridle." Messrs. Champion and Wilton have a bit for one-sided mouths which has given excellent results:

thing approaching to a high port should be avoided as unnecessary and cruel to a temperate and well-mannered horse. When driving a team, the Elbow Bit—so-called from the shape—is one that gives great satisfaction.

Many cross country riders prefer the Irish Snaffle, which has large flat rings, and is used with double reins.



FIG. 7.—Captain Hayes's Breaking Snaffle.

it is a plain steel bar bent almost to a right angle, and "twisted" on the lower surface of the end which applies to the callous side of the mouth. This simple device is said to be very effective.

A carriage horse with a fairly good mouth should go well in a Liverpool Bit (see Fig. 6), or else a Sliding-Cheek-Driving-Bit; any-

A very handy Polo-Bit is called after the Ninth Lancer Regiment: it has a plain, straight mouth-piece and cheeks, with two loops for raising or lowering the rein, so as to obtain a strong or mild leverage.

Exceptionally light-mouthed horses now and again require snaffles, covered with indiarubber;

oddly enough, they do not bite them as much as one might suppose.

Captain M. H. Hayes has invented a snaffle (Fig. 7) for use in breaking; this is an unjointed bit with leather covered mouth and leather guards at the side buckling under the jaw. This arrangement effectually prevents hurting the colt's mouth and is most useful with the long reins.

The staunchest supporter of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals could hardly disapprove of a plain - curb with slide mouth,

low port and short cheek, and in very average hands this, in conjunction with the bridoon, is probably the best tackle for all purposes.

Although we have not made any very great advance in the matter of "Bits and Biting" over our ancestors of three centuries ago, we may congratulate ourselves upon being a little more merciful. We need not plume ourselves too much on this account though, for as much ingenuity has been exercised in making irritating bits at the present day, as ever distinguished the past.

Sam's Message.

A GOOD many years have passed since I received a telegram on a winter's morning from Sam, Joey Spinks' kennel feeder. The message merely consisted of one word—"Come"; but from what I knew of the old man I felt assured it was as urgent as it was laconic. Telegrams were not so common then as they are now, and Sam was only less likely to commit his thoughts to paper than to the wires. I guessed at once that Peters was dying, and that either he had asked for me or Sam knew he would like to see me before he died. Nothing less would have made Sam telegraph.

I arrived at Bosby the same afternoon about 3 o'clock, and went straight to the old huntsman's house. The blinds were not drawn down, so I was in time! How vividly the happy days I had spent there came back to me! There was more moss on the tiles, and the trees in the garden had grown a bit, but everything else

was as I had last seen it, except that old Peters himself was not there in his white coat to greet me. A sudden fear that that very moment might be his last urged me forward. Then I hesitated and stopped. Everything was so still, not a dry leaf stirred in the trees, not a hound bayed in the kennels, no sound of voices broke the silence; the hand of Death seemed to be upon the house. As I approached, fearing that all was over, Sam met me, and took me in without a word. Something in the grip of his horny palm told me he was glad I had come, but his avoiding my eye, as if he could not trust himself to exchange even a glance, and a pathetic kind of twitch about the corners of his mouth, told me even more surely that the courage which lasts while there is hope had departed. He led me into the bedroom, where I found Mrs. Peters, Mr. Marshall (the vicar), and Joey Spinks. Peters lay in bed, prop-

"Hark!" he said, "I hear them—what music!" Then, after a pause, he said, "Keep that gate open," and fell back on the pillow.

If ever widow and friend mourned, Mrs. Peters and Sam mourned for Peters; but there was always a difference between

them—a difference that at times amounted almost to a quarrel. It arose from Peters' last words, "I hear them—what music!"

Mrs. Peters said it was "hangels."

Sam said it was "'ounds."

F. M. LUTYENS,

Author of "Mr. Spinks and his Hounds."

The Blackcock and Capercaillie in Scotland.

EVERYONE knows that Scotland is famous for some things—for grouse and salmon among others, while it has also been said (I do not of course admit truthfully) that its people are a "keeping" people. "They keep," a thoughtful and observant American said, "the Sabbath day and everything else they can lay their hands on!" But, however that may be, Scotland, despite this alleged disadvantage, holds by reason of physical characteristics, climatic conditions and hereditary descent, in the eye and heart of the sportsman at least, a foremost place. Grouse are to be had in northern England in plenty, and in Ireland too, though not so plentifully; and there are salmon in the Severn and in the Shannon; but Scotland is *par excellence* among the British Isles the home of the wild red deer, the ptarmigan, the blackcock and the capercaillie; and in winter it has also a very fair share of the presence of the woodcock—"the genial wanderer of the woods."

The blackcock has always been to me a very interesting bird. In the first place, by the time that he has attained to years of full maturity and wisdom, he is

usually very difficult to approach and shoot, unless, indeed, the sportsman be fond of early rising in the late autumn, and is prepared to wait behind a wall or "stook," in the cold grey of the morning, for his majesty coming to breakfast; or is able to take him with unerring aim as he is driven from the birchwood or bracken high over head. In the next place, he is, beyond question, when in his full plumage, a decidedly large and handsome bird, and the combination of deftly coloured black-and-white wings, forked and curved tail, and eyebrow of bright vermilion, is distinctly attractive, and particularly so to the man who has fairly stalked and shot him. Then his conduct of his love-affairs has a finely masculine and withal selfish cast about them, for after flaunting his "fatal beauty" morning and evening in the eyes of all the ladies of the neighbourhood, he does not hesitate, after a reasonable time has elapsed, to leave to his unfortunate mates all the responsibility and cares of bringing up and educating their families, while he goes off incontinently to enjoy himself in the society of his male companions for

the rest of the season. But beyond all these considerations there is also this one in the estimation of the sportsman—that you never know exactly where you may find him. In the early autumn you will naturally look for him among the bracken of the hillside, not where there is too much heather, but where in the first place there is a combination of covert and of water; most likely place of all—a cool, shady dell or hollow in the hillside with some bracken, grass, and reeds for shelter, a little stream or spring of water not far off, and the possibility of some young heather shoots, seeds, and insects to feed upon in the immediate neighbourhood. But later on, in September or October, you may flush him, or some of his family, from the stubbles or the turnip-fields bordering on his *habitat*, and later still you will find him in the woods perching on the trees like any other bird, and finding his dietary there in the tender shoots of the birch and the fir. He thus gives in his time all forms and varieties of shooting—over dogs on the hillside and moor, with the partridges in the stubbles and turnips, rising from the trees while you beat the woods and coverts for pheasants and “cock”; or stalking him at dawn as he perches, tolerably wide-awake, on corn sheaf or wall.

Perhaps the best counties in Scotland for blackcock shooting are, upon the whole, Dumfriesshire and Galloway in the south, and Argyllshire in the west, although they are fairly numerous all over the Highlands. On a pleasant warm day in September, even a wary old cock will sit wonderfully close sometimes, but, as a rule, he knows very well how to take care of himself—unless, indeed, driving is resorted to, when, of course, his wariness does not count for so

much. The grey hens are now in most places either closely preserved or only a very limited number are killed. This is decidedly as it ought to be, for our sportsmen say that partridges have to some extent changed their *habitat* within the last fifty years. The cause of this change is, no doubt, the increase of forest and cropped land on the borders of the hill and mountain country, to which they have acquired the habit of coming down in autumn, and, as a consequence, they are more easily and frequently shot, particularly the grey hen, who is less wary than the male bird, and whose flight is slower and heavier. Where, therefore, grey hens are not preserved there will always be a much larger proportion of them for that of the male bird, especially the old blackcock.

As an instance of finding blackcock in unexpected places, we remember hunting several wild two females in Dumfriesshire on one occasion in the neighbourhood of Balmuchance. The day was very warm and bright and we were hunting on the sides of a steep, narrow valley of two or three miles in extent, with a narrow valley between. The burn was numerous and we crossed the various dotted freely, and the shooting was practically continuous. In the bottom of the little valley, not one hundred and fifty yards from where we were and not more than fifty from where our dog was, there was a small patch of bracken of no particular thickness and but a few yards in height and breadth. Our dog was in an excellent way, having been at a recent time on the same old wood to get over our recovered head and tail into the patch of bracken, went down to look for it, when he was surprised he found a blackcock. He flew, and the dog fell, but a minute or

so later another rose, and also a partridge from the same spot, and he was lucky enough to get them both with a very good right and left. All were young but well-grown and fully developed birds.

But as a counterpoise to that experience we had another and less fortunate one in Dumfriesshire a week later. We were shooting homeward towards evening over a large extent of hill face, covered partly with bracken and partly with rough grass, when eight old blackcock rose about a hundred and fifty or two hundred yards out, making in the light of the setting sun, as they circled high in the air, a fine study in black and white. After flying a comparatively short distance, an unusual thing for them towards the end of September, they alighted on a slope or face above us which caught a reddish light from the setting sun, and on which we could distinctly see them walking about like Spanish hens in a farmyard. There were four guns, and we determined to try to stalk them, or rather to make a combined stalk and impromptu drive; so two guns were despatched to make a *détour* to the right as quickly as possible, in order to take them in the rear, protected by the brow and shoulder of the hill, while the remaining two guns were posted in the hollow formed by a small stream, shaded by mountain birch here and there. Up the stream we cautiously crept, to the point where we thought it likely the line of their flight across us would be.

Vain quest! For, although our combined stalk and drive were not unskilfully carried out, they completely failed by reason of the superior alertness of our quarry, and all that was left to us were one or two "wild" shots as, hav-

ing seen or scented the beaters from far, the birds rose again high in the air, and swept out of sight over a distant hill.

Our best individual experience on that particular ground was on one occasion two years ago, when three guns, shooting over dogs, got a good rise of blackcock in bracken, and had six birds down at once; but one may have many good walks there before exactly repeating that experience.

As showing the grand uncertainty in shooting, as in other sports, a friend of mine, who shoots a great deal and is an excellent shot, brought down at the place I have referred to a very fine blackcock over 80 yards out from the spot from which he fired, but on another occasion he rather reversed the figure by missing an old cock which must have been asleep in the bracken, and rose just at his feet—only on the latter occasion the fatal pipe was in his mouth, and both barrels went off harmlessly as the old gentleman of the forked tail sailed majestically away! A rather curious incident happened some time ago on the Moorfoot hills in Midlothian, close to the Peeblesshire border, which illustrates at once the weight of a full-grown blackcock, his *momentum* when going down wind and the difficulty which the size and conformation of the tail occasions to the bird in steering his flight. During a high wind a shepherd was passing over the top of a hill in the face of the gale when he suddenly received a blow on the face which knocked him down and stunned him. On recovering himself and looking about for his cap and crook he found that he had been felled by a blackcock which was lying close beside him quite dead, the breast of the bird having apparently in its flight

come straight into contact with his temple!

The Capercaillie, although of the same family as the blackcock, is essentially the "Cock of the Woods," as he is seldom or never seen in the open. His proper *habitat* is found in the large fir or pine woods of Northern Europe, and although he is not infrequently flushed from the ground in beating a Scottish covert, he is distinctly more a tree bird than any of the rest of the *Tetraonidae*. The male bird, as no doubt many of my readers know, is the largest of our game birds, of glossy-black plumage, speckled with white on the breast, with dark-green ruff on the neck, and red eyebrows like the blackcock, but without the peculiar forked or curved tail of the latter, and when he has reached his full maturity he weighs at *least* from eight to nine pounds, although often killed of heavier weight.

The female bird is considerably smaller than the male, but of handsome brown-and-white plumage, not altogether dissimilar to the grey hen, but more brilliant in colour, and the feet of both are, like the grouse, feathered to the claws.

The peculiar manner of shooting these birds in spring in Russia, where they are much more numerous than with us, has been graphically described in the *Field* and elsewhere. It has, no doubt, special fascinations of its own, and the silent and somewhat "eerie" accompaniments of waiting in the forest at night till the moon rises or the grey dawn approaches, when the cock begins his *tok*, or love-song, and then stalking him from tree to tree while he is under its entrancing power, must compensate for what is, to an English sportsman, the somewhat unattractive idea of

shooting him as he sits on the top of his tall pine. But those who have done it say that the *shot* is, after all, the least fascinating part of the sport, and that the whole interest and excitement of it virtually centres in the stalk of this extremely wary and suspicious bird. It is also true, I believe, that in the uncertain light of the forest at dawn or moonrise, even a sitting shot at a cock capercaillie in the thick branches of a high pine is by no means a certainty, while some sportsmen frequently use for this kind of shooting a rook or other light rifle, which of course is, in my view, a perfectly legitimate weapon.

But, however that may be, the capercaillie in Scotland is always shot in what is, to our view, the orthodox manner. You may, in walking through a large wood or covert, flush him from the ground or from a clump of undergrowth, or see him rising from the top of a tall fir-tree where he has been feeding on the tender shoots, or he may be driven out at the side or end of a covert, as it is in the course of being beaten for other game. In either case, although he is certainly a large bird, his flight is undoubtedly fast, and he is generally much too wary (unless he is beaten out of a covert) to let you get very near to him. He is said to possess many of the characteristics of the blackcock, and is considered by some to be a more or less savage bird, whose presence in any covert is not favourable to the growth or presence of other game birds. It is probable, however, that this is so chiefly in the case of pheasant coverts. He is also believed, from his size and thick plumage, to be difficult to bring down, unless a reasonably large size of shot (either No. 3 or No. 4) is used, or

the sportsman is fortunate enough to shoot him fairly in the head or neck as he flies across or towards him.

On one occasion, not very long ago, in Perthshire, when a covert was being beaten for pheasants, we missed a fine old cock capercailzie through standing too near the edge of the covert in a broad grass ride or hollow between the divisions of the wood. He came out unexpectedly with a rapid sweep of the wings just as the evening was falling, and looked as large as an eagle in the fading light. We were shooting with No. 6 shot, and as far as we could judge we must have missed him entirely with the first barrel, as he flew overhead, and we only saw a few feathers fly out with the second as he passed into the covert on the other side. But although it was immediately and carefully beaten back, no further trace of him could be found. At the time I put down his loss to having too small shot available. But a week or two later, in Fifeshire, we had another chance at a cock rising off the top of a high fir-tree in a thick wood and with a very indifferent light, and killed him quite dead with the right barrel of a "16" gun and No. 6 shot, the shot having this time fairly struck him in the head. On this question of the proper size of shot to be used for capercailzie, we heard from a friend a rather amusing but suggestive story not long ago. A gentleman, a friend of his, whom he had met once or twice at a covert shoot in the north, was very anxious to obtain a capercailzie, but had always from one cause or another been unsuccessful. On this occasion he arrived armed with a certain quantity of No. 3 and No. 4 cartridges for the special benefit of the "cock of the woods," but incautiously men-

tioned the fact to some younger sportsmen of the party on the evening of his arrival. It was on Saturday, and the coverts were to be shot on the Monday. On the Sunday afternoon his cartridge case was secured by these ardent spirits, and conveyed in secrecy to the gamekeeper's lodge, where all the No. 3 and No. 4 cartridges were opened, the large shot carefully extracted, and the cases filled up with "snipe-dust." But he laughs best who laughs last! On the Monday, this elderly gentleman got a specially good stand at the end of the favourite covert. He had, as he believed, No. 6 shot in his right barrel, and No. 3 in his left, for "caper" had been seen about within a day or two previously. By-and-bye the beaters were heard in the distance, and he looked carefully to his "priming." Then in a moment out rushed a fine cock capercailzie, some twenty to thirty yards off, which he laid low with his right barrel, and he was of course correspondingly pleased. But it had scarcely fallen when, something like the same distance to his left, out came another, and it fell a victim to the *snipe-dust*, shot fairly in the head and neck. So, after that, and except at a long range, one may fully believe that it is more the "straight" powder than the size of the shot that tells.

But we have said enough to show that both of these grand species of the grouse family are worth some trouble to get, and that any young sportsman may be reasonably pleased who has fairly stalked and shot his old blackcock and his capercailzie—especially if an old cock and in full plumage—and probably he will always remember "the first" of both of them as marking a red-letter day in his annals of sport.

J. A. S. M.

The Sportsman's Library.

SIR ROSE LAMBART PRICE has written an interesting account of his trip through the Rockies in 1897,* when he accompanied General Coppinger, of the United States Army, on a tour of inspection of the various posts he commanded on the Rocky Mountains. The railroad part of the travelling was done most luxuriously in the General's private car, and is likened by the author to "yachting on wheels"; but once well amongst the mountains the task of transport became decidedly more laborious. They are a wild people who dwell near the great Divide, and here is proof of it: "The day after we reached Fort Washakie a very sad occurrence took place. The troopers of the 9th Cavalry had received their pay, and a certain number of them sat down to play *monté*. In the course of the game a dispute arose between a Corporal J. and Private P. about some trifling stake (not more than one shilling), and after some words the Corporal drew a revolver and shot Pawley, and on the second day after the shooting the poor fellow died. It was a cowardly, cold-blooded action, as the other man was unarmed, but is in a certain measure accounted for by the deplorable habit people have, on the frontier towns which merely border on civilisation, of habitually carrying about on them loaded pistols. The force of example counts for much, and the general lawlessness of this locality makes a mere shooting a very common-place occurrence."

Sir Rose Price does not tell us what punishment—if any—was

meted out to the quick-tempered corporal; but he proceeds to tell us that during their short visit to Washakie the mails running between that place and the two nearest railway stations—the nearer of which was 147 miles distant—were "held up" no less than three times. Some good fishing and shooting were enjoyed by the party, and the author describes how at Yellowstone Park he was able to catch trout, and without removing them from the hook to drop them in the boiling water of the crater of an adjoining geyser, and cook them at the end of his line. Sir Rose Price expresses himself much pleased with what he saw of the United States Army; he says their cavalry and infantry could not have been better. Their uniform is not so showy, and their men have not that spick-and-span appearance at a full-dress parade that characterises our own fellows; but "I very much doubt if we have a single cavalry regiment in our army which could turn out for inspection and perform all the tricks and manœuvres that I saw at Forts Meade and Robinson."

"The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones."

Happily the good books that men write live after them. None can regret more bitterly the untimely loss of Whyte Melville than we, of BAILY, between whose green covers so much of his best work first charmed the public, and it gives us sincere pleasure to welcome a new library edition of his prose works," excellently

* "A Summer on the Rockies," by Major Sir Rose Lambart, Bart. With map and illustrations. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co., Ltd., St. Dunstan's House, Fetter Lane, Fleet Street, E.C. 1898. 8vo, cloth.

** "Katerfelto: a story of Exmoor," by G. J. Whyte Melville. Illustrated by Lucy E. Kemp-Welch. London: Ward, Lock & Co., Ltd., New York and Melbourne. A new edition, fancy cloth, 8vo, price 3s. 6d.

printed and bound, and to which Miss Lucy Kemp-Welch has contributed some pleasing illustrations. To the romance of "Katerfelto" has been given the place of honour as the first volume of the new series published by Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co., and it should afford a rich treat to all those who are not yet intimate with the charming story.

It was a good idea of "Red Spinner" to present the angling world with a new edition of Robert Blakey's chief work on angling.* The work, in its original form, first saw the light in 1846, and Red Spinner has done his duty well by interfering as little as possible with the text, and by placing such corrections or explanations as he has considered necessary in the form of notes at the ends of the chapters.

An interesting memoir of Robert Blakey, angler, author, professor, tells us the story of an onward and upward career from a start most humble, for Blakey, at the age of eight years, was working in a garden at a wage of sixpence a day and his victuals. However, in the year 1860, for his distinguished work as a writer he was rewarded with a pension of 100 pounds from the Civil List, and it was not until the ripe age of 83 years that he died. In the words of Red Spinner, the book must be now regarded as an interesting contribution to angling literature rather than as a didactic modern exposition of how and where to fish. Four-and-forty years ago Blakey was accepted as guide in these matters; in 1898 we greet him chiefly as philosopher and friend.

The story of Omdurman is gratifying to all Englishmen, but the tale of Tirah* is far more sad and less glorious. It appeared necessary to our Government that a severe lesson should be taught to the recalcitrant tribes on the Afghan frontier, and so our soldiers were sent to fight the Orakzais and the Afridis in their own savage and wild country, exposed to the most terrible hardships and fighting against fearful odds. We well recollect with what interest we perused the series of letters written during that campaign by Colonel Hutchinson to *The Times* newspaper, and these letters have now been reproduced in book form, written up more fully and completely and reinforced by some excellent maps, plans and illustrations.

The work, which is dedicated by permission to General Sir William Lockhart, gives a most graphic account of the campaign, and we think that two passages from the book will sufficiently demonstrate the cruelty of the task which was set our troops. Here is a description of the Afridi, our opponent:—"Ruthless, cowardly robbery, cold-blood, treacherous murder are to him the salt of life. Brought up from his earliest childhood amid scenes of appalling treachery and merciless revenge, nothing can ever change him. As he has lived—a shameless, cruel savage—so he dies. And it would seem that, notwithstanding their long intercourse with the British and the fact that very large numbers of them are, or have been, in our service, and

* "Angling; or, How to Angle and Where to Go," by Robert Blakey. A new edition revised with notes and memoir by Red Spinner (William Senior), with illustrations by Avery Lewis. London: George Routledge & Sons, Ltd., Broadway House, Ludgate Hill. 1898. 8vo, fancy boards, 3s. 6d.

* "The Campaign in Tirah, 1897-98." An account of the expedition against the Orakzais and Afridis under General Sir William Lockhart, based (by permission) on letters contributed to *The Times*, by Colonel H. D. Hutchinson, Director of Military Education in India. With maps, plans and illustrations. London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1898. 4to, fancy boards, 8s. 6d.

must have learned in some poor way what faith and mercy and justice are, yet the Afridis' character is no better than it was in the days of their fathers Much has been said of their fidelity in fighting against their own people for us, but when it is remembered that an Afridi generally has a blood feud with nine out of ten of his own people, the beauty of this attachment fades. They have always been more noted in action for a readiness to plunder than to fight. On the whole, they are the greatest robbers amongst Afghans, and have no faith or sense of honour whatever."

There is one quotation showing the character of the enemy. Now, to show the character of the country and the warfare, let us turn to the words of General Lockhart, when after the disastrous affair of November 16th he addressed the Dorsets and Northamptons on parade. "We must remember," said Sir William, "that we are opposed to perhaps the best skirmishers and the best natural shots in the world, and that the country they inhabit is the most difficult on the face of the globe. The enemy's strength lies in his thorough knowledge of the ground, which enables him to watch all our movements unperceived, and to take advantage of every hill and every ravine. Our strength, on the other hand, lies in our discipline, controlled fire, and mutual support. Our weakness is our ignorance of the country and the consequent tendency of small bodies to straggle and get detached. The moral of all this is that careful touch must be maintained, and that if by mischance small parties do find themselves alone they should as much as possible stick to the open, and shun ravines and broken ground,

where they must fight at a disadvantage and run every risk of being ambuscaded and cut off. I trust," said Sir William in conclusion, "that we may soon meet the enemy and wipe out all old scores with him, and I am confident that when that time comes you will all behave with a steady valour worthy of the best traditions of your corps. In the meantime, there is no occasion to be depressed because some of us have been surprised, outnumbered and overwhelmed on bad ground." These are the words of one who ought to have known what he was talking about, and they clearly show the shocking inequality of the fight where our men were always exposed to that most terrible of all foes, the unseen foe.

The subject is a sad one, but the book is a valuable one, and reflects credit upon the gallant author, the publishers, and all connected with it.

Mr. Paul Taylor has published a collection of short and entertaining little articles dealing with "the gentle art" of angling.* It is impossible to read his work without gleaning some fresh knowledge and instruction from its pages; at the same time Mr. Paul Taylor does not, we imagine, desire to pose as a didactic writer, but in the more congenial rôle of entertainer. His friend, Mr. Senior, whose writings are well-known above the *nom de plume* of "Red Spinner," says, in an introduction to this pleasant little volume:—"To the accepted instructors upon angling there have succeeded a procession of writers bent apparently upon entertain-

* "Fishing and Fishers," by J. Paul Taylor, first Hon. Sec. Fly Fishers' Club, with Introduction by Red Spinner. Illustrated. London: Ward, Lock & Co., Ltd., Warwick House, Salisbury Square, E.C.; New York and Melbourne. 1898. 8vo, fancy cloth, price 2s. 6d.

ing rather than lecturing and teaching. They sketch and plead rather than expound and argue; they lay more stress upon the incidental charms of angling than upon the technicalities of either its sport or the manifold mechanical preparations of tackle. They seem to take it for granted that the reader is well grounded in all the rudiments, and need not be bothered with the essential but matter-of-fact information that may be found elsewhere."

I hope the author of "Fishing and Fishers" will not be offended if I invite him to place himself in this category, content to know that the giving of pleasure is not less praiseworthy than the imparting of knowledge. "Red Spinner" has rightly summed up this pleasant little volume.

Mr. Cuthbert Bradley's book* practically resolves itself into a history of the sport enjoyed by the Belvoir during the six-and-twenty years of Frank Gillard's connection with the pack as huntsman; the seven years he passed at the Ducal Kennels as second and first whipper-in being dismissed somewhat briefly. Gillard's diaries, religiously kept during his long term of office, have been of the greatest assistance to the author, whose personal acquaintance with the country, gained in ten seasons' hunting, stands him in excellent stead. The hound-man will of course look for kennel-lore in a work dealing with the best-bred pack in the kingdom; in this important respect Gillard has been fortunate to find a biographer who does his services as a breeder such full and

sympathetic justice as Mr. Bradley, who is as much at home on the flags as in the pig-skin. The author's pencil contributes the large majority of the illustrations, and many of these give us excellent likenesses of people well known in the Belvoir country; Mr. Bradley is exceedingly happy in catching a likeness, and as we all know, can render admirable justice to horse and hound.

The Reverend John Wollocombe has written a volume of personal reminiscences,* which is published under the title of "From Morn till Eve." The commencement of the volume is strikingly reminiscent of a romance by Dumas. "On the night of the 31st of January, 1823, two travellers, mounted on powerful steeds, were endeavouring to make their way through snow which had fallen to the depth of several feet . . . The youngest and most courageous of the two rode in front and acted as pilot." Purists of style may resent this "youngest and most courageous of two" in place of the more usual younger and more courageous of two, but this book is not for such as they, but rather for the personal friends and admirers of the popular old sportsman, whose birth, upon February 1st, 1823, was the occasion of the above-mentioned travellers mounting their powerful steeds. Childhood in the West of England, education at Winchester and Oxford, ordination, marriage, the *grand tour*, and then till eve the West of England. Here is the happy record of a long life, which should prove of interest to the author's many friends.

* "The Reminiscences of Frank Gillard with the Belvoir Hounds," by Cuthbert Bradley. (Edw. Arnold.)

* "From Morn till Eve." Reminiscences by John B. Wollocombe. London: Skeffington & Son, Piccadilly, W. 1898. Cloth, 8vo. Price 5s.

“Our Van.”

Derby Autumn Meeting.—Wherein, I wonder, lies the charm that undoubtedly belongs to the last of the three annual Derby meetings. Horses are brought together there much the same as is the case elsewhere, and people of all grades, the majority of whom must know by heart every detail of each other's lineaments, come together to see them race with absolutely no novelty of procedure. Derby itself possesses absolutely no charm whatever, it being, indeed, a repellant sort of place, about which an altogether false halo of artistic romance has been thrown by the reputation of its wonderful china, still being made as beautifully as ever, by the way, in the Old Crown Derby factory in King Street—a fact not generally known. Many of our racing centres possess attractions that beguile the racing man before the day's work commences more than the outer world would credit; but at Derby, as at some other larger towns that could be mentioned, there is simply nothing but dirt and disagreeableness. One can escape them, it is true, by living at Matlock, or one of the other pretty places in the valley of the Derwent, though even there, as has been detailed in these pages, fog in November, when Derby's chief meeting is held, can, on occasion, exercise a baneful influence and transform the beauties of the landscape into a rival to a London fog. On the several occasions of my visiting Derby I have never found any public evening amusement provided that appealed to people of

intelligence, and taken altogether, it is a dreary enough place to go to.

But all who go to the Derby Autumn Meeting nevertheless enjoy themselves. There is a delightful compactness about the stands, where the county folk look down from their well-arranged parterre, always brilliant with its array of beauty, and the paddock is not less cosy. Paddocks half a parish or so in extent, like that at Epsom, have their uses possibly, though I have never been clever enough to detect them, for I confess to a decided leaning to those that are as small as they well can be, given sufficient room to parade the horses. They enable one to see all the horses, which is precisely what most people that go into the paddock desire to do. The view of the racing to be had from the stands, and especially from the stand in the reserved enclosure—least used of any—is unrivalled, so long as the horses are in sight at all, which, of course, they are not for the first quarter of the straight mile, that being on the rise. But this is because the Jockey Club will have straight miles. Racecourse managers are not so wonderfully enamoured of them that they lay them out as a matter of love, nor, I will undertake to say, are the majority of trainers overwhelmingly in their favour. I seem to remember the names of some good horses that ran before the craze for straight miles set in. So far as the occupants of the county stand are concerned, probably more mutual acquaintances meet there than on any other

similar occasion in the year, and the comfortable house-party feeling seems to pervade the whole assembly.

And yet a common experience of racing at Derby is shivering on those said stands, what time prodigious fields of horses are being got away. The Derby Autumn Meeting and large fields are synonymous terms, and this year the reputation was kept up in an amazing manner. The long enforced abstention on the part of so many horses owing to the protracted drought, was no doubt an actively operative factor. In seven of the eighteen races decided in the three days the starters were twenty or more, and on the third day the astonishing record was established of eighty-seven horses running in the first four races, twenty-six starting in the Osmaston Nursery, the day's total being 103. In all well over six hundred horses were handicapped by Mr. Mainwaring.

The race for the Derby Cup resulted in one of the best handicap performances of the year, if it was not the very best of them, though it is difficult to set aside the magnificent running of Fosco in the Stewards' Plate at Liverpool. But more credit is naturally attached to a race of a mile than to one of six furlongs; and though the Derby mile is not one of the severe order, it was over this distance that Eager ran the race of his four-year-old career. That he did not win was not the fault of the handicapper, whose duty it is to bring the horses entered as closely together as possible; and this end may surely be regarded as having been accomplished when the bottom weight beats the top weight by a head, with a mid-weight horse third, beaten half-a-length. The fault lies with the system under which

nearly every important handicap is framed, and it cannot be too strongly or too often insisted that a system under which a capable horse and a previous winner can be set to receive 39 lbs. from one of the same age. This was the difference between the weights of Eager and Waterhen; and I make bold to maintain that a horse that requires such an allowance as that from one of his own age does not deserve to win a big handicap. Eager had been coming on all the year, and at Doncaster did a big thing in the Portland Plate; but this was a bigger thing still, and Mornington Cannon never rode a better race. He was giving 12 lbs. to Knight of the Thistle, 14 lbs. to Dieudonné, 22 lbs. to Golden Bridge, and 29 lbs. to Minstrel (of his own age), and they stood no chance whatever with him. Eager is as handsome a horse as there is now in training, and I am glad to hear that Adrian Jones has been commissioned to make a model of him, as he has already done in the case of Persimmon, Cloister, Why Not, The Soarer, and others. The same artist is to paint Eager; but give me the model for perpetuating the points of a horse.

Since Amurath unexpectedly succumbed to Galopin Lassie in the Windsor Castle Stakes at Ascot, he had been on the shelf, so far as public appearances were concerned. He re-appeared in the Osmaston Nursery Handicap, and probably reproduced his Brocklesby Stakes form, for he was a meritorious second (this was the field of twenty-seven) to Strike-a-Light, to whom he was giving 10lbs., and beat La Uruguay, who was receiving 14lbs., by a neck. It is so rarely that the Brocklesby form comes to anything that this year presents quite

a prominent exception, four of the first half-dozen in the Lincoln race having done well, though it is unreasonable to hope that horses got ready so early in the year can be of the stamp to last. As regards the beating which Amurath gave La Uruguaya, one would like to see this smart filly run a race or two with one of our best English jockeys up. In the Chesterfield Nursery Handicap of five furlongs, two furlongs less than the Osmaston Nursery, Trident gave La Uruguaya 9lbs., and less than a length beating; and Trident looks like a wear-and-tear customer. He was judiciously eased in the early autumn, and came out looking wonderfully fresh and well. Fosco, St. Bris, and Trident, are three which should do something more for Mr. Leopold de Rothschild when the season of 1899 comes round.

Warwick November Meeting.

—Last year this meeting, never remarkable for its racing, was accentuated by a visitation of fog, which necessitated the holding of as many as nine races on the second day. This year the feature was the size of the fields—and it is not the best course in the world for such conditions. The entries for the selling races were largely influenced by a desire to sell unremunerative stock, and the auctioneer was kept very busy between races. The only race of interest, the November Handicap, saw the re-appearance of Soliman, who put a stop to the series of successes of Sherburn, and ran in something like his old form.

Manchester November Meeting.

—The snow which fell on the last day of Warwick boded ill for Manchester, but the weather there was good—for Manchester. No one expects to see much of the racing, people being satisfied to stare at the fog, out of which

shadowy forms emerge a quarter of a mile or less from home; these proving to be the horses. There is not much here for the "field stewards" to do. "Field stewards" are energetic professional backers, who station themselves at various portions of the course to witness what takes place during the progress of a race, the knowledge thus gained being utilised on subsequent occasions. What they see or expect to see is hidden from the average race-goer, but that they occasionally see something may be assumed or they would not continue the practice. And these men make a living out of little else than keen observation and quick wit. At Newmarket a favourite coign for the "field steward" was the Ditch Mile stand, before it was pulled down; and a capital pitch such as the top of the stand at Derby is not neglected. As the Manchester November meeting comes last of all the "field steward" probably loses nothing from the obscurity in which the horses run.

The fields were wonderful; so much so that one felt quite a shock when only five ran for the Autumn Plate at the end of the second day. On the first day there ran 116 horses, on the second day 107, and on the third 97, making a total of 317. In the first two races of the last day no fewer than 50 started. Yet the delays at the post were by no means inordinate, and time lost at the start was atoned for by alacrity in getting the next lot to the post. They are nothing if not business-like at Manchester, and it is a knowledge of this which makes it so surprising to me that they continue to hold six-furlong races, in which the horses have to start at the commencement of a turn. There are a few spots on racecourses noted for provoking

"language" on the part of jockeys engaged in a race. I was astonished at the volubility and emphasis of expression indulged in by the Cesarewitch jockeys when I once stationed myself at the Ditch, where the horses turn sharply to the left for the long run home; but the six-furlong start at Manchester is alleged to bear away the palm in this respect. I can believe it. It has always struck me that in cases of this kind the Jockey Club should interfere, but it never seems to do this unless some general rule is infringed, and not always then. The stipulation for the straight mile that is now so firmly insisted upon is in the cause of fairness, but nothing can be so unfair as to start a large field of horses on a sprint race at the commencement of a bend.

The November Handicap had conduced to more ante-post betting than perhaps any other big handicap of the year. Layers were understood to have had a very bad race, by way of capping a disastrous fortnight, so Chaleureux must have been well backed when made favourite in the first instance, for more than one first favourite was found subsequently. The last of all was Merman, with whom Mr. Jersey declared to win in preference to Dancing Wave. Labrador was trusted yet once more, and whilst Barford and Tom Cringle had strong followings, there were plenty sanguine enough to think that all they had seen Champ de Mars fail to do would be wiped out. The theory that Australian horses cannot act in heavy going was apparently sustained by the complete failure of Merman, who did so badly that Mornington Cannon did not push him uselessly. The race was exciting enough for anything, though for three furlongs of it the horses were obscured by fog.

Eclipse's light weight was made the most of, and when, in turn, he disposed of Northallerton and Labrador the race looked all over. But Chaleureux, who seemed to go through the mud as well as over the hard ground on which he won the Cesarewitch, came out of the clouds, as it were, and, getting up in the last stride, won by a short head. One might buy many hundred horses out of selling races before picking up one like this for 155 guineas.

Though Baldoyle was beaten in Ireland after his dual successes at Manchester in June, he certainly did another good performance by winning the Lancaster Nursery Handicap with 8st. 13lbs. The betting in this race was practically paralysed by the run upon Miche, a French-bred one which had been so highly tried by Robinson that defeat was regarded as out of the question. But something was wrong with the works on the trial ground, and Miche finished fifth, whereas Baldoyle, with M. Cannon on his back, won in a style which suggested that a pound or two more would not have stopped him.

When we entered the trains that bore us from Manchester, we concluded four weeks of solid racing, of six days per week, which is very much too much of a good thing. It would be that if the racing were good, but very much of it was poor stuff indeed, and the marvel is where the people come from who find the horses, or rather the money to pay for the training of numbers of animals that should be in the shafts. It is one of the mysteries of the day how an expensive game like racing is pursued with so little actual satisfaction in the way of success. Be a horse as bad as it may, the trainer's bill is still always fifty shillings per week,

and only those who have to write the cheques know what it costs to send horses from meeting to meeting. Yet we constantly see a score or more of horses contesting a race, the winner of which is to be sold for 50 sovs., without necessarily finding a buyer, whilst it is a common thing to see several that ran in the race sold for little more than it cost to run them. These things show what a firm hold the love of racing has upon us, and how very many there are—cynics to the contrary—that race for sport, for it is clear that only a minority derive any pecuniary benefit from racing. This reminds me of the fact that Mr. Leopold de Rothschild heads the list of winning owners, upon which everyone who has come into contact with this urbane and amiable owner will feel inclined to congratulate him, whether qualified to do so by personal acquaintance or not.

Winning Sires.—Though the get of Kendal is one that one does not feel inclined to despise, his position at the head of winning sires in 1897 was too much due to the prowess of one horse, Galtee More, not to require another year's support. 1898 has not maintained Kendal's position, and Galopin takes the lead, with a total of £21,699 won. Others whose winnings reach five figures are, in order of success, Bona Vista, Ayrshire, Gallinule, St. Simon, Donovan, St. Serf, Janissary and Common, and it is highly probable that the first three named will fill prominent positions next year. Bona Vista has begotten Cyllene, and there is no reason why he should not produce more like him.

Turf Reform.—Lord Durham spoke out, as is his wont, at the Gimcrack Club dinner, and the only fault I have to find with his

lordship is that he is too general in his remarks. "Let the galled jade wince," is perhaps his thought when he lashes out in the free-lance style, but a little more specification is, nevertheless, desirable. Nearly every subject touched upon by Lord Durham has been dealt with in the "Van." I was amongst the first to advocate the adoption of the starting machine, and am as firmly convinced of its merits as ever. The last person I should ask for an opinion on the starting-gate would be a jockey, but the jockeys are the power that is most potent in preventing the introduction of the appliance. Sloan was good enough to express his entire disapprobation of the thing; but anyone who appreciates what is Sloan's idea of a good start will know what value to place on his utterances. Everyone who saw the start for the Liverpool Autumn Cup had ocular demonstration of the reason why Sloan would not care for a starting machine. Whether the starting machine is a failure or a success in the United States I am unable to determine. Sloan says it is a failure; but American racing methods are no guide whatever for us who have some sort of a standard of sport. I can imagine anything on an American race-course being a success or a failure according to what was wished. I have seen it stated that one method in use in the United States is to use the starting gate in connection with the advance flag—about as "elegant" an illustration of how not to use a starting machine as could be devised.

As to the turf ruffians (I allude to the actively offensive ones who pick our pockets, with or without violence), it is consoling indeed to learn from Lord Durham that they are to be scotched by the enrolment of a special racecourse

police. This device has been advocated any time this ten years, but it was left for a little meeting like that of Lingfield to show that it could be done. Lord Durham, in his general way, asserted that great exaggerations entered into the statements of those who took part in the *Daily Telegraph* correspondence on this subject, but he specified nothing. I read the whole of the correspondence, and can assure his lordship that the case was rather understated than overstated. But people in the position of Lord Durham do not come into contact with the disagreeables of racing, and are consequently entirely dependent upon what they are told or read. He has not been told, apparently, that the reserved enclosure at Newmarket, at the two big autumn meetings, is quite the place to be robbed in.

I wish his lordship had said something about that pest of paddocks, the touts. Every paddock near London is infested with a number of these gentry, who pay nothing to get in and, when in, pursue the trade of perambulating tipster. The Birdcage at Newmarket is by no means free from this nuisance, and I see no difference between the tipster who button-holes you and he who pays half-a-crown per line for his mendacious advertisement in a daily sporting paper. These last-named were very properly castigated by Lord Durham, but the others should not escape. And it is the simplest thing in the world to be rid of them, for if they obtain an entrance through the supineness of the gate-keeper, this does not prevent their subsequent removal.

Melton.—The metropolis of hunting is very full just now, and many people are entertaining guests. The Duchess of New-

castle has been with her mother, Mrs. Candy, at Somerby; Mr. Peter Flower has been at Roth-erby; Mr. and Mrs. Hay have taken Somerby Grove; Mr. and Mrs. Turner Farley have Wartenaby for the rest of the season; Mrs. Adair has come to Barleythorpe, and Lord and Lady Dudley have been on a visit; and the Duchess of Hamilton and Mr. Foster are having one more season in the country over which they have ridden so well. It is not often that both husband and wife reach the end of a long run together, but this was the case with this hard-riding pair in a great run, to which I think the first place must be given, with

Mr. Fernie's Hounds.—Accordingly the V.D. proceeds to tell of what might perhaps be the run of the season in the Midlands, unless the Grafton gallop be considered greater. The following is written from hearsay, but was over ground every yard of which is familiar. The fox started from Norton Gorse in the presence of a large crowd. (Melton had come down that morning by special train to Kibworth.) His first point was Houghton-on-the-Hill and the Coplow. The pace was good, but, on the other hand, everyone had expected, from the line he took, that he was bound for the Coplow or Botany Bay. Arrived at the latter point he swung away to the left past Lowesby Station and across the park and into Adam's Gorse, hounds by this time hunting more slowly. This was the best of it, but the pack carried a line into Gartree Hill Coverts, where they were stopped. Mr. Fernie, Charles Isaac, the Duchess of Hamilton, Mr. Foster, and Mr. Charles McNeill, who unluckily killed his horse, saw it all more or less, and those who know best will think they saw as

much as anybody could over a country never too easy to cross. A fine run and a great point, at least nine miles as the crow flies, from Norton Gorse to Gartree Hill, and if anybody were to claim another mile or two no one could object.

The Quorn.—Fortune which at first seemed rather unfavourable to the Quorn has turned, and Captain Burns Hartopp will have no reason to look back on the opening of his first season as unsatisfactory. Foxes have not only been plentiful, but stout, and scent has more than once been brilliant. Gabbetis has shown himself capable of hunting the pack. Tom Firr is still laid up, but among varied reports it is to be hoped that the one which holds out the prospect of our seeing the great huntsman in the field before long, is not unlikely to be a true one. No pleasanter gallop has been seen this season than the run from Baggrave on the afternoon of Friday, November 25th. There had been a capital hunt in the morning, and those who took the trouble to watch the pack at work after a twisting fox from John o' Gaunt, which was fairly hunted to death at Hungarton, must have realised how very good these hounds are. But if in the morning they had put their noses down and patiently unravelled the tangle set them by the fox, in the afternoon they raced away with a good scent and a bold fox from Prince of Wales' gorse over the Croxton brook right round Ashley Pastures, and to ground at Gaddesby.

The Belvoir.—Most people missed the great run from Granby Gap. It came after a pottering and unsatisfactory morning, when one-horse men like the V.D. had gone home, and indeed, of

those who had two horses out only the keenest remained. The fox, and there seems no reason to think that hounds changed, for hounds scarcely checked or wavered all the way, went straight away in the teeth of a north-easterly wind. If the readers of BAILY will take a map they will see that the course of the run from Granby Gap to the Devon new covert at Cotham ran as nearly as possible parallel to the boundary of the South Notts Hunt. The point was eleven miles according to the papers, but a private letter from a very old member of the Belvoir says nine. The time, about an hour and twenty minutes; so that whichever distance we take, the pace of the four men who perhaps saw the run best—two were riding horses from the hunt stables—is a fair testimony to the excellence of Sir Gilbert's horses. It was a very great run indeed, and has not been surpassed in Leicestershire by any sport up to the present time.

Sir William Welby Gregory.

—A shadow has been cast over the pleasure of the hunting season by the death of Sir William Gregory, of Denton. The late Baronet was an old member of the Belvoir Hunt and was always a keen sportsman, but he felt very strongly the duties which the increased powers of local self-governing bodies throw upon men living in the country. He gave himself, therefore, more and more to county business and local affairs, and men finding his value trusted him. The calls on his time latterly were so many that hunting could only be enjoyed as an occasional holiday, and he was seen comparatively seldom at the covert side. No man will leave a greater blank in Leicestershire county affairs than Sir William Gregory.

Lord Harrington's Hounds.—

The energetic master of the South Notts has had a wonderful run of sport. His November gallop from Wiverton to Harbey was a very fine one, and another fine gallop was spoiled by an accident to the hounds on the railway. Unluckily, the pack was run into by a light engine on the Great Northern line between Nottingham and Derby, and naturally the leading hounds were the victims. It is said—and we may believe it—that they will not easily be replaced. Hounds were actually running into their fox at the moment of the accident, and were some distance in front of the Master and Shepherd, the first whipper-in.

Only a couple and a half were killed, and it is wonderful that more damage was not done. Several hounds, however, were injured, but it is hoped that they will recover.

Woodland Pytchley.—Remembering the description of this pack in BAILY last year, the V.D. made up his mind to see them in the field whenever opportunity offered. No time was to be lost, for the hunting season slips quickly away, and in less than two months after these lines appear, unless something happens, this fine pack will be dispersed. Nothing has brought home to the V.D.'s mind the great dangers which beset hunting so much as the circumstances which have led to the giving up of the Woodland Pytchley. From information which reaches him from sundry well-known countries, the V.D. is convinced that hunting will not survive another generation in those districts where there are coverts capable of being made into pheasant preserves. However, this is the future, but for the present the red coats still gleam through the trees. Some of the

most beautiful hounds in England are looking up at George Whitmore, who then carried the horn in the absence of the Master.

It is a pleasure to see them spread and try for their fox in the woodlands; how easily they move, telling of good backs and loins and sound shoulders, as the pack scatters here and there among the trees, and with what a chorus they cluster to drive through the undergrowth after their fox. The best fox of the day was found in Carlton Wood, and thence to Brampton Wood, running a wide ring round and back to Brampton; but hounds having driven their fox in great style through Pepwell were stopped off a beaten fox owing to shooting at Kingswood. To stop hounds running a well-earned fox is the most disheartening thing that can be required of huntsmen or hounds.

Lincolnshire.—There is probably no pack in England which can show a better average of sport than the Southwold. One of the secrets of the success of these hounds may be found by turning to the new edition of "Baily's Hunting Directory." They have had the same master and huntsman since 1880, while those good supporters of hunting, the Walker family of Spilsby, have supplied a hunt secretary since 1811. It is perhaps not quite so well known except in the hunt that in Fred Gosden they have one of the best kennel huntsmen in England. Somersby (as we all know, Tenyson was born there, and that the brook runs at the bottom of the village) was the meeting-place on November 26th. Large fields are unknown, and there is no necessity to introduce capping to reduce their size. The hounds do that for us when they run, and but few saw the finish of the fine run from Ashby Puerorum to

Scremby, a nine-mile point in fifty minutes, over one of the most sporting lines in England. There was one check after the first twenty minutes, and the pace, as the distance and time suggest to Lincolnshire men, was tremendous. Alas, that times should be so bad on these most sporting wolds of Lincoln!

The North Staffordshire.—The Duke of Sutherland hunted the pack himself on the day they met at Madeley Wood. After two short gallops the best run of the day, or for the matter of that of the season, was with a stout fox from Hayes's covert. The fox chose the moor side of the covert, thus leading the pack over a country mostly grass, and likely to carry a good scent. Hounds stood on good terms with the fox, and gave him such a bursting gallop that he was never able to gain much ground. At Benistone he turned sharp to the left, but gained little by the move. A little way past Knighton they ran from scent to view.

The Tynedale.—From the far north comes the story of a run of two hours and a half. Then hounds were stopped, a stout fox from the famous Robs Heugh covert having beaten them. This is a country wherein hounds have ever the best of horses. It can be ridden over in parts, but fences are always stiff, and sometimes gates are the only means of getting from one field to another. On the other hand, the grass causes a good scent, and hounds have to make out the line for themselves. If you want to see what hounds really can do when left to themselves, try a visit to the Tynedale.

The Croome.—Mr. Wrangham seems likely to have a good season for his last in the country, where Lord Coventry gives all landed proprietors an object lesson of the

way in which foxes and pheasants can live together in peace. BAILY has told us before now that the Croome country is noted for its hard-riding leaders, and on Saturday, November 26th, the three leaders, Mrs. Wrangham, Lady Dorothy Coventry, and Mrs. Bagnall, were all out. Lady Coventry, too, was at the meet. As the day was spent in and about Croome covert, foxes were plentiful. They killed a leash, and were beaten by the last fox of the day at Salt Bath coverts. However, three foxes is enough even for the most blood-thirsty huntsman.

West Kent.—Mr. Ralph Nevill, of Birling Manor, had his portrait presented to him by the farmers of the hunt. It was a well-merited testimonial of regard. For thirty years Mr. Nevill, as master, and as adviser and supporter, has been the mainstay of the West Kent hunt. No man ever hunted a difficult country more successfully, and with old George Bollen, his huntsman, he showed great sport.

Lord Galway's.—Scent had been but moderate with these hounds till November 28th. Belmore was drawn, and the chorus in the covert told of a fox and scent. By the way, hounds were driving forward through the wood; we saw that they could not fail to make the fox leave ere long. Once outside, hounds ran up wind nearly to the river Idle. At Drakeholes he turned and came nearly back to his starting place. Then hounds threw up their heads for the first time. A halloa put them right, and faster than ever they drove along towards Retford, and over the river. Here they changed, and this good fox made his escape. Hounds were stopped from the second fox, having been running for two hours.

Stag-Hunting.—In Kent there is a good deal of pasture, but in

the Ashford Vale, the best part of the country, foxhounds are unknown, and foxes seldom run over the grass land near Kemsing, so that those who hunt in Kent are indebted for a change from large woods and small enclosures to a flutter over the grass to the Mid-Kent Staghounds. Hunting ladies in Kent are rather partial to the staghounds, and habits are never far behind when the stag is taken.

Mr. Leney is the master, and does things well. Here are some notes from a friend: "Smarden was our meet. The deer was uncartered in a field near the village. Hounds worked out a ring at a steady pace, and then ran to Ashford. The deer, running close to the out-spans of the town, some of the field were left. As the deer had waited for us, when hounds hit off the line they were close to him, and the pace was pretty hot, and was taken at Ruckinge in the canal. The run was over at Hamstreet, after which the deer took to dodging about in the marshland, and no further sport was enjoyed."

Ireland.—From across St. George's Channel a friend writes:—"Owing to an accident, I have not been able to send much news lately. My first day out was to meet Mr. John Watson and the Meath at Kilmessan. We had a really good hunt from Kilcarty Gorse—a thick holding covert, from which foxes take some driving. The first fence required some jumping, and then the fox went right up wind in the teeth of a tearing gale and a driving rain. Of course some of the nastiest places came in the line while we were battling against the weather, but hounds held on steadily somehow or other till the Trim road was crossed. Some way further on, when pointing for Trotter's Gorse, hounds hovered,

but drove forward; again hounds took a widish circuit, and then into the gorse; a chorus of music in the covert, and then out and away, and finished the first half hour without any real check. Much more slowly we ran back, and somewhere about Laracoz the fox got in, as he deserved to do, and saved his brush. It was a difficult run to ride to hounds properly."

Lord Milton's.—This pack, the master of which is one of our polo-trained M.F.H.'s, has been having good sport in general lately, but nothing very particular about which to write. Perhaps the prettiest gallop was from Ballingarry to a drain near Ballinestrath park. Hounds raced at the fox's brush right up to the moment he went to ground, and every inch was over grass. The fox was taken out of the drain, but a verdict of "found drowned" was given.

The East Galway.—This offshoot of the Blazers' is quite a chip of the old block, and Captain Harrison had a really first-rate gallop from Abbeyland Gorse at the end of November. A quick find, a rare chorus, hounds close to their fox, a soft country, stiff fences, and great pace. Thus may the run be summed up, and we can all picture what happened. The master with his eye on the pack, a trio of gallant ladies, Lady Muriel Parsons, Mrs. Marshall and another, facing the big fences, and flying each as it came. Lord Huntingdon on a rare stamp of Irish horse; Mr. T. Cradock, and many others followed the line or fell, as fate decreed. The gallant fox saved his brush for another day, and all thoroughly enjoyed themselves each in the position their hearts permitted or the quality of their horses allowed. It was a day for

blood horses, light weights, and hard hearts, and there was no better run in the Emerald Isle that week.

The Bicester.—The best scent of the autumn fell to the Bicester on November 21st, when, with White Cross Green as their fixture, they succeeded in placing a capital day's sport to their credit. They were in a wild and almost impregnable district, and one brook at least took toll of some of the field as, with Arncott left behind them, they raced to Blackthorn Hill, to mark their fox to ground in an open drain. On the following morning also they met at Mr. Owen Clarke's house at Twyford. Found a brace of foxes in some mustard, and, having chopped, one ran fast for about twelve minutes with his companion. The feature of that day, however, was the number of open drains the foxes of that district succeeded in occupying, instead of becoming legitimate food for hounds. A remarkably fine exhibition of hound work was shown by the same hounds from Westcott on November 24th, when starting from the famous blackthorn covert, Mason's Gorse, they hunted by Quainton, over the Denham Hills to the Claydons, running into their fox just before he reached the boundaries of Finemore Hill. It was a capital finish to a good hunt, for, had this fox once gained the shelter of these large woodlands, he would have had matters in his own hands. Few people knew the reason that he did not attain his object, but as a matter of fact, by a strange coincidence, a worthy brewer of Buckingham chanced to reach Finemore Hill at the same time as our fox did, and so headed him, for the unexpected appearance of a horseman at that point so startled him that he laid down and awaited his doom. Going on

to Grendon Wood, they quickly succeeded in catching another fox, and the afternoon was worked out in that district.

Since December came in, a remarkable run of luck has followed this pack, each day they have been out being marked by a gallop or gallops of more than ordinary merit. The first day of the month found them at Grendon, to give the big woodlands a thorough routing, as those in power believed. Instead of that, however, hounds scarcely stayed in them ten minutes, for finding in Charndon Wood they forced a fox away at once, and with but half a score followers prepared to accept the situation, literally raced by Calvert Station over a stiffly fenced country to Twyford and Goddington, running their fox to ground close to Colonel Gosling's house at Stratton Park. It was said that for twenty minutes afterwards the spread-eagled field might be seen coming over Goddington Hill. The latter part of the day was memorable for a second excellent gallop from Cotmore. December 5th found Lord Cottenham at Oakley, and yet another red-letter day to place to the credit of his pack, for finding in Hornage Coppice they ran a fox over twelve miles of country as the crow flies, and probably sixteen as hounds ran. Breaking away in the direction of Chilton, they turned left-handed by Dorton to Chinkwell Wood and the Wootton Rushbeds. Threaded Tettishall Wood and passing Piddington and Ludgershall, crossed the Bicester road to Marsh Gibbon and Poundon Hill, finally losing him between that point and Poodle Gorse. The best day to the present time in the opinion of most men took place on December 8th, when from Ham Green hounds found in Tettishall Wood,

and getting on to the same fox they had run on the previous Monday, they drove him over a rare line of country by Charndon and Edgcott to Steeple Claydon, where he beat them. Found again in Gawcott Wood, and Cox worked out a hunting run through the whole of the woodlands to Tingewick and Finmere, and having almost reached Westbury, turned to the left to Mixbury Plantations, where this one also saved his brush. December 10th, Souldern Gate, and a stout wild fox from Aynho piloted the hunt over a vast extent of wild country until the Waterloo Farm was reached, and between that and Cotmore he found a harbour of refuge. The hunt then returned to Stoke Big Wood, from which a merry ring was worked out by Fewcott and Ardley, the second addition of which ended when Fewcott was reached again, and a very hard day for hounds was crowned with blood. December 13th, a very large and influential field met Lord Cottenham at Finmere. Found in Finmere Wood, ran the Mixbury Plantations and over the open by Mixbury and Fulwell to Evenley, where although only a field in front of them at the Brackley road this fox beat them. A very fast and choice fifteen minutes from Shelswell Plantations was the second item of the programme, for having threaded Mixbury a second time hounds drove along by Finmere to Tingewick, and pulled their fox down near the church. Then the curtain rang down to a superb burst over the grass from a small osier cobb under Fringford, during which hounds literally raced by Stratton Mill and Newton Purcell to Spilsmore, marking their fox to ground in a drain just beyond.

Puckeridge.—An extraordinary run, such as has never been recorded in the history of the Puck-

eridge Hunt, took place on Saturday, November 26th. The meet was at Cumberlow Green, Jim Cockayne hunting the bitch pack. A fox was found in Cold-Ash Covert, near Weston, and ran through sixteen parishes, hounds being finally, with much difficulty whipped off at dusk as they were running into one of the Master's home coverts at Brent Pelham. Hounds were running for three hours and twenty minutes and most of the time very hard. They ran through the following coverts: Greatwood, Cothall, Broadfields, Capons, and Hornead Thrift, these being the only coverts touched. It was about a twelve mile point, and after having marked the run in on a map and carefully measured it up it works out from twenty-five to twenty-eight miles in length. There were only four at the end out of a large field, viz.: the master and huntsman, and Mr. John Sworder and Mr. Smith of Standon. There is little doubt but that hounds must have changed foxes.

Fatal Accident with the Puckeridge.—It was during the run narrated above that poor Bill Hurrell, the first whip, met his death in a very sad way. He was discovered quite dead, with his horse standing beside him, lying face downwards in a brook of 2½ ft. of water, by two gentlemen of the hunt who were returning home. It seems that in crossing the brook at a rough ford and scrambling up the opposite bank he somehow or other got thrown and probably knocked insensible back into the water and drowned. He had been left behind at a big covert, Capons, and was coming along alone when the accident happened. Curiously enough he had just got on to his second horse, so it was not a case of riding a tired horse, nor did the horse fall with him in crossing

the brook. A subscription was at once started by the Honorary Secretaries for the benefit of the widow and child, and it is satisfactory to know that the amount already collected reaches a considerable sum.

Fox-hunting Incidents.—How very curiously history repeats itself. The other day the Ullswater Hounds were due to meet at what is said to be the highest inhabited spot in England, Kirkstone Top. It is a desperate climb to the summit, but the pedestrian field were saved some of the scramble, as in the twinkling of an eye, the pack, which had been walking demurely enough, broke away on the line of a fox which could not have crossed long before. Bowman, the huntsman, rated in vain. Away went the hounds, and in Raven Crag came up with their fox. Here was a rare scent, and hounds getting away almost on the fox's back, went clear away from the field, so the huntsman returned disconsolately to kennel, trusting to luck that his hounds would turn up one by one in the course of the next few days, and no doubt he was not disappointed, for it is marvellous how hounds, which are not always being looked after, will take care of themselves. When any hounds which are always under the care of a couple of whippers are missing, the second whipper-in has to scour the country to find them, but when they have to shift for themselves they soon find their way home. The Ullswater Hounds, by the way, killed their fox unaided, a long way from where they first hit on the line. Very many years ago the Quorn ran away from the field, killed their fox, and were shut up in a barn by a sporting farmer, while the staff were riding all over the place to find them. Squire

Farquharson's pack once broke away while they were on the way to covert, and had a capital thirty-five minutes by themselves, the same thing occurring about sixty years ago with the Badsworth; while not so very long since the Croome, while out at exercise, swam the river, and gave chase to a donkey, on which was mounted a boy who had given a halloo.

Accidents.—These have been rife as usual, and among the victims is Thomas Parker, first whipper-in to the North Cheshire Hounds. His horse came down at a fence, and Parker sustained a fracture of the thigh. With the same pack Col. Henry Tomkinson has come to grief and broken his shoulder, but the worst accident of all, because it terminated fatally, was that which befell a good soldier and sportsman, Col. Bernard Heygate, D.A.A.G. He was hunting in the Hundred of Hoo country; his horse stumbled and fell, and the Colonel's skull was so badly fractured that he died on the following day without ever having regained consciousness. Col. Heygate had seen a good deal of service, and was extremely popular.

The South Dorset Dispute.—Two farmers in the South Dorset Hunt have "taken the law" of the men who assaulted them in the field, and have come off victorious. It seems that the master had drawn a wood blank, and on seeing the two defendants, who were game-keepers, asked them if they had seen any foxes when the coverts were shot? They replied that they had seen one. Whereupon the Messrs. Tory, father and son, who possibly possessed more keenness than discretion, ventured the remark that the hounds might as well draw for an elephant as a fox. "That is how the row began." The keepers

caught hold of the bridles of the horses, and ultimately dragged Mr. Tory, senr., from his horse, at the same time threatening to shoot the two farmers. Members of the hunt came to the rescue, and the Messrs. Tory were saved, and when they appeared at Wimborne as plaintiffs the other day the Bench fined one of the keepers five shillings and the other one shilling.

Sport in Yorkshire.—Scent on the whole was moderate during the last days of November and the early days of December, and in Yorkshire there has been nothing of exceptional brilliancy in the way of sport. Exceptionally brilliant runs are generally associated with "the brave North-easter," and easterly winds during the present season have been conspicuous by their absence. But if there have been none of those great runs which make history, there has been some very enjoyable sport on occasion, and at times there have been hunting runs such as all lovers of the fox-hound who like to see him work as well as run, delight to recall.

York and Ainsty.—The first day on the York and Ainsty record to which attention must be drawn was November 19th, the fixture being Ellerton Hall, the residence of that good sportsman and good farmer, Mr. Nutt. Aughton Ruddings were drawn blank, and then Mr. Lycett Green went to Ellerton Thorns, which scarcely ever fails to hold a fox, no matter how often it may be called upon. At first the fox ran down wind and on plough, and scent served only moderately, so that it was only at a slow pace that hounds hunted over a big country by Ellerton Common to Laytham Whin. Here the pace improved and hounds hunted cheerily up to Lord Herries' Fox Covert. Here they had hunted up to their fox, and they

ran briskly through Cherry Woods to Seaton Old Wood, where the fox was viewed close in front of them and very tired. They ran on at a good pace to Seaton Mains, where there was at any rate one fresh fox, and there they were run out of scent. Time, 1 hour 10 minutes. A brace of foxes were found in a rough field abounding with patches of gorse, near Foggathorpe—a fine natural fox covert. They settled on to one, and it was evident that scent had improved since the morning, as the pace was a cracker as they ran first for Brighton Common, and then leaving Willitoft Coverts on the right, through Spaldington Fox Covert. Thence they ran nearly to Gribthorpe and to within a short distance of the river Foulness, and there they turned sharply back by Cunliffe's Plantation to Willitoft, where they were stopped after racing 37 minutes with scarcely a check to speak of.

Ellerton Thorns was the starting point of the next good run to be chronicled, which took place on December 10th, the fixture being Hagg Bridge. The whole of the coverts in the neighbourhood of Melbourne were drawn blank, and it was nearly 2 o'clock when a fox was holloed away from Ellerton. At first they only ran a ring, but it was a wide ring over a big country, and it was a very enjoyable one, the line taken being to the Laytham road and then back by Aughton to the covert. The fox passed straight through the covert and hounds hunted at a fair pace by Aughton, skirting Aughton Ruddings to Harlthorpe. Here they turned left-handed by the Hull and Selby railway, and ran on to Foggathorpe Station, where they crossed the line and pointed for

Gribthorpe. A left-hand turn brought them to the Foggathorpe Drain, which they crossed and which they had to encounter twice more, and then they crossed the Foulness and ran through Arglam Wood, by Holme Common to Bursea Lane, where they had to give up. The fox was only just in front of them, but he had got on to bad scenting ground and was running down wind. Time, 1 hour 55 minutes, a seven-mile point, and twice that distance as hounds ran.

December 13th found them at Askham Bryan, whence they had a very enjoyable day's sport, though no great point was made. They found at once in Colton Hagg and ran a smart ring, pointing first towards Bilbrough and then round by Colton village to the covert again, a pretty 20 minutes' gallop over a nice line. Then after another ten minutes in covert they killed. A good hunting run from Pickering Wood made up a good day. At first they ran fast to the Church Fenton railway, but before reaching Bolton Percy village they had to work hard for the line. They hunted on into Pallethorpe Whin, where they got on terms with their fox again, and they ran smartly by Steeton Whin and Pickering Wood to Colton village. Then scent began to fail, and after hunting slowly through Copmanthorpe Wood and Brockett Hagg, they ran the line out to nothing between that covert and Stub Wood. It was a nice hunting run of about an hour and ten minutes.

The country surrounding Moreby Hall does not somehow find much favour with the York and Ainsty men, yet it is a place from which much good sport is seen, and on December 15th there was a really good day, winding up with a famous gallop. They

found their first fox in Moreby Wood, and rattled him along gaily by the side of the Stillingfleet drain to the Long Rush, where they marked him to ground after a smart twenty minutes, fifteen of which were in the open. Then came a curious change of scent, for with the fox which was found at Kelfield they could do very little. They hunted him a twisting sort of line, and finally ran him down to the banks of the Ouse, which he crossed, and they were stopped. The run came late in the day, for it was three o'clock when they found in the Common Wood. It was soon evident that there was to be a run, and when once hounds settled they ran at a great pace through the Holly Carrs and the corner of Escrick Park, and then over the York and Riccall road, through Heron Wood, and leaving Escrick station to the right, to Stillingfleet Grange, where there was a momentary check. Then they ran on in the direction of Stillingfleet, turning to the left nearly to Riccall and back to Escrick, where they pointed for a few minutes for Skipwith Common, but the fox thought better of it, and turned short back to the Holly Carrs, where he managed to get to ground just in front of hounds, who would have had him if the earth had been ten yards farther off. Time, 1 hour 10 minutes, over a fine line of country.

The Bramham Moor.—The Bramham Moor have had two or three old-fashioned hunting runs, as well as a smart gallop or two. On November 25th from Bickerton Bar they had a good day's sport. They found in Nova Scotia, and hunted slowly at first towards Bilton Hall, and then at a much improved pace they ran by Bickerton Par and Bickerton Grange to Ingmanthorpe Willow

Garth. Here they got on good terms with their fox, and they hunted nicely through Lingcroft to Munster Hagg. Leaving Tockwith on the left, they ran on nearly to Marston Whin, where scent began to fail, and after hunting back nearly to Nova Scotia they were run out of scent. A smart fifteen minutes from Catterton Spring and to ground at Healaugh made up a very enjoyable day.

December 9th found them at Tockwith. After drawing Wilstrop Wood and an adjacent spinney blank they found in White Syke Whin and ran at a holding pace over Atterwith Lane to Hutton Thorns. Then skirt-ing Rufforth village they ran by Grange Wood, and leaving Askham Bryan to the right hunted a cold line with fine perseverance down to Askham Bogs. Here there were soon several foxes on foot, and hounds going away with one at the Dringhouses' end of the covert, hunted him nicely past Kennel Wood up to the York and Ainsty kennels. Scent began to get worse now, and they hunted slowly a twisting line between Acomb and Dringhouses, eventually losing their fox at the Dringhouses Brickyard. Time, 1 hour 55 minutes. A really wonderful hunt, for scent was very moderate, and Smith's close casting was remarkable.

On December 10th they had a very good day's sport, though the day was by no means favourable. They met at Grimston Park, and found a brace of foxes in Tadcaster Willow Beds. One of these they ran hard through the Pleasure Grounds at Grimston Park and into Broad Row. They then crossed the Ulleskelf road and the Tadcaster and Church Fenton Railway, and ran through Towton Spring and Parkfield Wood into Saxton Carr. They

ran the whole length of the Carr into Scarthingwell Park, round which they made a circuit, the fox swimming the lake, and going out of it just as hounds went in. Thence they ran nearly to Church Fenton station, where they turned to the left, running parallel to the line nearly to Towton Spring. Here the fox was headed, and turned back into Parkfield Wood, and out at the east end, crossing the railway to Melford Old Hall, where they killed. Time, 1 hour 15 minutes. They went back to Tadcaster Willow Beds, and again they found, and were quickly away with their fox, running parallel to the Tadcaster road to the Pleasure Grounds at Grimston Park. Thence they hunted nicely through Grimston Hills into Stutton Willow Beds, where the fox had a narrow escape. For ten minutes they rattled him round the Willow Beds, and then they drove him out over the hill, leaving Grimston Lodge on the right, and through Tadcaster Willow Beds, along the Wharfe side to Kirkby Wharfe, where they rolled him over after a smart gallop of an hour.

Lord Rothschild's Staghounds.

—Capital sport has fallen to the partisans of the deer-van in the Valley of Aylesbury during the past month, for although the old custom of long runs extending over three counties has completely gone out of fashion, the short merry bursts which have been served up under the new *régime* are much more to the taste of the Londoner who honours these fair pastures with his presence. Perhaps the choicest of these gallops was that which originated from Hoggeston in November. Mr. Blick Morris entertained the Hunt sumptuously at the fixture before Mr. Leopold de Rothschild uncartered a well-known good deer.

There was a very large field out, and each man appeared prepared to ride his hardest, toll being taken of their numbers at each fence in consequence, so that by the time Stewkley North End was reached six men only were riding the line hounds ran, and four of these were farmer's sons: Messrs. W. and C. Manning, "Taff" Baylis, A. Hills, E. P. Saunders and C. Gray. The gallop was only five and twenty minutes in all, but everyone was satisfied when it was found the stag was shut up at Mr. J. Hedge's farm, Stewkley Warren.

From Rousham in the Thursday country hounds ran well by Hulcott to Puttenham and Boarscroft, finally retaking their deer at Ledburne after exploring the whole of Lord Rosebery's grounds at Mentmore. Quite an exceptional trysting place was Dodday Hill, where Mr. Cornelius Colgrove entertained the hunt, and from which they scored quite one of the longest and most sporting gallops they have had during the present season. From the very commencement there was grief and disaster, Mr. "Charlie" Thompson being amongst the first to be placed *hors de combat* in a boggy swamp. It was an exceptionally rough line traversed, the culminating point being the presence of the flooded Ouse right in the line of chase, necessitating a swim for those who intended to stick to the flying pack. It is needless to say only a few attempted the passage, a long detour by Buckingham being worked out to reach Maidsmoretton, near which the end came. Monday, December 12th, proved a record day from Dunton, for hounds raced along at a good pace by Littlecot to Tinkershole and Burcott, where their huntsman, J. Boore, fell and broke his

collar-bone. Still the chase held on as if for Ascott; but bearing to the left again ran through Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's paddocks at Southcourt to Leighton Buzzard station, Lady Lurgan, Mr. Gerald Pratt and Mr. Harry Rich being those who had the best of it all through. December 15th found both staghounds and foxhounds at Eythrope, the Bicester meeting at the bridge and Lord Rothschild's pack at Mr. Flower's farm on the other side of the field, and although the former secured quite an hour's start, by a strange coincidence both parties were brought into close contact throughout the day, fortunately without interfering with each other's sport. Lord Rothschild uncartered his stag in the direction of Winchendon, but swinging round by Putlows hounds raced along at a great pace to Hartwell, crossed the Thames road to the Aylesbury Steeplechase course and ran their deer to Stoke Mandeville, where he was recaptured, Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild and Mr. Harry Castle being the only two persons really with hounds during the latter portion of the gallop. Since then, owing to the death of Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, they have been confined to kennel.

The Whaddon Chase.—Owing to a great lack of scent and an accident to their huntsman's eye, which has kept him from the saddle, this pack have been unable to place their usual sport to their credit, one day only being worthy of notice. Finding in Howe Park Woods, hounds ran fast to Thrift, and with Narberries on the right to Little Horwood Park and Swanborne, a good fox beat Mr. Lowndes close to High Havens. Swanborne Gorse supplied another, and the hunt went cheerily on by Solden to Villier's Gorse, thence by Drayton

Parslow to Solden and Thrift, where he also beat them.

Polo in India—Defeat of 9th Lancers.—A very interesting tournament was brought to a close at Meerut on November 18th, when a most exciting game was played for the final of the North-West Provinces Tournament between the 8th Bengal Cavalry and the 9th Lancers.

These two teams had reached the final after defeating three teams of the 5th Dragoon Guards and one each from the 2nd Bengal Lancers, the Royal Artillery and the Connaught Rangers. A correspondent draws attention to the great improvement of the 5th Dragoon Guards since they were fortunate enough to have Colonel Baden-Powell as C.O. It is not many regiments that have the colonel commanding in one of their polo teams. Colonel Baden-Powell is perhaps fonder of pig-sticking—on which he has written a capital book—than of anything else except soldiering, but he takes a great and personal interest in the progress of the regiment at polo. The V.D. has dwelt on this, since there is little doubt that Colonel Baden-Powell is one of our coming cavalry leaders, as all who have known him will agree, and his opinion and example are thus of the greatest importance to polo in the Army. To return to the final match, which was worthy of the first appearance at a tournament in India of the 9th Lancers, four times the winners in the Hurlingham Inter-regimental teams. This is not the place to give details, but we may note certain leading points of interest in the match. The score was practically level throughout, and stood as follows:—

1st Period.—9th Lancers, 1 goal; 8th Bengal Lancers, 1 goal and 1 subsidiary.

2nd Period.—9th Lancers, 2

goals; 8th Bengal Lancers, 1 goal and 1 subsidiary.

3rd Period.—9th Lancers, 2 goals to 2 goals and 1 subsidiary.

4th Period.—The score was the same.

5th Period.—The scores became equal.

6th Period—of which only three minutes remained—equal.

Then, according to the Indian rule, the posts were widened, and there was five minutes' more play, during which the 8th Bengal Lancers made a goal and the Lancers did nothing. The former team therefore won. It is worth noting that the Lancers' defeat is attributed first to the want of condition of their ponies, necessarily a new lot, and secondly, to the defective goal-hitting which is, as we all know, a weak point even with the best English teams. The V.D. would like to draw attention also to the fact that the ball, even without boards on a full-sized ground, does not readily go out of play when good teams are contending. Polo-players will already have noted that but three minutes remained of the time when the sixth period began. Another point worth noting is the excellent working of the Indian rule with regard to ties. The game stops at the call of time. The match is revived from the centre of the ground, and play is renewed for five minutes. In this case the 8th Bengal Lancers made a goal of the two minutes' play the Lancers had left, minutes in which to save the match. This prevents a goal being snatched, as it were, at the beginning of the overtime.

The teams were:—

8th BENGAL LANCERS.	9th LANCERS.
Mr. Cheyne.	Mr. Campbell.
Captain Wimberley.	Capt. C. Willoughby.
Major Rivett-Canac.	Lord Chas. Bentinck.
Mr. Chaplin (back).	Lord Douglas Compton.
Umpires: Col. Rochford, R.A. & Major Sherston.	

Played at Meerut on a very good ground.

The Alhambra.—*Post hoc ergo propter hoc* may be the foundation of a truth or the origin of a fallacy, but the fact remains clear that since Mr. Dundas Slater, a few months ago, accepted the arduous post of general manager of the Alhambra, bigger crowds than ever have flocked to the great house in Leicester Square. There is always a good variety show, and recently the most original "turn" of the three sisters Wallenda, "The Rhine Maidens," has attracted a great deal of attention. These ladies inhabit a glass tank of water, and seem absolutely at home in the treacherous element. We enjoyed the proud distinction of being present upon the occasion when one of the ladies beat all records by remaining under water for the space of four minutes forty-five and two-fifths, which constituted, so we were informed, an absolute record for endurance, and the whole time the lady, who was in full view of us all, appeared to thoroughly enjoy herself.

The *ballet* of "Jack Ashore," described in the programme as "An Unpretentious Sketchy Divertissement in One Tableau," has been a great success, and is good all through. Miss Julie Seale and Miss Casaboni are familiar and welcome friends at the Alhambra, and the addition of the charming Sisters Arundale has done much to help the success of "Jack Ashore." Miss Sybil Arundale, who as Naomi, the gipsy girl, danced her way through the sketch with such charm and piquancy, was a special acquisition, and it is a misfortune for the metropolis that she should have had to depart to fulfil an engagement as Cinderella in the Sheffield pantomime. The exhibition of French boxing, although "under the patronage of the

Marquis of Queensbury," never seemed to us to catch on; the whole business appears too opposed to our insular ideas of boxing to excite any real interest in the performance. La Belle Otero drew crowded houses for a week early in December, and her jewels were as much discussed and it may be admired, as her singing and dancing.

Sport at the Universities.—Antagonism is part and parcel of our nature. We do not exactly tweak our opponents by the nose, but in our battles it is our pride to flaunt our colours on our sleeves. The old Romans were of the same mind, and the uncivilised negro of to-day is still in love with the idea. The big sequence of Inter-University contests decided year by year affords full scope for opportunities in this direction. This was evidenced at the representative Rugby match on December 14th, when a large and fashionable crowd foregathered at Queen's Club, most of whom sported Light or Dark Blue favours. The Oxonians entered the field hot favourites, but our prediction of last month was fulfilled, and they were easily beaten by 11 points *nil*. It was essentially a forward game throughout, and in this direction the Dark Blues were supposed to be vastly superior. From the very first, however, the Cantab pack asserted their superiority; in fact, they fairly out-played their rivals from start to finish in sensational fashion. "Behind the scrum" the display was only moderate both ways; and, by common consent, neither fifteen was quite up to the usual University standard. Up-to-date records since the inception of the contest in 1872 read thus:—Oxford 11 wins, Cambridge 9 wins, 7 drawn games. Just as

big a surprise was provided in the Inter-'Varsity cross-country contest in the week previous. Cambridge started warm favourites, whilst President Hunter (C.U.A.C.) was considered a "certainty" for first position. In the result, however, E. A. Dawson (Malvern and Oxford) romped home first, and the Dark Blues won a fine tussle by 30 points to 25. Since the first match in 1880, Cambridge now boasts 11 victories and Oxford 8! It is satisfactory to report that the Oxford Hare and Hounds Club has now been resuscitated from seeming apathy to renewed life and vigour, the victory in question being the first-fruits of this pleasing change of front.

At last — after many years delay — the sister University athletic clubs have come to a mutual and amicable understanding anent the *vexata questio* of Weight and Hammer. Both these events are to be retained, at the request of Cambridge; moreover, for the future the Hammer competition will be conducted under A.A.A. rules. This innovation means that it will be thrown from a 9 ft. circle, instead of from a 30 ft. circle, as heretofore.

At the request of the Oxonians, a Half-Mile race will also be included henceforth, to the universal satisfaction of all concerned. Since our last, some fine performances have been put on record by Messrs. Workman, Graham, Hunter (Cambridge) and Arnold, Cornish, Dawson (Oxford), and the athletic outlook for next term is uncommonly rosy. At this stage, the Dark Blues would appear to hold the whip hand; anyway, 1897 history is hardly likely to be repeated at Queen's Club next March.

"Wetbobs" have been very busy during the interim on both

rivers, the Trial Eights naturally attracting much attention. We may say at once that the rowing either way was right above the average, and all four crews of unusual calibre at such an early stage. 1897 history repeated itself at Moultsford, C. W. Tomkinson (Eton and Balliol) again striking the winning Dark Blue combination, and C. F. J. Holmes (Brighton and Keble) the losing one. The race itself was a sensational one throughout—worth going a Sabbath-day's journey to witness—and the finish something (like Venice) "to see and die." Only in the last few strokes did Tomkinson win by 3 ft. in the grand time of 10 min. 55 secs.—or 26 minutes faster than in 1897. Both strokes rowed with fine judgment, and it is evident that Oxford is still nourishing a fine race of rowing men. In No. 1 crew, Messrs. Steel, Johnson, Elliott, and the Hon. H. E. Lambert did splendid service; whilst in No. 2 crew, Messrs. Tinne, F. W. and C. E. F. Warre, Hale and Baylay rowed hard and well throughout. Of the rival coxswains, E. Gwynne-Evans (Eton and Lincoln) was the cleverer. Another magnificent tussle was witnessed at Ely, the crews stroked by J. H. Gibbon (Eton and Third Trinity), and S. P. Cockerill (Eton and Third Trinity), never being quite clear throughout. In the result, Gibbon's combination won by a bare length in the fast time of 15 mins. 45 secs. For the winning crew, Gibbon himself, Payne (London A.C.) and Young were conspicuous; and in No. 2 crew, Cockerill, Sanderson, Maitland and Chapman all showed fine form. Speaking advisedly, we should say that Light Blue prospects were never rosier, at least since 1890! Both representative

crews will get to work about the second week in January, and (on present prospects and form) there ought to be a very fine race at Putney on March 25th. Critical and authoritative comment on the probable constitution of the eights, &c., next month. At the best, October Term is but a sort of preparation time for later prowess, hence the progress of general sport may be briefly summarised.

The Boxing and Fencing "Trials" attracted large audiences, and produced some capital all-round work. At Oxford, Messrs. Wyndham, Ramsey and Scott should develop into fencers of the first water, and the same may be said of Messrs. Levi and Robson (Cambridge). The boxing at both meetings was distinctly "classy," and in Messrs. Tiddy, Spurrell, Jameson and Champneys, Oxford have unearthed some very promising exponents of "the noble art." Champneys was Public Schools' Champion last year, and bids fair to prove a "welter" right out of the ordinary. His hitting powers are immense. At Cambridge, the Brothers Molteno, Hervey, Bruce, Harrison, and Obeysekere proved themselves decided acquisitions to the Light Blues; and altogether the Universities are well served in these directions. We had it in mind to chat of the hockey, golf, &c., teams, but—on second thoughts—prefer to postpone critical remarks in these directions until next month also. For once in a way, the bi-annual Cottenham Steeplechase Meeting at Cambridge proved a "frost." Whether this was owing to the exclusion of the usual galloway races or not, is hard to say; anyway, the steeplechase open to Past and Present Undergraduates—held in lieu thereof—only attracted two runners. 'Midst

general enthusiasm, Mr. J. F. Ramsden (Master of the Drag) won the Redcoat Challenge Cup handsomely and easily. Our readers will be glad to hear that Mr. C. P. Nickalls, winner of both the Oxford University and Inter-University Grinds for the last two years, has nearly recovered from his recent severe accident—which, by the way, robbed him of his Rugby football "Blue." He hopes to steer Shylock II. to victory for the third successive year.

General news may also be briefly vouchsafed. Both cricket teams have arranged comprehensive fixture lists for next season, and the Oxonians will have the honour of meeting the Australians twice. Prince Ranjitsinghi, the ever-famous old Cantab cricket "Blue," has arranged to bring over and captain a purely native Indian team in 1900, including several native Princes, &c. Talking of this gentleman reminds us that he is now a full-blown Colonel. He has recently been appointed commander of the body-guard of the Maharajah of Patiala. From latest advices, we are enabled to state that ex-Presidents Philips (Oxford) and Dudley-Ward (Cambridge) will, in all probability, row for their respective Universities again. Mr. Philips has already rowed four years, but is still studying at Oxford, and (after all) there is no rule forbidding his competing again. Last year, for instance, Mr. Pearson—a fifth-year man—assisted Cambridge. Whether such a rule ought to be made is another story, which does not concern us at present. As a matter of fact, however, we think there ought to be a limit (*a*) to prevent abuse, (*b*) to give others actually in residence fair chance. As the Queen's Club was founded for the express purpose of pro-

viding a central venue for Inter-Varsity contests, it is satisfactory to authoritatively announce that henceforth the representative Lawn Tennis matches will be played there. Moreover, the Hockey clubs are likely to follow suit this year—which is quite as it should be. Let us conclude with hearty congratulations to the large number of Oxford and Cambridge sportsmen who have once again asserted themselves also in the "Schools" just lately. The late Professor Wilson was right; "There's nothing like a judicious devotion to sport to develop and intensify brain power."

Golf.—In breaking into a new year one is disposed to review the year that is gone, and reflect whether anything occurred in it which is likely to leave its mark on the history of the game. Yielding to this disposition, and making the reflection, I am forced to confess that 1898 appears to offer very little material for the historian. The year certainly produced no great golfer. The records of the various championships show nothing save names which have long been familiar there—Mr. F. G. Tait, the Amateur Champion; Harry Vardon, the Open Champion; Mr. W. B. Taylor, the Irish Champion; and Miss Lena Thomson, the Lady Champion. Just one thing, however, is to be noted in this connection, and that is that several of the new men approached success somewhat more nearly than before. For instance, you find in the Semi-Final of the Amateur Championship both Mr. J. L. Low and Mr. J. Robb, and in the record of the Fifth Round there is the magnificent game played by Mr. J. Graham, the young Hoylake golfer, in which he was only beaten by Mr. F. G. Tait by a single hole. In this round, too,

appears the name of Mr. S. H. Fry, whose golf now is almost as good as his billiards used to be, and perhaps still more encouraging from the point of view of these young stalwarts, there is the success of Mr. H. W. de Zoete at the Autumn meeting at St. Andrews, when in wind and wet he returned a score of 80, and defeated men like Mr. Tait and Mr. L. M. Balfour-Melville. Against this "coming on" of new men one must in common fairness put the return to form of one or two of the veterans, and most notable of these is Mr. Mure Ferguson. A quarter of a century ago this gentleman was a Medallist at St. Andrews, and in 1898 we find him fighting with Mr. Tait in the Final of the Amateur Championship. Not only so, but Mr. Mure Ferguson was the runner up for the St. George's Vase at Sandwich, losing the Vase only through a miraculous putt on the part of his antagonist, again the ubiquitous Mr. Tait. Another notable return to form is that of Mr. A. F. Macfie, first winner of the Amateur Championship, who carried off the Jubilee Vase at St. Andrews, though men like Mr. Blackwell and Mr. Charles Hutchings were in the field. Just one other name in this connection, and that is Mr. John Ball, jun. This gentleman did not figure in the Open Championship, but he played very well in the Amateur Championship, and since then he has been doing great things in club competitions. In the professional ranks a state of things very much similar seems to prevail. In the first line none but the familiar names, but pressing close upon it, a number of youngsters of conspicuous merit and great determination. The first professional of the year is beyond all question Harry Var-

don, of Ganton. He was closely pressed in the Open Championship by Willie Park, jun., and in subsequent competitions by J. H. Taylor and Alec Herd, but not one of these three great players can claim anything like his record of success. Probably the most brilliant game he played was that in the Final Round of the County Down Tournament, when he met J. H. Taylor, and doing the first eighteen holes in 71 against 82 he stood 11 holes to the good. Luck he had no doubt on that occasion, but it was the luck which accompanies brilliant play. Of veterans who have returned to form I should be disposed to give the name of Willie Park, jun., but probably Park himself would resent being called a veteran, and would claim that he has never lost his form, and Willie Fernie and Archie Simpson are in the same case. The new men who offer most promise are Philip Wynn, of Mitcham; T. G. Renouf, of Silloth; Tom Hutcheson, of St. Andrews; James Kinnell, of Prestwick; and A. H. Scott, of Elie. Leaving the question of prominent players, one has to note the steady extension of the game throughout the world. In America giant strides have been made, in the colonies and dependencies one hears of the establishment of clubs by every mail, on the continent of Europe the game is rapidly spreading, while in the United Kingdom a state of things has been reached which justifies Mr. Arthur Balfour's public declaration that there are far too many golfers. The game sustained a heavy loss in the course of the year by the death of Sir Walter Simpson, son of the famous physician, author of "The Art of Golf," and a prominent figure at Musselburgh, North Berwick, and St. Andrews. When books on golf

were somewhat less plentiful than now, Sir Walter Simpson's work was regarded with an interest, and accepted with an authority only second to that of Mr. Clark.

The Championship Meetings will be held this year, both in the month of June, the Open Championship at Sandwich and the Amateur Championship at Prestwick. An excellent arrangement has been made by the St. George's Club by which the competition for the St. George's Vase, open to amateurs, will be held on the day before the Open Championship. It is to be anticipated that this will contribute to the success of both contests, and particularly that in the case of the Open Championship it will lead to a large entry of amateurs. The *locus* for the Ladies' Championship this year is Newcastle, county Down, where the ladies will be able to enjoy not only first-class golf, but also magnificent scenery. The Mourne Mountains are the background of the links.

A match has at last been arranged between Harry Vardon and Willie Park, junr. The two are to play 36 holes at North Berwick in the first week of July, and the same number at Ganton a fortnight later. The arrangement leaves a good deal to be desired both in the matter of time and that of place, but having regard to all the pother and excess of partisanship which preceded it, I fancy most impartial outsiders will not be disposed to make any complaint. Park is changing his headquarters from Musselburgh to North Berwick, so that before the match the latter will have become his home green, while in the case of Vardon, the Yorkshire green has been his home for several years.

The Tooting Bec Club is

threatened with the loss of its ground at Furzedown. The lease extends to 21 years, but unfortunately it contains a provision enabling either party to break it at the end of 14 years, and negotiations are in progress for the purchase of the ground by a builder, who no doubt, if he completes the purchase, will exercise his option. The Club has been in possession for about seven years, and it is only now that it is getting the full return of its very considerable expenditure on drainage and other works. The loss of the ground will be a sore blow to golfers in London, and especially to our Parliamentary golfers, who play a great deal at Furzedown during the session.

The observation that "golf is not agriculture" has received the sanction of the Eccles Town Council. The Worsley Golf Club petitioned that body to have its links, which are within the municipal boundary, rated as agricultural land, but the Council, evidently knowing something about the game and how in theory it ought to be played, dismissed the petition. The decision will no doubt be carefully cherished by the Earl of Wemyss and other landlords who object to their land being ploughed and harrowed by modern implements of golf.

It is designed that the next competitions for the challenge cups presented to Manchester golfers by Mr. Arthur Balfour and Sir William Houldsworth, shall be played over the new course of the Manchester Golf Club in Trafford Park. No more central or accessible ground could be chosen, and it is satisfactory to learn that the Club is rapidly getting the course into splendid condition—this in spite of the somewhat heavy soil.

The Christmas Shows.—The best that can be said of the fat-stock shows, which commenced at Norwich in the middle of November and culminated at Islington three weeks later, is that they excited as much interest as ever, and that, as regards the quality of the exhibits, there was little falling-off. But when this admission has been made one is fain to confess that neither at Birmingham, which was celebrating its jubilee, nor at Islington, where the Smithfield Club held its Centenary Show, were the entries of stock so numerous as had been anticipated, nor was the merit so great as to cause 1898 to be marked with a white stone by stock breeders. It was, in short, just an average year, and the Norwich Show, which is usually the most "cheery" of the series, lost much of its social enjoyment this year, owing to the absence, through indisposition, of the President, Major G. N. Micklethwait, who, though absent in the flesh, was present in the spirit, and entertained all the stewards, judges, and other officials at luncheon on the opening day. Greatly missed, too, was the pleasant presence of a former President and liberal supporter of the Show, this being, of course, the late Mr. J. J. Colman, whose Shorthorns, Red Polls, Crossbreds, and Southdown sheep have for so many years had almost uninterrupted success, and which were destined to gain posthumous honours for their much regretted owner last month. For while Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, the news of whose tragically sudden death reaches us as these lines are being written, won Major Micklethwait's prize for the best steer, with a very nice three-year-old Cameronian, the latter had to succumb to one of the late Mr. Colman's crossbreds

in the contest for the champion prize offered for the best beast, irrespective of breed or sex. This was a black heifer, of what we may call the orthodox cross of Aberdeen Angus and Shorthorn, and May, as she was named, had been bred by Mr. John Ross in the north of Scotland, like so many other winners this and every season. She created so favourable an impression at Norwich that she would, many people thought, be bad to beat for the Islington Championship, especially as she was not to be set the fatigue of a journey to Birmingham and a sojourn of a week in the close atmosphere of Bingley Hall, to which several of the Norwich competitors were forthwith despatched.

Sandwiched between Norwich and Birmingham, two or three of the smaller Shows attracted plenty of local support, and that which is held under the generous patronage of Lord Tredegar, upon his own domain, is of more than local interest, for it comprises not only farm stock, but hunters, and those who attend it always bring away a pleasant impression of what they have seen, and of the hospitality shown them. Birmingham, of course, is more severely business, although there is always an agreeable gathering at the luncheon—and a very excellent one, too—on the opening day, when, as a rule, the President for the year makes a point of being present. Lord Craven, who has a fine residence near Birmingham, Combe Abbey, was true to the tradition this year, bringing with him a party, which included Prince Victor Dhuleep Singh, Lord Dewhurst, Lord Villiers, and Capt. St. Aubyn, while among the other visitors were several more identified with the racecourse and the hunting-field than the home-

stead, such as Lord Bradford, Lord Coventry, and Mr. Harry Fitzwilliam, though Lord Coventry, it need hardly be said, has been a successful breeder of Herefords for many years. The weather, as usually the case at Birmingham, was villainous, especially on Saturday, and there was no temptation to wander out into the unlovely streets of the Midland Metropolis, especially as about three o'clock a raucous newsboy brought us the result of the Manchester November Handicap—a subject, however, upon which it is too painful for me to dwell. So let me revert to the fat stock, upon which we do not "dash it down," unless it be in the form of a mild wager between the Norwich and Birmingham Champion winners as to which will come out on the top at Islington. The former did not go to Bingley Hall, where the display of Herefords, Shorthorns, and Devons was most disappointing in respect to numbers, and nothing out of the way in regard to quality. Her Majesty, who had only a single representative at Norwich, came out in greater force at Birmingham, as the special prizes for the best of the three breeds mentioned above all went to the Royal exhibits, and the Shorthorn heifer, Margaret, which had not a very strong opposition to quench in her breed, came out to compete for the three Challenge Cups of 100 guineas, which lent additional lustre to the Birmingham prize-sheet. But here the Windsor heifer found her progress barred by Lord Strathmore's Polled Angus heifer, "Ju-Ju of Glamis," who had won the Special Prize for the best of the Scotch, and was such a symmetrical and well-fattened heifer that there was no getting away from her. The judges at Birmingham held this view, and in placing her first and

the Queen's heifer second, they commanded general approval. "Ju-Ju" was not—alas! that I should have to speak of her in the past tense—a big heifer, her live-weight being 15 cwt. 2 qr. 15 lb., but I take it that she "killed" well, and Lord Strathmore, having secured these three Challenge Cups once before, will, if he can bring out another animal good enough to win, be entitled to keep them. There was not a large show of sheep at Birmingham, but a few good pens of Southdowns stood out in relief, Sir Humphrey de Trafford and the Prince of Wales being first and second; and the pigs were, as on two or three previous occasions, absent, for swine fever, as one is sorry to hear, is still prevalent in the Midlands.

With the usual interval of only a few days, the Smithfield Club Show opened at Islington on Monday, the 5th, and, as I have said, it was not an exceptionally large one, so far as cattle and sheep were concerned, especially when one takes into consideration that, by way of celebrating its centenary, the Club had increased the prize-list from £3,700 to £4,900, and that the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York had presented Challenge Cups of £100 and £50 respectively for the best pens of sheep and pigs. What the dimensions of the Show would have been if Sir Walter Gilbey's proposals had been carried out, it is, of course, impossible to say, but the probability is that we should then have had a "record" Show. However, the falling off was not great enough to affect the interest taken in the competition, several phases of which were got through in the presence of the Prince of Wales, who, the readers of BAILY are no doubt aware, was the President for the year, this

being the third time that he had held that office. Nor did members of the Club need H.R.H.'s assurance, at the meeting held on the second day, of his interest in agriculture, and this interest, it may be added, has always been displayed at the Smithfield Club's Shows, for King George III. exhibited two "beasts" at the second Show in 1800, while a few years later his son, the Duke of York, sent pigs for competition. The present Duke of Cambridge's father was also a patron of the Show, which H.M. the Queen and the Prince Consort visited upon more than one occasion, while the latter also filled the post of President. Moreover, the Windsor stock have for a long time been in the thick of the fight, and five times within the last fifteen years has Her Majesty taken the Champion Plate for cattle, and once won her own Challenge Cup, first offered in 1884. The Prince of Wales has also won the Championship for cattle once and for sheep twice, and it is perhaps needless to say that both of them were well represented at Islington the other day, the Duke of York sending two head of cattle and Prince Christian a pen of Berkshire pigs. The Queen sent the animals which had done so well at Birmingham, and she again won the Breed Cups with her Devon and Hereford, but her Shorthorn heifer Margaret was not so fortunate, as she could only take second prize in her class behind a heifer exhibited by Mr. Learner, and bred like the late Mr. Colman's cross-breds by Mr. John Ross, of Meikle Tarrel, who has been having a great time of it at these Christmas Shows.

There was not anything of exceptional merit in any of these three breeds, and the same may

be said of the Sussex and Norfolk Polls, but the Scotch classes were well filled, and comprised, as a matter of course, Lord Strathmore's Birmingham winner, who would, if there was any betting on competitions of this kind, have been "favourite" for the Championship. The three Highland classes were also well filled, and the three first prize winners, belonging respectively to the Prince of Wales, Sir Reginald Cathcart, and Lord Durham, were so near together that it was a toss-up which should have the Breed Cup. Sir Reginald's ox, four and a half years old, ultimately got it, and it may be observed that, in obedience to the demand for early maturity, the Smithfield Club has no class for animals over three years of age except in this breed. It was, however, in the crossbred classes that the strength of the Show resided, and it was a great triumph for Mr. John Ross, of Meikle Tarrel, to win two of the first prizes himself, and to see two of the three others carried off by the late Mr. Colman's animals, both bred by him. One was the Norwich winner "May," and the other a steer named Master Harbinger, of the same Angus-Shorthorn cross. Nor did their triumphs end here, for the steer was selected as the best of his sex in the Show, and took the £50 Cup accordingly. The crossbred heifer, good as she was, could not hold her own against Lord Strathmore's "Ju-Ju" and Mr. Learner's Shorthorn, and it was no more than what was expected when "Ju-Ju" was awarded the £50 Cup for heifers, and then came out triumphant from the final competition for the Champion Plate and the Challenge Cup. She has, in fact, achieved just the same series of victories which another Glamis

heifer of the same breed won two years ago, and she has won £300 in money and four Challenge Cups of the nominal value of nearly £500. This is not a bad fortnight's work, and the Welsh butcher who bought her will not see his money back by what her meat brings, but it is a very effective sort of advertisement.

The sheep were about the same in numbers and quality that they have been for several years, and the exclusion of the classes for ewes was generally approved of, while the scanty support accorded to the long-woolled classes suggests the advisability of omitting them altogether, as the money always goes into the same hands. The Southdowns were numerous represented, but it did not strike one that they were anything out-of-the-way good, though the late Mr. Colman's pen of sheathing wethers well deserved the Cup as the best of the breed. And here I may open a parenthesis to remark that the late Mr. Colman's executors won the Cups for the best Crossbred, the best Red Poll and the best Southdowns, to say nothing of the £50 Cup for the best steer or ox, and six first prizes in the six classes where they were represented. Mr. Colman's Southdowns were, of course, in the fight for the Prince of Wales' Challenge Cup, but here they had to knuckle under to a fine pen of Shropshires exhibited by Mr. Philo Mills, and among other sheep which came well out of the competition were some Dorset Horns sent by Mr. M'Calmont from his Herefordshire estate.

The pigs, of which Mr. Fricker's pen of Berkshires was selected for the Duke of York's Cup, looked as toothsome as to me they always do, but for anyone who is anxious to get up an appetite,

commend me to the show of table poultry, which, thanks to Sir Walter Gilbey, Mr. Tegetmeier and Mr. C. E. Brooke, has gone on improving each year, and bids fair to make us independent of French methods of fattening and preparing birds for the spit. Another interesting and useful addition to the Show is the section known as the "carcase" competition, for, competent as the judges appointed to take the livestock classes may be, they cannot possibly tell exactly what is the proportion of lean and fat meat the different animals carry, and it seems a self-evident proposition that when they are slaughtered and their carcases exhibited and weighed, the decision arrived at must be more correct. It took some time, however, to get the block-test re-introduced at the Smithfield Club, even in a modified form, but the entries, despite the moderate prizes, have gone on increasing, and there can be no doubt that it has already done good, for if the sheep sent this time were still fat—too fat—they were not quite such a mass of blubber as at the first two or three competitions, while the beef showed a decided improvement. So that the Show, taken all round, was of at least average interest, and it is to be hoped that Lord Winterton, who succeeds the Prince of Wales as President for this year, and who was to have been succeeded by the late Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, will find the Smithfield Club embarking not less auspiciously upon its second century.

Other Christmas Shows.—
"The greatest Show on Earth." Wild animals, horses, acrobats, freaks, and all, have arrived at Olympia, and long before these lines will have been read will have given their first performance.

There is huge company, and a great stock of properties, while novelties will be found not to have been neglected. Then Herr Wolff opened at the Crystal Palace on Boxing Day. His circus is as complete as usual, and he has several exceedingly well-trained liberty horses. Time was when there were three circuses running at once in London, but now for some reason or other she hardly appears equal to supporting one. With the closing of Astley's the taste for a circus seems to have partly died out, though at the Crystal Palace Herr Wolff's entertainment draws good audiences during its short season.

A Great Billiard Match.—
Every reader of BAILY, who takes even the most superficial interest in our great indoor pastime, will welcome the announcement that articles of agreement have at length been signed by John Roberts and Charles Dawson, for a match at billiards on equal terms, a subject, it will be remembered, of much paper warfare a year ago. Never since June, 1885, when he defeated Joseph Bennett in the last match ever played for the Championship on the now obsolete championship table, has John Roberts met an opponent on even terms, though it will not be forgotten that W. J. Peall has repeatedly challenged him, without response, to a level match "all-in," the game, until the recent passing of the Revised Rules, of English billiards. Such a really sporting and genuine encounter as the money match under notice can hardly fail to excite intense public interest, whatever may be the popular opinion, based on the "public form" of the contracting parties, as to its result.

The terms of Dawson's challenge, *viz.*, "to play under the Rules of the Billiard Association,

18,000 up, on even terms, on a neutral standard table, in a neutral hall, and under neutral management, for £100 a side, the gate money (less expenses) to go with the stakes," have been accepted by Roberts in their entirety, and it now only remains to decide upon the *venue*, the management, and the referee. Ivory balls, according to a resolution passed by the Billiard Association, will, very properly, be used for this great game, whilst the make of table will be mutually agreed upon a week before the match. It may be well to emphasise the fact that the game will be played under the recently revised Rules of Billiards, on which an exhaustive article, from the pen of Mr. J. P. Buchanan, appeared in the September number of *BAILY*. The

match is arranged to commence on March 20th, 1899, and 750 will form the proportion of points to be played at each sitting, afternoon and evening.

After the monotony of perpetual exhibition games, varied by "money matches" of an obviously *bogus* character, the projected match between Roberts and Dawson should give professional billiards a much-needed stimulus; at all events it is certain to be generally regarded as a great sporting event, even if it fails to rival in interest the memorable match played on February 11th, 1870, which saw John Roberts the elder, after twenty-one long years' undisputed possession of the Championship, yield pride of place to a beardless youth, the famous William Cook.

Sporting Intelligence.

[During November—December, 1898.]

THE Hon. Ralph Nevill, for thirty years master of the West Kent fox-hounds, was presented with a testimonial, subscribed for by the farmers of the hunt, on November 26th, when hounds met at Birling Manor. The testimonial consisted of a painting of Mr. Nevill on horseback, with four and a half couples of hounds around him. The presentation was made by Mr. J. Russell, perhaps the oldest hunting farmer in the country.

Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey, writing to the *Field* of November 26th, says:—"The following curious incident occurred at Benacre, in Suffolk, lately. One of the guns of a party of shooters killed a partridge when we were standing at the end of a covert from which pheasants were rising. The gentleman who killed the partridge went to pick it up when the corner was finished. To his surprise he found a hedgehog worrying the dead bird. He called up the other guns present, including myself. We all gathered round in a circle as interested spectators—beaters and guns to the number of twenty or thirty

persons, the photographer of the party even taking several snap-shots of the bird and animal, as the latter only relinquished its grip on being forcibly removed from its prey! On examining the partridge I found the hedgehog had bitten a small hole in the back of its neck, through which it was, till removed, busily sucking the blood, uttering as it did so a distinct 'chuckling' sound. I should be much interested to learn if any of your readers are aware that the hedgehog will eat flesh, or has been known to attack young game birds."

The result of the Earl of Carnarvon's shoot at Highclere during the week ending December 3rd was upwards of two thousand pheasants, besides other game.

The usual December sales were held at Newmarket, commencing December 5th. The best price of the day was 400 guineas paid by Captain Machell for the three-year-old filly *Grand Prix*, by *St. Simon*. The Hon. R. Ward gave 330 guineas for Lord Howe's filly *Treasurer*, five years old.

On Tuesday, December 6th, the more notable purchases included Mr. Jewitt's Crested Grebe, a yearling filly by Gallinule, Mr. H. McCalmont, 1,050 guineas; from the Exeter Stud, Won by Waiting, foaled 1893, by Galopin, 700 guineas, Mr. R. Marsh; Good Lady, foaled 1891, by Isonomy, 630 guineas, Mr. S. Darling, who also bought her chestnut colt foal, by Ayrshire, 460 guineas; Mr. R. Peck's Isonomy mare Habonera, sold to Mr. T. Plunkett at 450 guineas; the same figure was paid by Mr. J. Robinson for another Isonomy mare, Mr. Ingledew's Ste. Agatha, foaled 1886; Mr. Craddock's Daisy Wreath made 410 guineas.

Continued on December 7th, business was brisk, despite a very wet day. Count Lehnndorff secured Ortrud at 810 guineas; Chloris II. was purchased by Mr. G. Chaloner for 760 guineas; Mr. E. Wigan gave 1,200 guineas for the Reeve, from the Bedford Lodge Stables; Mr. Wallace Johnstone sold Disraeli at 850 guineas, Mr. C. Jones buying; Labrador went to Mr. Bottomley at 1,100 guineas; two of the Duke of Portland's, Salvaich and Flittermouse, sold to Mr. H. Waring and Mr. G. Blackwell at 560 guineas and 410 guineas respectively; Count Strogonoff bought Lord Saville's Graziola at 450 guineas; Knight of the Thistle made 610 guineas; Draco went to the Hon. R. Ward at 520 guineas; Count Strogonoff gave 500 guineas for Major Fenwick's Platensia; Count Lehnndorff purchased two of Mr. Jersey's mares, Bride of the Sea and Lady Rosebery, at 1,250 guineas and 1,100 guineas each; Count Strogonoff bought two mares from Captain Fife's stud, Queen's Shilling at 350 guineas, and Dame Trot at 1,050 guineas.

The principal sales on December 8th included the Hampton mare Lilythorn, sold to M. Maurice Euphrassi at 1,500 guineas; Simoon, by St. Simon, purchased by Mr. E. Blanc at 3,000 guineas; the same gentleman taking Filomena at 1,020 guineas. Mr. T. Phillips gave 500 guineas for Queen Rose; Sandfly, by Isonomy, made 600 guineas from Mr. Gurry; two of Mr. F. Luscombe's foals brought 400 guineas each, Mr. L. Brassey and Mr. H. J. King purchasing. Lord Ellesmere's Flaminia, sold to Mr. T. Phillip at 450 guineas, and the same owner's horse Villiers, by Thurio, made 470 guineas from Mr. Archie Gold.

On the concluding day, December 9th, the best price obtained was for Mr. R. F. Basset's Wise Virgin, purchased by Lord Falmouth for 800 guineas; Captain E. W.

Baird's Golden Iris made 690 guineas: Mr. Cheri-Halbronn buying the former owner's America, at 420 guineas; Scotland, a bay horse by Barcardine, bought by M. Michel Euphrassi, made 500 guineas. The total sales for the week amounted to over 58,000 guineas.

While the Bicester were running on December 6th, near Buckingham, the fox ran into an infants' school followed by several hounds. The *entree* caused tremendous excitement amongst the school children, and the fox did not leave the building alive.

Two accidents occurred with the North Cheshire on successive days. On December 7th the first whip, Tom Parker, was thrown heavily and broke one of his legs. On December 8th Mr. W. R. Court, of Middlewick, sustained a fractured collar-bone.

The death of the Hon. Burton Percy Bingham occurred on December 10th at his residence, Ivymount House, Athenry, at the age of forty-five years. Mr. Bingham was a popular man, a well-known follower of the Galway Hounds, and brother of Lord Clanmorris, late Master of the Galway Hounds.

A sad accident in the hunting field on December 10th resulted in the death two days later of Colonel Bernard Heygate, of the Army Service Corps, and Deputy-Assistant Adjutant-General for the Thames district. While out with the Hundred of Hoo Foxhounds Colonel Heygate's horse, instead of jumping, crashed through a hurdle and came down, the rider sustaining a fracture of the base of the skull.

The Ullswater Foxhounds had an extraordinary run, which is recorded in the *Field* of December 10th:—"The meet was at Kirkstone Top, the highest inhabited point in England, and the road to it and from it is pretty well known to those who are acquainted with the Lake district. However, hounds never reached the meet, for when near Brothers Water they struck a strong scent, a fox evidently having crossed the road quite recently. Bowman, the huntsman, could not restrain his pack, which dashed away in full cry, and ultimately unkenelled their game at Raven Crag. A long and terribly rough run resulted, the fox taking to the top of Kentmere High Street. Here the mist and rain and sleet came on so thickly that it was impossible to see the hounds, so perforce huntsman and followers retraced their steps to Kirkstone. Nothing further

could be heard of hounds, so Bowman returned to the kennels without his pack. However, the inclemency of the weather did not seem to interfere with the scent, for it afterwards transpired that the fox was run from High Street, over Thornthwaite Crag, past the Quarries, down into the Vale of Troutbeck, being ultimately killed by the hounds not far from the village. It proved to be a vixen, whose brush will be a reminder of what a pack of hounds may do unaided over one of the roughest countries in England."

While hunting with the North Cheshire Hounds on December 12th, Colonel Tomkinson, of the 1st Royal Dragoons, met with a bad fall, and sustained a broken collar bone.

A bad case of hound poisoning occurred in Ireland on December 12th. While the County Limerick Foxhounds were out at Ballagarry, it was discovered that four of the hounds had been poisoned. They died soon afterwards, and the remainder of the pack were immediately taken to the kennels.

The Bedale Hounds met at Catterick on December 12th. A fox was hunted from the Limekiln, by Oran and Willerby, to Baines, where the fox entered the village and took up position on the roof of a cottage; being forced down he entered a house and was there killed.

While hunting Lord Rothschild's Stag-hounds on December 12th at Southcourt, the well-known huntsman, Jack Boore, sustained a fall which resulted in a broken collar-bone.

A mishap occurred to the North Staffordshire Hounds on December 14th while hunting along the railway line from Robin Hood Cover. Despite the efforts of the driver of an approaching train, one hound was killed, the remainder of the pack fortunately escaping.

The death of Mr. Christopher Sykes took place on December 15th at his London residence, in his 68th year.

While the United Hunt Foxhounds were drawing a covert at Ormesgrove, near Cork City, on December 16th, six couples of hounds were found to be poisoned, and five and a half couples were missing. The remainder of the pack were at once called off, and the meet abandoned.

The Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, M.P., died suddenly at his residence, Waddesdon Manor, Bucks, on December 17th, aged 56 years.

A well-known county cricketer died in December, at the early age of 32 years. Captain Robert Popham Spurway,

of the Royal Engineers, who played with considerable success for Somersetshire, was at the head of his county averages in 1894, his best performance being a score of 108 not out against Gloucestershire.

The Sandringham Stud has sustained a great loss in the death of Thais, who died during the last week of November from inflammation. Bred by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales in 1893, Thais was by St. Serf—Poetry, by Petrarch—Music, by Stockwell, and as a two-year-old ran three times, once winning the Crabbet Plate at Gatwick. The following year she won the One Thousand Guineas, and lost the Oaks by a head from Canterbury Pilgrim. At the close of her second season Thais went to the Sandringham Stud.

It is reported that Mr. Austin Mackenzie, who has announced his intention of giving up the Woodland Pytchley Hounds at the end of the season has sold thirty-one couples of the largest bitches and dog hounds of his pack to the Marquis of Worcester, Master of the Badminton Hounds.

Lady jockeys would undoubtedly be considered out of place in our day. Yet it is an acknowledged fact that at the Ripon races, in 1725, when the Ladies' Plate was one of the chief items on the race card, all the competitors were ladies, and large sums of money are said to have changed hands.

Lord Ellesmere's shooting party a Worsley Hall killed over five thousand head of game in four days, including upwards of three thousand pheasants.

In three days over four thousand head of game were bagged by six guns at Deene Park, Northamptonshire.

Mr. Miller, the tenant of Bifrons, Lord Conyngham's place near Canterbury, had a shooting party there, and about five thousand head were killed in four days, the bag including nearly three thousand five hundred pheasants.

Sir Hugh and Lady Cholmeley's shooting party at Easton Hall, near Grantham, got over fourteen hundred head of game, principally pheasants, in three days.

Lord Kinnoull's shooting party at Dupplin Castle, near Perth, killed nearly three thousand head of game in four days.

Lord and Lady Wimborne's shooting party at Canford Manor obtained good sport; about two thousand six hundred pheasants were killed in two days, besides a heavy bag of hares and rabbits and a few woodcock.

Iveagh's shooting party at Elveden, consisting of seven guns (including the Duke of York, Lord Carrington, Lord Coke, and

Sir Charles Hall), killed six thousand four hundred head of game in three days, the bag including four thousand four hundred and fifty-six pheasants, one thousand and fifteen partridges, and nearly five hundred hares.

Sir Richard Graham had a shooting party at Netherby, and in the famous preserves along the River Esk six guns killed nearly a thousand wild-duck in one day, and about four hundred pigeons.

A good and very characteristic anecdote comes to hand about the late Mr. Gladstone, told by Lord Rookwood. On his way to the north of Scotland, by boat, after a long wait, Lord Rookwood enquired the reason of the delay, and was informed that Mr. Gladstone would be a passenger, but had not yet arrived. Looking over the

side of the boat he saw Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone hurrying along. Recognising Lord Rookwood Mr. Gladstone at once entered into conversation, which turned on the strike at Durham, then at its crisis. Lord Rookwood having carefully studied the Wages Question was able to give very exact information, which so interested Mr. Gladstone that he failed to see the boat had stopped for him to alight at his destination. Being reminded of the fact by the captain, Mr. Gladstone hurried away without even saying good-bye, and was soon on land. Lord Rookwood was left in silent contemplation of the surrounding scenery, when Mr. Gladstone, who had returned to find a parcel left behind by Mrs. Gladstone, looked round the funnel of the boat, and said, "I beg pardon, would you mind finishing that sentence?"

TURF.

WARWICK.—NOVEMBER MEETING.

November 21st.—The Guy Welter Handicap Plate of 190 sovs. ; one mile.

Mr. W. M. Clarke's b. c. Pedant, by Beauclerc—Petulance, 5 yrs., 9st. 9lb. N. Robinson	1
Mr. A. P. Cunliffe's ch. f. Porzona, 3 yrs., 7st. 12lb. Hearne	2
Sir. J. Blundell Maple's br. c. Forcett, 4 yrs., 9st. E. Martin	3
3 to 1 agst. Pedant.	

November 22nd.—The November Handicap Plate of 319 sovs. ; one mile, six furlongs.

Mr. H. I. Higham's b. h. Soliman, by St. Simon—Alibech, 6 yrs., 8st. 4lb. Allsopp	1
Lord Durham's b. c. Sherburn, 3 yrs., 8st. 5lb. (14lb. ex.)	
Rickaby	2
Mr. C. S. Newton's b. h. Dumbarton, aged, 8st. 6lb.	
S. Loates	3
5 to 1 agst. Soliman.	

The Warwick Nursery Handicap Plate of 185 sovs. ; five furlongs.

Mr. L. M'Creery's b. f. Esmeralda II., by Rightaway, dam by Galopin—Braw Law, 8st.	
N. Robinson	1
Mr. A. P. Cunliffe's ch. g. Galivant, 7st. 7lb. O. Madden	2
Mr. L. de Rothschild's Lucullus, 6st. 8lb. Purkis	3
3 to 1 agst. Esmeralda II.	

November 23rd.—The Midland Counties' Handicap Plate of 465 sovs. ; one mile.

Mr. T. Cannon's ch. c. Addendum, by Melanion—Postscript, 3 yrs., 8st. 3lb. F. Finlay	1
Sir J. Blundell Maple's br. c. Forcett, 4 yrs., 8st. 6lb. E. Martin	2
Lord Durham's br. c. Dubuque, 3 yrs., 8st. 5lb. (car. 8st. 6lb.)	
Rickaby	
5 to 1 agst. Addendum.	

MANCHESTER.—NOVEMBER MEETING.

November 24th.—The Flying Welter Handicap of 232 sovs. for three-year-olds and upwards ; five furlongs.

Mr. T. Cannon's b. g. Deep Sea, by Pearl Diver—Miss M'Leod, 6 yrs., 8st. 10lb. M. Cannon	1
Mr. G. Maclachlan's b. h. Lo Ben, 5 yrs., 7st. 10lb. (car. 7st. 11lb.)	
Harrison	2
Mr. A. W. Evans' b. f. Oration, 3 yrs., 7st. 5lb. Segrott	3
4 to 1 agst. Deep Sea.	

The De Trafford Selling Plate of 290 sovs. ; seven furlongs.

Mr. Barrasford's ch. c. Samandal, by Salisbury—Burnham Thorpe's dam, 2 yrs., 7st. 11lb.	
Lofthouse	1
Mr. Cunningham's b. h. Le Dauphin, 6 yrs., 10st. Black	2
Lord Harewood's b. c. Cranesbill, 3 yrs., 9st. 8lb. M. Cannon	3
7 to 1 agst. Samandal.	

The Lancaster Nursery Handicap of 436 sovs., for two-year-olds; seven furlongs.

Mr. T. L. Plunkett's ch. c. Baldoyle, by Gallinule—Maid of Kilcreene, 8st. 13lb. M. Cannon 1

Mr. R. J. Love's bl. or br. f. Styrienne, 7st. 12lb. ...T. Loates 2

Mr. F. F. Cartwright's ch. f. Made of Money, 6st. 9lb. (car. 6st. 10lb.)C. Leader 3
100 to 8 agst. Baldoyle.

The County Welter Handicap of 244 sovs., for three-year-olds and upwards; one mile.

Mr. Gottschalk's ch. g. Lexicon, by Theologian—Loch Linnie, 4 yrs., 8st. 8lb.M. Cannon 1

Mr. Edward Clark's b. c. The Shaughraun, 6 yrs., 7st. 6lb.

Mr. John Scott's b. g. Monte Carlo, 5 yrs., 7st. 9lb. F. Finlay 3
2 to 1 agst. Lexicon.

November 25th.—Ellesmere Welter Handicap of 212 sovs.; six furlongs.

Mr. R. W. Armstrong's ch. f. Portebella, by Pinzon—Mystery Maid, 4 yrs., 7st. 11lb.

Mr. W. Sanderson's ch. g. Purse, 4 yrs., 7st. 8lb.N. Robinson 2
4 yrs., 7st. 8lb.Harrison 2

Mr. D. Seymour's b. m. Sapling, 6 yrs., 8st. 11lb.S. Loates 3
100 to 12 agst. Portebella.

The Eglinton Nursery Handicap of 261 sovs., for two-year-olds; five furlongs, straight.

Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's b. c. Velo, by Suspender—Velleda, 7st. 10lb.T. Loates 1

Mr. J. A. Miller's ch. Colt by Deuce of Clubs—Ionia, 7st. 9lb. O. Madden 2

Mr. L. M'Creery's b. f. Esmeralda II., 8st. (inc. 5lb. ex.) N. Robinson 3
8 to 1 agst. Velo.

The Lancashire Handicap of 875 sovs., one mile.

Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's ch. c. Golden Bridge, by Rayon d'Or—St. Bridget, 3 yrs., 8st. T. Loates 1

Mr. Jersey's ch. g. Bridegroom, 5 yrs., 7st. 11lb.S. Loates 2

Duke of Devonshire's b. c. Minstrel, 4 yrs., 7st. 9lb. O. Madden 3
2 to 1 agst. Golden Bridge.

November 26th.—The Manchester November Handicap of 1,375 sovs.; Cup course, one mile and six furlongs.

Sir J. Miller's b. c. Chaleureux, by Goodfellow—L'Eté, 4 yrs., 8st. 10lb.O. Madden 1

Mr. F. Hardy's b. h. Eclipse, 6 yrs., 6st. 7lb.A. Weatherell 2
Duke of Westminster's br. h. Labrador, 5 yrs., 7st. 8lb.

S. Loates 3
8 to 1 agst. Chaleureux.

NEWMARKET STEEPLECHASES.— HURDLE AND FLAT RACES.

November 30th.—The Cheveley Cup of 245 sovs.; for four-year-olds and upwards; the Cup Course (about two miles and a half, on the flat.)

Lord Farquhar's b. h. Nouveau Riche, by Carlton—Novice, 5 yrs., 10st. 6lb.S. Loates 1

Mr. H. W. Gilbey's ch. h. Rampion, 5 yrs., 10st. 6lb.

G. Williamson 2
Mr. Jersey's ch. h. Merman, 6 yrs., 11st. 4lb.J. Watts 3

10 to 1 agst. Nouveau Riche.

KEMPTON PARK.—DECEMBER MEETING.

December 1st.—The Stewards' Steeplechase Handicap of 164 sovs.; two miles.

Mr. Horatio Bottomley's b. g. Punch Ladle, by St. Symphorien—Loving Cup, 5 yrs., 10st. 5lb.

D. Read 1
Major Fenwick's ch. h. County Council, aged, 12st. 2lb.

W. Taylor 2
Captain W. H. Lambton's br. g. Ebor, aged, 12st. 7lb. ...Dollery 3

10 to 1 agst. Punch Ladle.

The Kempton Park December Hurdle Handicap of 174 sovs.; two miles.

Mr. H. T. Barclay's ch. g. Glenbower, by Conservator—Niniche, 5 yrs., 10st. 12lb.

G. Williamson 1
Mr. E. J. Percy's ch. h. Bonnie Dundee, 5 yrs., 11st.

W. Taylor 2
Mr. C. Agar's b. g. William The Fourth, 4 yrs., 10st. 3lb. ...Box 3

6 to 1 agst. Glenflower.

SANDOWN PARK CLUB.—DECEMBER MEETING.

December 2nd.—The Grand Annual Hurdle Race (Handicap) of 255 sovs.; two miles.

Mr. R. C. Dawson's br. m. Turkish Bath, by Atheling—Queen of the Bath, 5 yrs., 11st. 10lb.

Gourley 1

Mr. H. T. Barclay's br. g. Ben
Armine, 4 yrs., 11st. 3lb.

Mr. T. Tracton's ch. c. Harling, 2
4 yrs., 11st. 1lb.

Mr. A. Gordon 3
6 to 1 agst. Turkish Bath.
December 3rd.—The Great Sandown
Steeplechase (Handicap) of 255
sovs. ; about three miles and a half.

Mr. R. C. B. Cave's b. g. Xebec,
by Torpedo (son of Gunboat)—
Georgiana, 6 yrs., 11st. 3lb.

G. Williamson 1
Captain A. E. Whitaker's bl. g.
Barcalwhey, aged, 11st. 11lb.

R. Chaloner 2
Major J. A. Orr-Ewing's b. g.
Furze Hill, 5 yrs., 11st. 5lb.

R. Pullen 3
5 to 1 agst. Xebec.

NOTTINGHAM.—DECEMBER MEETING.

December 6th.—The Welbeck Handicap
Hurdle Race of 268 sovs. ; two
miles.

Mr. T. Cannon's b. h. North Sea,
by Ocean Wave—Dutch Girl, 6
yrs., 11st.G. Williamson 1

Mr. Spencer Gollan's b. h. The
Possible, aged, 10st. 9lb.

Hickey 2
Mr. Jackson Clark's b. g. Carri-
den, 5 yrs., 11st. 4lb.

Mr. W. P. Cullen 3
5 to 4 agst. North Sea.

December 7th.—The Great Midland
Handicap Steeplechase of 405
sovs. ; two miles.

Captain Whitaker's bl. g. Barcal-
whey, by Barcaldine—Junket,
aged, 11st.R. Chaloner 1

Mr. H. McCalmont's b. g. Runnel-
stone, 5 yrs., 10st. 10lb.

E. Matthews 2
Mr. B. Bletsoe's br. h. Grudon,
aged, 11st. 12lb.

Mr. M. B. Bletsoe 3
6 to 1 agst. Barcalwhey.

GATWICK.—DECEMBER MEETING.

December 15th.—The National Hurdle
Race (Handicap) of 172 sovs. ;
second receives 20 sovs. ; two miles.

Mr. H. T. Barclay's br. g. Ben
Armine, by Bendigo—Elsa, 4
yrs., 11st. 2lb.G. Williamson 1

Lord Cowley's ch. g. Bayreuth, 5
yrs., 12st. 7lb.Owner 2

Lord Dudley's b. h. Regret, 5 yrs.,
12st. 2lb.Mr. R. Ward 3
13 to 8 on Ben Armine.

FOOTBALL.

Nov. 26th.—At Queen's Club, Corinthians
v. Queen's Park, former won by 3
goals to 2.†

Nov. 26th.—At Richmond, Richmond v.
Blackheath, latter won by 8 points to
0.*

Nov. 30th.—At Richmond, London South
v. Oxford and Cambridge, former won
by 13 points to 8.*

Dec. 3rd.—At Durham, Durham v.
Cheshire, former won by 2 goals, 2
tries to 0.*

Dec. 7th.—At Blackheath, Kent v. Surrey,
former won by 19 points to 0.*

Dec. 10th.—At Weston-super-Mare,
Somerset v. Devon, latter won by 7
points to 0.*

Dec. 10th.—At Blackheath, Blackheath v.
Cardiff, latter won by 14 points to
11.*

Dec. 14th.—At Queen's Club, Oxford v.
Cambridge, latter won by 11 points (a
goal and 2 tries) to 0.*

Dec. 17th.—At Newport, Newport v.
Cambridge University, former won by
3 points to 0.*

Dec. 17th.—At Edinburgh, Edinburgh
Wanderers v. Oxford University,
former won by 6 points to 0.*

Dec. 17th.—At Bristol, North v. South,
latter won by 6 points (1 penalty goal
1 try) to 3 points (1 try).

Dec. 19th.—At Cardiff, Cardiff v. Cam-
bridge University, former won by 27
points to 0.*

Dec. 19th.—At Edinburgh, Edinburgh
Academicals v. Oxford University,
latter won by 3 points to 0.*

* Under Rugby Rules.

† Under Association Rules.

HOCKEY.

Nov. 21st.—At Eddingham, Midland
Counties v. South of England, former
won by 1 goal to 0.

Dec. 1st.—At Bromley, Kent v. Surrey,
latter won by 3 goals to 1.

Dec. 8th.—At Nottingham, Notts v. Leices-
ter, drawn 1 goal each.

TENNIS.

Nov. 27th.—At Princes Club, W. E. H.
Miles v. C. Fairs, former won by 3
sets to 0.

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BAILY'S MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS and PASTIMES

FEBRUARY, 1899.

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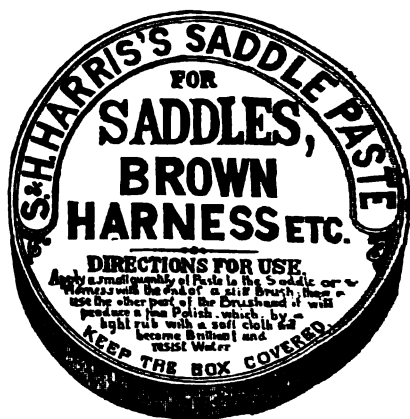
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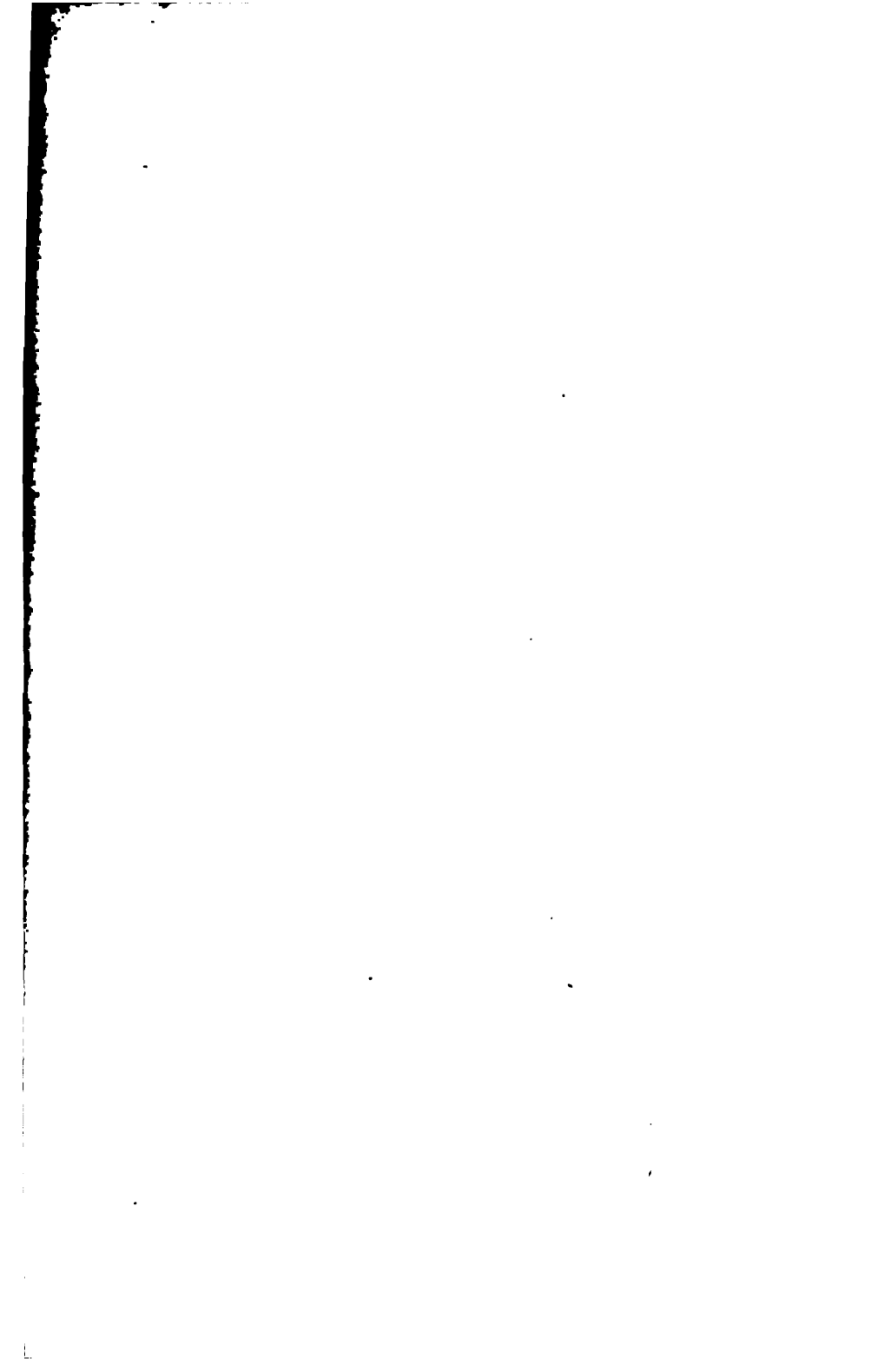
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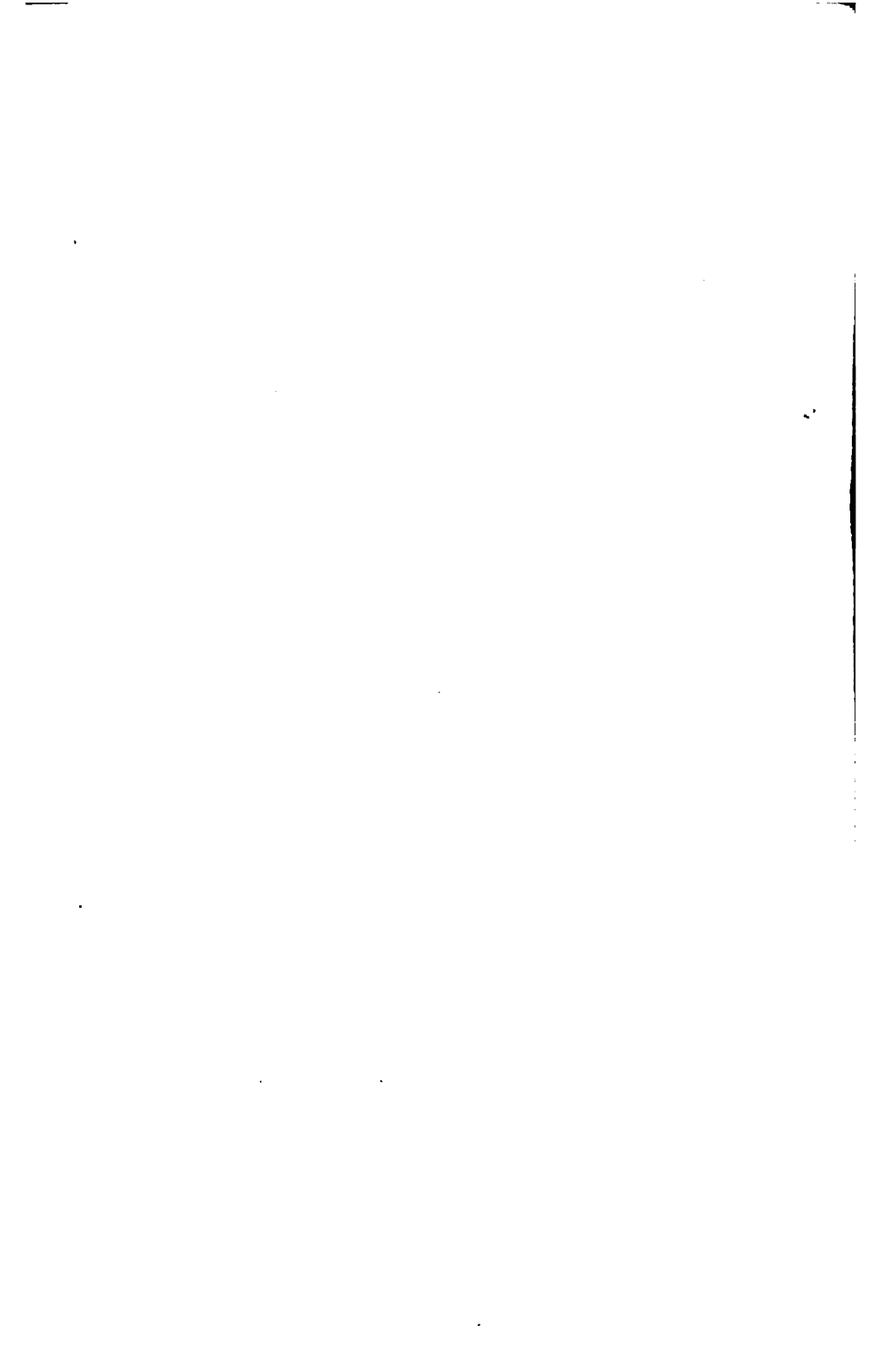
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BAILY'S MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PAST TIMES

No. 468.

FEBRUARY, 1899.

VOL. LXXI.

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WITH

Steel Engraved Portrait of LORD WOLVERTON.

Engravings of TELEGRAPH COACH and SPORTING DOGS.

Lord Wolverton.

THE old Oriental saying, "When the house is finished, death enters," held true in the case of that good sportsman, George Glyn, second Baron Wolverton, for he had scarcely completed the beautiful residence at Iwerne Minster which had been built almost entirely after his own designs than he was taken suddenly from us. Having no issue, the title, which had been created in 1869, to recompense the many services to the State rendered by the first Lord Wolverton, descended to his nephew,

eldest son of the popular Admiral Henry Carr Glyn, but he did not live long to enjoy it, and died in 1888, being succeeded by his younger brother Frederick, the subject of this sketch.

Born in 1864, Fred. Glyn, after passing a short time at a preparatory school near Winchester, went to Eton, where he was in Durnford's house and distinguished himself as a "wet bob." He left Eton early for a crammer's, with a view to being placed in the Army, but these plans were

changed, and at the age of twenty he went into a tin-plate business in New York, which was the commencement of his taste for travel since so strongly developed. He spent some time in the United States before returning home, and then, after a season or two hunting from Melton, he went to Russia and shot bears. When his uncle died and his elder brother became senior partner in the great firm of Glyn, Mills & Co., he worked in the bank, and so gained practical insight into business, starting, soon after he had himself inherited the title, for a trip round the world. The first point made was South America, ascending the Paraguay river on a shooting excursion, and then crossed the Andes on mules to Panama, Mexico, and so up the Californian coast to San Francisco. From San Francisco he crossed the Pacific to Japan and China, went through the Malay Peninsula from Pahang to Selangor, having only two Chinamen as an escort, and thence by way of Ceylon to Madras and Calcutta. It was in the full heat of June that he reached Calcutta, so he lost no time in betaking himself to Simla on a visit to Lord Lansdowne, after which he spent some time with Lord and Lady Harris at Bombay.

On his return to England, he was appointed a lord-in-waiting in Mr. Gladstone's last Ministry, and it was while holding this appointment that he went with Colonel Arthur Paget to Somaliland, where he spent five months in the enjoyment of some rare sport, the fruits of which are to be seen on the walls of the "Skin House" at Iwerne Minster. With a convoy consisting of sixty natives and as many camels, they penetrated much further into the country than any previous ex-

plorers had done, and they prepared a map of the region for which they received the special thanks of the War Office. Lord Wolverton has much to show you in the "Skineries," as it is familiarly called, including a lion shot by Colonel Arthur Paget, which was very near "doing" for them both, and the heads of two among the sixteen other lions which they accounted for during their expedition.

It was upon his return from this expedition that he joined Lord Dunraven as partner in the *Valkyrie II.*, sailing with him in the races for the American Cup, and reviving many pleasant acquaintances of his former visit, but Lord Wolverton soon forgot all this in the pleasurable excitement of a second visit to Lord and Lady Lansdowne at Simla and a shooting expedition with the Kutch Behar, whose unbounded hospitality to Englishmen is proverbial. It was while on this visit that he shot his first tiger, and as he had killed a lion in the same year, he can claim to have brought off a very rare "double." Fond as he had been of shooting, hunting, yachting and travel, Lord Wolverton had not, up to this time, shown much interest in racing, but soon after his marriage to Lady Edith Ward, the only daughter of the late Lord Dudley and a sister of that fine horseman and polo player, Mr. Reginald Ward, he registered his colours (white, green hoops), and placed a few horses in training at Newmarket with Marsh, by whose advice he gave 520 guineas for Ugly at the sale of the late Duke of Hamilton's racing stud. This was one of the most fortunate purchases ever made, for Ugly, then a three-year-old, has improved with age, and is now one of the best horses in

training over five and six furlongs, though his breeder gave him his name because he was such a plain colt as a yearling. Lord Wolverton has a few mares in the boxes at Iwerne Minster, in one of which his uncle bred The Bard, and it would be impossible to wish

his nephew and successor anything better, in the way of racing luck, than that another such a game little horse as The Bard, who made backers of Ormonde quake while the Derby was being run, should see the light in the Iwerne paddocks.

Nerve in Man.

NERVE! What an invaluable gift this is! Almost indescribable in its attributes and all-powerful in its effect. Not a sense, neither flesh nor blood, and yet overpowering and subduing all—a motive power, and the highest test of vitality, ever working throughout the human frame. Where would those whose greatness we love to dwell on have been without nerve? The ruler, the minister, the soldier, the sailor, the civilian, the labourer, aye, or even the sportsman, without this wondrous qualification. It gives force to impulse; it impels action at the right moment; it brings thoughts into action with a dexterity truly wonderful: in short, it guides the destiny of man, and makes him what he is.

We talk of some men as having nerve, and of others as being nervous. The former being in truth endued with strength to control their nerves and bring them into the service of their lives and actions; the latter, alas! are the slaves of their nerves; they would, and they could, do innumerable clever, brave, and good deeds, but they yield to those very sensations in the shape of nerves, which crush them, just as, appositely applied, they are the glory of their brother men of nerve.

This may seem a paradox, but medical science will give you not very occult reasons for this difference in dispositions and characters, which are the consequence of the possession of nerve, or the reverse, and we will go beyond this, and thank a kind Almighty Providence for not making us all in one mould, the nerved and the nervous, and enabling us to live together in peace, each carrying his burthen, not too heavy to be borne.

It is a common thing to suppose that youth is the sole possessor of nerve, and that men in later life lose it, and give themselves up to a state of nervousness which is too often piteous to themselves; but I take leave to expose this fallacy as applied generally, while admitting that, in a great many cases, it holds good. In how many of these cases, I would ask, is not the loss of nerve due to preventive causes?—to the thousand and one indulgences, accidents, or domestic events which may have befallen the man of nerves, and shattered, if not his constitution, still his concentrated power of enforcing his will on any given subject with due effect; making him, in fact, what in his youth he despised, a nervous man.

If this be not so, how do we account for seeing our statesmen,

past middle life, nerved to meet the strain of great, and sometimes sudden, debates, and the vicissitudes of their office or politics? Here is nerve power in its truest aspect. Is it not so with our great generals and admirals in history, of which it is needless to quote examples. The elder commanders have no more been lacking in nerve than their younger compeers, and to them has been granted the possession of experience, a grand strength even to nerve.

Cannot we also point to our judges, our lawyers, and our medical practitioners, whose nerve in their business has outlived their youth, or even their middle age?

And are there not some amongst us sportsmen who defy any destructive power to their nerve, though age has tinged their locks and labour wrinkled their brows? True, we none of us can "cast dull care away," but we that are older can say to our more youthful friends, full of nerve and dash, "Prize thou this gift so precious, so ennobling; cherish it worthily, never forgetting that even one inordinate strain may snap it, one injudicious course may injure it." In fact, the overdoing of work or play is ever a tell-tale on the nerves, and few, and they only of the strongest, can withstand a lengthened spell of neglecting their constitutions. Hence I venture to think you will find that most of our elders, who have preserved their nerve through many years of study or labour, have been enabled at times to throw off their cares, and taken some wholesome relaxation in a congenial way, thus resting and resuscitating the nerves, and saving them from destruction.

The more sedentary our occupations the more necessary it

becomes to give ourselves occasional or regular relief by exercise. If the contrary be the case, and we are constantly on the move, travelling, soldiering, or pleasuring, then a certain time may well be given to rest, reading, or writing.

Again, I would say, have a care for your nerve. Don't burn the candle that lights it at both ends—not too fast, nor too long. Don't indulge overmuch in artificial aids to happiness, such as the bottle, the tap, the cigar, or cigarette, the pipe, the over-conivialism of late hours, or the temptations which profligate society may throw in your way. Any of these may cause you to exclaim ere you reach 50 or even 40 years, "Oh my poor nerves. What would I give to have them back again!" They never will come back to you. Remember, when once you lose your nerve it will never come back. You must then be content to do without it. Thus its precious worth is measured, and thus should it be treasured.

One of the most curious features about nerve is that it does not always belong to a strong, physical constitution. We see many a little man weak in some things, yet strong in nerve. This is especially true of women. How many a woman have I met, whose form and stature has been slight, and yet that little body, made in nature's daintiest mould, far outshines in nerve her bigger and apparently stronger sister. Cannot we also point to many great statesmen, generals, judges, and other leading civilians, grand of nerve, yet small of stature. In truth Nature, as in all else, has not caused all her golden fruit to be grown on one tree. Nerve is an inheritance, and a truly noble one, it generally runs in families, and enhances their individual

position in whatever walk of life they may find themselves.

I am one who think that the soils and climate of the British Isles eminently conduce towards nerve power, and that our active habits of life, our outdoor pursuits, our encouragement of athletic games, our cleanliness and our physique, all combine to endue us with nerve, and to preserve it to a greater extent than any other nation. Hence much of our success in mighty battles on sea and land.

It would fill a volume to recall a tithe of the examples that might be quoted to illustrate the triumph of nerve even over brute force in war. Shakespeare, in praising the attributes of the Athenians of old, speaks of

“The nerve and bone of Greece.”

The Welsh word for nerve is *nêr*, denoting one that possesses self-energy, and hence *nêr* becomes an epithet of God in Welsh phraseology.

How aptly is the power of nerve illustrated in the busy scenes of life. Take the City of London. Without it where would be the great financier, the successful merchant, the leading stock jobber, the clever lawyer, or the pushing tradesman?

In politics how essential is nerve. Yes, and in the Church also, who cares for the nerveless, wavering pastor or bishop?

And when we come to sport. What would our jockeys be unless endued with iron nerve? Ah, I see with mental vision Fred Archer come dashing through his horses at a critical part of a race, although the way to get there seemed impossible to all but himself, and yet it was accomplished scathless to himself and horse, without jostle or confusion. Never shall I forget that daring

rush on a memorable City and Suburban day of Bradford's on Grey Leg, when he stole the inside place with lightning quickness in the last hundred yards, and in a moment confounded the hopes of the Northerners, who had counted the race as won for them by Sam Chandley on Xury. It was a splendid exhibition of nerve, that fairly made the onlookers hold their breath in suspense, for indeed there were few but knew what the dread alternative of failure would have been. Look again at that tiny boy, only 6st. in the saddle, bestriding a slashing three-year-old, and steering him, amid a crowd of others, whose jockeys, all of them stronger than himself, are attempting to ride him out of the race. Does he funk or drop his hands? Nay, rather does he not grind his little teeth, and fairly lifted along, does he not bravely battle on to the end? His whole existence is staked on the event, and his fortune is made or marred in that short minute which passes between the flag fall and the winning post!

What then of the maturer man, who goes forth at Liverpool, on a cold March day, and has to take his place with some two dozen others at the starting post, while before him lies a course of four-and-a-half miles, beset with the stiffest jumps. He knows that all this long journey will have to be done at nearly top speed. Oh the crush and the crash of those first three fences! awful to the onlooker, yet as nothing to the nerve of the rider. A swerve or refusal means the upset of his hopes, maybe also the hopes of hundreds, aye thousands, of others. In an instant there is a hesitation on the part of his horse, in the next a whirl and a crash, the rest of the chasers sweep on,

leaving three or four prostrate horses and their riders at that deadly second fence. Our typical horseman knows no more until he finds himself in the jockey's room, a limp piece of humanity being overhauled by two doctors, trying to ascertain what his external and internal injuries may be. All that the outside public learn of the affair is a short paragraph in the sporting papers the next day, running thus: "Tom Manton had a narrow escape yesterday when Tufthunter fell at the second fence in the Grand National. He received a severe shaking, but no bones were broken, and he hopes to be in the saddle again in a few days. Tufthunter received such injuries that it was found necessary to destroy him."

Manton is as good as his word. In a fortnight's time this gallant fellow is again at the post for the big steeplechase at Manchester. This time he steers clear of misfortune, and rides home a winner, amidst the tumultuous applause of thousands of Lancashire lads, who admire a brave man. If this is not an exhibition of nerve how can we describe it? Would you or I, think you, even if our bread and butter depended upon it, have faced that ordeal a second time under similar circumstances? And yet scores of men do it until death or accident lays them *hors de combat*.

Let us now take the familiar hunting field by way of illustration. Here you meet the nervous man and woman as well as he or she of nerve. The former probably is there not to please him or herself; health requires the exercise, or society demands it. The latter is there to please himself. To him to dash away after the flying pack is an instinct, an impulse that he cannot resist, if he would. It is not danger that

troubles him; it is only the fear that he may not succeed in his horsemanship to keep within hail of the hounds, or vie with his compeers in the chase. To do his best, and do it well, is the acme of his ambition at this time. The music of the pack is his bugle call. He and his horse are at one, each as full of nerve as the other. They take the rough and the smooth together. Now there is a check, and now on they go again. Sometimes they steady themselves in a difficult place, and in the next field there are those well defined lines of willows which warn them of the brook ahead. No strand of wire is there, and faster and faster on they dash, one steady grip of the bridle, one gathering of quarters in his stride, and they are flying in an elysium of delight over fourteen feet of water. The landing side is firm; they are safe. Another landmark of nerve is for ever chalked in their memories (for horses as well as men have memories), and thus the glories of hunting are maintained, and handed down from generation to generation.

It is now many years since I went to look at the lock of a canal, which my father had jumped in his palmy days, and does not the memory of that jump spur me on and nerve me for lesser deeds. Not that the deeds of nerve in the hunting field are always rewarded. It is only in a recent *Field* that we read in "Brooksby's" account of the Warwickshire's Shuckborough day, that a big double with blind ditches laid low eight of the flower of a Midland field in the first five minutes of their run. Thus even fresh horses in the pink of condition, and riders well in their wind, found that trappy fence one that even nerve could not surmount.

"Borderer" could gabble on over the splendid deeds of daring, the true exhibition of nerve in the hunting field, until another moon came round. He could take up the parables of Nimrod, Whyte-Melville, Bromley-Davenport, and Warburton, but he could not improve upon them, and he will not try. Their volumes lie in your library, he trusts well read, and that is sufficient for the honour of his subject. Ride on, good friends, while you may, tempering, as I ever would fain say, nerve with discretion, always remembering that it is not the true thing without this; nay, it almost means madness. To exhaust my subject I ought to speak of the cricketer, the polo player, the footballer, the splendid shot, even the gambler, and then there would be the acrobat, the tight rope walker, the balloonist, the steeple jack, and the executioner, all claiming their share in the glory of nerve, but let us forbear; your pages can be spared any ampler effusion to-day.

If we desired a model of nerve in real life, how better

could it be exemplified than in our greatest general of the century, the Duke of Wellington, who carried through a life of campaigning, as well as that of a sportsman, followed by that of a statesman, the most splendid nerve power to the end of a long and honoured life. I have before me now that well-known print, which represents him in the hunting field confronting a burly smock-frocked farmer, who, pitch-fork in hand, refuses to open the gate for him, and its title is, "Turning the man whom Bony could not turn." Of him also the homely Wordsworth says:

"In him the savage virtue of the chase,
Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts are
dead."

Well might the mighty duke have then replied to the farmer in the words of Macbeth to the Ghost:

"What man dare I dare.
Approach thou like the Russian bear,
The armed rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan
tiger.
Take any shape but that, and my firm
nerves
Shall never tremble."

BORDERER.

Oxford Revisited.

FLOODS of sunshine light up the spires and towers of the old University town, as we collect our traps at the station and trust ourselves to the homely 'bus which is to take us to the caravanserai. A don, an ancient don, has also entered the vehicle. There is no mistaking the species though we have not seen one in his native haunts for many, many years. Memories of past trials in the schools come before us, endured at the hands of just such another rather untidy old scholar. We wonder whether he is a professor of anything and whether we should have been unkempt like him if we had remained at Oxford all our days.

We are received by a smiling landlady and ushered into the "Dolphin," or is it the "Nelson," or some other of those rooms whose identity is distinguished in old-fashioned hotels by names instead of numbers. Our window looks out into the crowded thoroughfare and, yes, certainly the street is much more crowded than it was in the days long, long gone by when we walked its pavements in cap and gown. Still, how picturesque and old world it all is! There is no change in the quaint and gabled houses though their windows look out on much changed passers by.

We sallly out to stroll round by college and church, by ancient library and halls of learning. A seedy-looking individual waylays us at the door, probably thinking that we look like unsophisticated strangers. Perhaps even he hopes that we may turn out to be Americans, eager to be guided and liberal of largesse. Can he take us to see the objects of interest? "Wretched man, go away; we

knew them before you were born!"

What a day for early November! We said that floods of sunshine poured upon spire and tower and there is not the smallest suspicion of the Oxford fog that received us when we matriculated at this same season, at a date when our good Queen was still a young and happy matron. How well we recollect our governor's face of doubt as to the future of his callow offspring, when he was told by an undergraduate friend, F. P. prince of good fellows, good scholars and good sportsmen, "Yes, it is a bit damp here, but we support our constitutions by drinking as much port as we can get hold of." The port at Oxford was good certainly in those days—we are told that the students are content with a less carefully-stored and mature vintage now. Are their constitutions better or worse for the change?

We turn down by Broad Street. The grey walls of the colleges are blushing in their rosy mantle of Virginia creeper. It does not make them look young but gives their age the air of "a lusty winter, frosty but kindly." We look into a gateway as we pass. My stars! what a crowd of bicycles. What would Charlie Symonds have said to such a form of locomotion? By the way we never asked whether the stables where Charlie Symonds ruled and so many undergraduates ran up ticks for horseflesh, still remain as they were, one of the joys of Oxford.

We look down the road towards Wadham. Ah, that spot brings another reminiscence to mind. There was a "town and gown" and we with others, full of con-

fidence in the accomplishments acquired from Tom Evans ("him as brought out Bob Brettle" was his personal certificate of character) were seeking adventures. Suddenly, by the moon's pale light there we saw three or four townsmen holding down a violently struggling man, whom they had cut off and overpowered. Our arrival was fortunate. The roughs were determined to leave their mark on somebody and had sent one of their number to find a brickbat with which to knock out our comrade's front teeth, which he wore temptingly white and prominent. The tables were quickly turned and, reinforced by the stroke of his college eight, irate and eager for vengeance, we worked our way to the place where the battle was sorest. All that happened that evening is forgotten except that towards the end of the fray a small party were driven down New College Lane by an outnumbering crowd. Slowly we retired. Our knuckles were sore and we were getting blown and overpowered. But a powerful relieving force was at hand. New College gate was thrown open and the good and gallant grey-haired sub-warden, dear old J. A., with his gown girt up tightly, charged forth at the head of a force of undergraduates, scouts and college servants. Straight into the *mêlée* J. A. hurled himself and planted his own dignified fist on the nose of one of our foes. The fight was sharp for the short minute that it lasted, but we had now the advantage of the big battalions. "And now gentlemen you will go into college at once and stay there." Indeed we had had enough of it for one night and were only too glad to obey. It was a sorry crew that met at a breakfast party next morning. Black eyes and aching bones were

our lot, but if memory does not betray our appetites were as good as ever.

Here we are at our old college. The porter, though he is mature in years and, like all porters, has a tendency to *embonpoint*, is long after our date. As old members of the college we are received by him with all courtesy and he allows us to penetrate to his sanctum, where we may see portraits of generations of porters who have held the keys and have been the most important of college officials. Ah—there is the photograph of our old contemporary. How often he has pricked off our attendance at chapel. How often, oh how often, has he reported us for knocking in after statutory hours. Next to the Head, who looked upon an undergraduate rather as an elephant regards a mouse, we in old times grovelled before that benevolent old servant and sought his favour.

The chapel—of course we must look in at the chapel. No change here at any rate. The beautiful windows still throw their glowing prismatic shadows on the floor. The orderly stalls are ranged as of yore, and, in these days of advanced ritual it is a comfort to see the plainly furnished space within the rails without any of the meretricious adjuncts that would turn an honest communion table into a "would be if it could" altar.

The cloisters are hard by the chapel, an ideal promenade for thoughtful and lettered age, but they did not often tempt us to their seclusion in our hot youth, except at Commemoration time when they gave an ideal opportunity for a *solitude à deux* with some fair visitor to Alma Mater. In those days Oxford was still monastic in its ways and it was only on rare occasions that the

ribbons and petticoats, now so common, fluttered freely through quad and lecture room. The cloister roof of massive beams rises in unsullied beauty and still shows that no bird, beast or insect will make its home near the wood of Spanish chesnut. Why is it that such roofs are never made in modern buildings? Is it that Spanish chesnut is unprocurable? As we wander round the grey enclosure we can read the many tablets on the walls commemorating distinguished members of the college who have gone to their rest. Alas! we can now see inscribed the names and virtues of some of our own contemporaries, one especially who, in his enthusiasm for his noble profession, gave his unbought aid as a surgeon in many scenes of pain and misery and died while tending the sick and wounded in a continental war.

Would we like to see the hall? Of course we would, and we mount the steps to the grand refectory, where we have eaten so many good dinners (the college was once celebrated for its cuisine) and where too we have suffered at "collections" a solemn form of examination by the college authorities at the end of each term to prove whether we really had learned anything during its course. I draw a veil over the painful disclosures sometimes made, which ended in sternly worded admonition but in an easy going age were never followed by any harsher measures. We have a turn in the verdant and shady garden surrounded by the mouldering city wall, whose turrets and battlements have not echoed the tread of armed men since Charles I. held his court at Merton and found in Oxford one of the last strongholds of loyalty. Our college plate was then melted down

to fill the monarch's military chest, except some few small pieces which were buried, forgotten and accidentally exhumed many years later. There is a new gateway in the quad and through it we pass to the new buildings, even yet barely completed, which have been erected to lodge the hundreds of students who now throng to the foundation where forty years ago there were only tens. They have all the dignity and beauty of the ancient architecture and, with the passage of a few years, will be equally solemn looking and venerable. Chief among their beauties is the memorial tower erected to one, foremost in the band of earnest men, who have revived the University, enlarging its aims, adding to the numbers of its students and enabling it worthily to justify its existence before the world. It is well that his and their names should be commemorated, but they themselves may well put such special records aside and say "*si monumentum requiris circumspice.*"

We "do the High" on our way back to lunch, and miss many once familiar landmarks. Spiers has vanished, where so much money used to be spent, so many ticks run up that embittered the time of taking a degree. The names of other tradesmen have disappeared from the shop fronts but no doubt their successors are just as affable, insidious and long suffering, up to a certain point, as those whose wares tempted our youth. What does astonish an ancient is the small number of caps and gowns that he sees. They, in his time, were always worn at any rate in the forenoon—now we are told that they seldom or never appear except at hall, chapel or lecture. And the gowns themselves. Surely an

older generation of undergraduates did not walk about in such very curtailed garments. They were short enough certainly but they were rather longer than an ordinary shooting jacket and had some pretensions to being decent drapery.

One very startling novelty is reserved for a later part of the day. We have a friend at a ladies' college and she has invited us to tea in her rooms. It is rather a nervous matter to ring up a female porter and ask for Miss — but we are admitted without question and ushered into a small and rather stern looking drawing-room. We believe that no members of the male sex, except very near relations, are ever admitted to these vestal precincts without special leave from the Principal. It is not tea hour yet and we have time to go over this realisation of Tennyson's dream

"Far off from men a college like a man's."

And indeed a very homely, quiet and comfortable retreat it is. Halls, libraries, lecture rooms, all are there as in the old foundations reserved for the ruder sex, and a studiously-inclined young lady may doubtless there pass through several very profitable years. And physical development and exercise for the damsels takes its place. There is an excellent gymnasium, fitted with all appliances for athletic training, among which we noticed, with some little surprise, well-used fencing jackets and foils. In the well-kept garden there are tennis-grounds, and on the Cherwell there are boats. Low be it spoken however—we were told that the college course does little for personal adornment and the proper feminine taste for being *tirée à quatre épingles*, and it was hinted that serious and en-grossing study causes a partial

oblivion to tidiness, which begins with the commencing term, waning more and more till the vacation comes round. And yet cheval glasses, for which there is no space in the rooms, supposed to be amply furnished with bookshelves, are to be found sprinkled on the walls of the passages, and near the doors, so that on going out, a last critical glance may be given at the *tout ensemble*. In the college where the "Princess" was the head, the students did by no means overlook their personal appearance.

"— From the illumined hall
Long lanes of splendour slanted o'er a
press
Of snowy shoulders, thick as herded ewes,
And rainbow robes, and gems and gem-
like eyes,
And gold and golden heads."

Gems and gold and rainbow robes were not adjusted without some thought and trouble, and perhaps, even in our practical and unpoetic days, a question might profitably be sometimes asked from the cheval glasses.

A stately dame was walking in the garden and a hushed whisper said "The Principal!" We were honoured by being presented to her and, for all her dignified position, she talked like any other kindly lady and seemed to merit and possess at least as much love as respect in the halls where her rule is unquestioned. Several points still rankle in the minds of rulers and ruled of the ladies' colleges. The right to take degrees has not yet been conceded to them by Convocation and worse still they are not allowed to wear academic caps and robes. We were told that these privileges will no doubt come in time. Perhaps, with regard to the last-named, as it appears that men are giving up cap and gown as much as possible, the ladies will succeed to the cast-

off garments and keep alive the tradition of the old university costume. Did we say how good was the tea with which we were entertained? The Oxford traditions of hospitality have at least suffered no diminution in the hands of its new and fair students.

Evening chapel at Magdalen. What more fitting way to close a day full of old memories and new impressions. Where can such sacred strains be heard, where is everything more in harmony with holy thought and earnest devotion? Melodious as are the sweet voices of the choir the melody by no means overpowers the sense and sentiment of what is sung. Every word rings bell-like, clear and distinct as in the plainest reading. How often in other sacred edifices we have listened to a confused jangle of sound which seemed to us neither reverent nor artistic, a vain striving after effect with apparently little or no thought of conveying a definite idea to the worshippers. Here everything is perfect. The majestic simplicity of our prayer-book service is by no means obscured by involved and fantastic rendering but is illumined by the emphasis of most tender music.

The great aquatic event of the pre-Christmas term is the inter-collegiate struggle in coxswainless fours and it was our good fortune to see the last heat rowed between New College and Magdalen. We were privileged to sit on the roof of a college barge and, secure and high above the turmoil of the water way, to watch the life and movement of the river. What a sight it was, such as no other country could show! The long row of stately barges, each of those interested in the day's racing flying its college boat-club flag. The crowds of fours and pairs passing up and down, in which

freshmen are being initiated into the mysteries of scientific rowing. In the stern of each a coach is standing up holding the tiller ropes, admonishing and urging his pupils in most emphatic and often scathing words. The wretched youths in front of him have probably never rowed before. The oar is an unfamiliar and uncontrollable article which seems to have strange and independent ways of its own. The technical expressions that come so sternly from the mouth of the instructor are in a still unknown language and convey little meaning.

We have been told too that a seat in a boat is not always as considerate to the cuticle as a cushioned armchair and that, to the unaccustomed hand, the grasp of the oar is, after a little while, only a few degrees less agonising than that of hot iron. But soon the oar will become a handy and obedient servant; the rich vocabulary of the river will convey deep and solemn truths; the cuticle will become hard and enduring and the soft hands will develop leathery palms that can resist anything less eroding than a nutmeg grater. And those lads, who are labouring so strenuously under their task-masters, have all high and praiseworthy ambitions in their minds. In months to come they may be selected for their college "Torpids" and row in boats which will bring glory to their clubs by accomplishing such a brilliant bump as is worthy to live in history. Any one of them may even rise to the dignity of a seat in his college eight, a proud pre-eminence equal in value to much fame and credit gained in what Dugald Dalgetty called "the humanities." To a very, very few it may be given to arrive at being a 'Varsity Blue and to pull for the honour of Oxford between Putney

and Mortlake before the eyes of admiring thousands. But for the present, such a prospect of possible greatness can only be the vaguest of dreams.

The river is not occupied by aspiring freshmen alone however. Here and there, darting along under the influence of a strong and practised stroke, is an outrigger skiff whose solitary occupant is giving himself a constitutional breather or keeping lung and muscle in order for some future trial of skill—or a canoe flits by, paddled on each side alternately. Then the ferry punts are crossing from the barges to the tow-path side, carrying the men who are going to run alongside the coming race, and collisions are many between them and the boats. There seems to be much mutual accommodation but now and then a voice is heard giving a forcible aquatic equivalent for the hansom cabby's "Now then, stoopid, where are you a driving to?"

The hour for the race is nigh and the course is gradually clearing. See! the men of New College are now launching their ship and we are confidentially informed by a friendly undergraduate that she is built of cedar, only an eighth of an inch thick. Fancy trusting oneself to such a fragile shell! we shudder at the thought. The long oars are carried out and laid carefully in their places. New's boat is stroked by Coutts, the old captain of the Radley boats, whose Oxford career has been marked by many triumphs on the Isis. He has stroked his college eight at the head of the river, and whoever challenges its proud position will have no easy task to displace it. Pitman is steering and rowing bow, one of the famous Scottish family of brothers who, both at Oxford and Cambridge, have been

river champions for their universities. There is also another 'Varsity Blue in the boat, so that against any ordinary rival a confidence of success might be felt that would be the next thing to a certainty. The boat paddles into the middle of the stream and speeds on her way to the start at Iffley.

Here, at last, comes the Magdalen boat, shooting along with the grand methodical sweep that tells of science, training and power. All the four men in her crew are giants in size and weight. Two of them are 'Varsity Blues and they are stroked and steered by Gold, of whose prowess men talk with hated breath. Stroke of the 'Varsity eight, stroke of the Leander eight, President of the O.U.B.C., he is at such a dizzy height of eminence as an oarsman that to the ordinary mind he seems an Achilles of the river.

When both boats are so manned there is little to choose between the two, except that the one has the bigger and heavier crew. Which will be able to last the longest—which has just a trifle the best form?

The river is now quite clear, and there is a thrill of hushed expectation among all the on-lookers on barge and bank. We are too far off from Iffley to hear the pistol shot that starts the boats and we strain our eyes to see them coming. For some minutes we wait, silently excited. At last we can see a movement along the distant tow-path. They must be off. The movement resolves itself into a yelling crowd, running along the bank and trying vainly to keep pace with the racing fours. First one boat and then the other rounds a corner half a mile distant. There is no room in the water way for two boats alongside each other, so the competitors

have been started with a distance of 80 yards between them. There are separate winning posts for each, also 80 yards apart, and victory will be to the boat that first arrives at its own goal. To an uneducated eye, New seems to gain a little in steering, shaving the bank at the river's windings a little closer than Magdalen, but this may be fancy. Both come tearing on and, as they pass the barges, neither seems to have the advantage. The yells on the bank rise into shrieks. "Now New," "Now Magdalen," "Well rowed Magdalen," "Well rowed New," and we feel an imperious necessity to shriek with the shrieking crowd. But in the boats, there is still the same calm regular swing of the oars—the crews are all doing their level best but no excitement disturbs the science of their efforts. First one stroke then the other makes a spurt and gallantly the men behind him respond. Which will be able to make the longest struggle? Ah! the semaphores on each winning post have fallen showing that the race is over, but it has been so close that for a minute we know not which is the winner. New, by three-quarters of a length! A magnificent race!

We asked one of the winning crew afterwards if he knew when he had had the advantage and his reply was something like old Caspar's words:

"That I cannot tell, said he,
But 'twas a famous victory."

It was the 5th of November and in days of old, after night fall, there would certainly have been "alarms and excursions" in every quarter of the city. The riotous spirits of town and gown would have celebrated Guy Fawkes' day by mutual provocation to a battle which would have raged long and loud till both sides had surcease

of fisticuffs or the proctors had driven the gownsmen home and secured them inside the college gates.

In those times too there were sometimes escapades even within the solemn quads on great occasions, a success on the river, a national festival or the like, but when they took the form of fireworks or attempted bonfires, the wrath of the authorities was roused. Everybody connected with the "outrage on decency" was inevitably hauled over the coals on the following morning and short shrift was given to the more daring offenders. But times have marvellously changed. There were no provocative Guys, clad in caps and gowns, carried by truculent barges through the streets of Oxford. No groups of excited and wine-flushed undergraduates were ready for shindies and tapping of proletarian claret. Everybody seemed to go about his business peaceably, and the lion apparently laid down with the lamb, or at least rubbed shoulders in the "High," with no thought of mutual animosity.

On the other hand, as we strolled through the crowded and peaceful streets, we were astounded to see rocket after rocket shoot into the air from the direction of a great and potent house. As we watched these flashing through space and successively exploding in showers of many-coloured sparks that threw a mantle of light over some isolated college pinnacle, we became aware of a fervid glow spreading over a quarter of the sky. There was undoubtedly a great fire somewhere. There was no excitement in the town, no fire-engines were charging madly to the rescue. Could it possibly be that all restraint had been broken through in the premier college

and that pandemonium had been let loose? What *will* the Dean say to-morrow? More rockets, more jets of flame and colour as of many Roman candles. This must be very, very serious. But see! in another quarter there is another glow, another scintillation of pyrotechnics. Has the whole University united in one explosion, rending the bonds of discipline and asserting the uncontrolled licence of the undergraduate? We were told that there might be some sort of festivity to-night but we did not anticipate that it would take a form so contrary to all the traditions in which we were nurtured.

We remember that we have been invited to look in at our old college and, shall we confess it? with the fear and trembling that come of old association, we penetrate into the revered precincts. We could not have believed it. The quad was alive with men, who were revelling in the handling of squibs, crackers, Roman candles, Catherine wheels and other alarming explosives, which kept up a row like that of a pitched battle and produced a most suffocating and pernicious smoke. In the middle a huge pile of faggots was blazing merrily and was being constantly fed from the college stores of fuel. This was no place for grey-haired eld and, by a back way, we managed to arrive at a window from which we could look on the scene. Well, at any rate all the actors were obviously sober. They were doubtless a little excited, but there was not a stagger in the whole crowd. Every precaution had been taken against the chance of serious damage and the whole thing was winked at by the dons as a harmless safety valve for exuberant spirits. It was more than insinuated that it

was only the freshmen who found pleasure in the saturnalia. The veterans of two or three years' standing who had taken advantage of indulgence once or twice, cared little to do so again.

It seemed to us that the modern dons are wise in their generation. They have realised that youth must have some outlet for its vivacity and they think it is better tacitly to ignore a little harmless anarchy than, by old-fashioned stern repression, to make anarchy a thing to be sought after for its own sake, as a form of rebellion by turbulent spirits against established rule and custom. They seem like the wise confectioner who allows his youthful shop assistant to eat of sweets to repletion, knowing that thus, once for all, the taste for such indulgence will be obliterated. After all, what is the net result of such a frolic as we beheld? A few coats are singed, a few windows are broken. Even the men who have had their fling would be extremely bored by its repetition and when another occasion comes round that must be celebrated in an unusual way, there is no great excitement, such as would be caused if the celebration involved the charm of rebellion, the daring of a great conspiracy.

And in other respects too, there seemed to us to be now a good form and decency of conduct among the undergraduates that, to our sorrow let it be said, was not always the case in bygone years. The days of wine parties, as we knew them, have passed away. Well we remember how a youth, on hospitable thoughts intent, would spread an elaborate dessert in his rooms and provide many strong drinks and much tobacco for the entertainment of a dozen friends. He had spent, or gone

on tick for, a sum which, under the fostering care of an Oxford tradesman of the day, sometimes reached appalling dimensions. The guests arrived. The dessert (we all then had the blessing of a sweet tooth) was quickly ravaged and we began to toy with the most potent and fruity port, the brownest and headiest of sherry. But after a time, even these rather robust drinks became too mild for the occasion. A steaming bowl of highly-spiced and sweetened punch made its appearance and, little knowing how great was our daring, we boldly mixed our liquors. Toasts were proposed, speeches (a little thick in utterance) were made, songs (not always the most proper) were sung and as often as not a round game was played, at which such gambling took its course as might be credited with some harm to purse and disposition. Sad was often the end of such an orgie. Some men of course, endowed by nature with strong heads and iron digestions or sensible enough to be reasonably moderate in their potations, went home soberly enough. Some steered a very zig-zag course to their cubicles and some, alas! required much friendly assistance. The following morning there were aching brows and mouths dry as a Latin grammar. Study of any kind was an abomination; reasonable athletic sport almost an impossibility. By the way, however, it was always noticed that those men who had greatly exceeded overnight, were the most punctual in their attendance at morning chapel. Perhaps comfortable sleep was not to be wooed. Perhaps they thought that by showing themselves alert they might convey the impression that they lived on toast and water and never heard the chimes at midnight.

But as we said before, all this is a thing of the past. Heavy and premeditated carousing has disappeared from Oxford as from all other good English society. Doubtless, the undergraduates enjoy their modest cups at fitting times and seasons, but they do this within very limited bounds. As in the army, the navy and other professions, everybody is of necessity terribly in earnest about both work and play. Good form sternly condemns all immoderate indulgence and, in the manly struggles in which all the youth of England are engaged, any one who systematically deteriorates his physical or mental condition very soon drops helpless out of the race.

What else did we see, note and admire in our too short visit to the scenes of years long forgotten in the haze of distance. There was the magnificent new Museum, rich in the most interesting collections, arranged and classified with such order and learning that the most complicated subjects could be grasped almost at a glance, standing in all its architectural beauty on a spot that we remembered as open fields. There were ladies, babies, nurses and perambulators, all additions to the university as we knew it. There were many other things whose bearings on Alma Mater's well-being we cannot venture to criticise. One last privilege and pleasure we had before leaving—an interview with the kind and venerable Head, last remaining resident among the college dons whom we knew, and now in his green old age, a type of all the learning, dignity and courtesy, which old Oxonians love to connect in their minds with their university. We talked of fellows, tutors, undergraduates, whose names are dim legends even to the present governing body.

"The kind old voices and old faces
My memory can quick retrace."

Many have been taken away, their
life's work well done, and the rest,

though Oxford sees them walking
its quads no more, still do her
honour in "serving God in Church
and State."

C. STEIN.

Terriers for the Hunting Field.

IN these days of exorbitant prices given for fox-terriers, when breeding them for show purposes has been reduced almost to a science, it is interesting to reflect whether the modern standard of dog belies his origin.

It was not until the end of the past century that the name of fox-terrier began to be popularly adopted, though in an old work on *Englishe Dogges*, by Dr. John Caius, of Cambridge, in 1576, he speaks of the dogge called Terrar, in Latine Terrarius, "as one that after the manner and custome of ferrets in searching for connyes, creepe into the ground, and by that means make afraide the Foxe and the Badger." Without doubt the original breed of terriers (as their name implies), were intended to go to earth for a fox or bolt them from a drain. Consequently they ought not to exceed 15 lbs. in weight, and for pluck and endurance should have a strain of "bull" in them. I think for real working purposes a wire-haired terrier, with a jacket as close and hard as some otter hounds possess, is the best. The greater number of present-day terriers' coats are far too woolly, being no protection against water and weather. I have seen the best dog of this breed I ever had swim for two or three hours, come out on the bank, shake himself, and in a few minutes he would be as dry as a board.

Too many modern fox-terrier owners appear to be mere pot-hunters, the absurdly large sums offered as prize money tending greatly to induce them to breed solely for the show bench, not for working purposes, which it is to be feared debases the breed. Most judges go to extremes in awarding honours to too narrow-fronted terriers, which must be produced at a heavy sacrifice of power and strength. On this account that distinguished Devonshire sportsman, the late Rev. "Jack" Russell, a breeder of some of the gamest terriers which ever existed for hunting purposes, could never be induced to show them, as he did not believe the bench to be at all consistent with a terrier's capacity for work. Mr. Cecil Archer, of Minehead, still possesses some of the old "Russell" blood, and maintains that he has never seen their equal with either fox, otter, or badger. This famous strain is never docked, as Mr. Russell would not countenance it in his kennel.

It is a matter to deplore that the terrier is now so little used in actual fox-hunting, of which formerly it was the ordinary accompaniment. The reasons, I think, are not far to seek. Foxes are not now nearly so often dug for as in the old days, and M.F.H.'s found alas! that terriers were very seldom steady, frequently causing a riot.

There are, however, very few terriers indeed that will face a fox under ground. This requires real grit, and a dog prepared to take heavy punishment. As in the case of badger-digging a terrier that knows his work should only give tongue, doing his utmost to bolt the fox by an attack on his hind quarters. The contingency of a hard-bitten dog standing up to his quarry, jowl by jowl (whilst they are being dug out) would militate against him

being used in the hunting-field. Hounds naturally are the first consideration, to which everything else must give way. It seems a great pity that now, when so many terriers are annually bred, there is no show where one can judge of the dog at work in contra-distinction to his points on the bench. Such an exhibition, I believe, would be most popular, and undoubtedly induce owners to breed a more sportsmanlike class of dog.

PHILOCUNOS.

Gaudeamus Igitur.

FORWARD ON! forward on; see them stream through the pasture!

If ever they meant it, they mean it to-day;

With the fire and the strength and the courage of last year

Renewed like the eagle's, we dash to the fray.

There's a gap in those blackthorns; catch hold of the bridle;

Feel him shorten his stride, till pop! over he goes;

With a scent such as this 'tis no time to be idle;

While the grey of November gleams *couleur de rose*.

What's a year to a man, on a day such as this is?

The scenes of past seasons, the care and the fret?

Forgotten! the south wind, for lost songs and kisses,

Thus scatters the ashes of burnt-out regret.

What's a year? what are ten, in the joys of this morning,

If the legs of our steeds be as sound as our wine?

Both the better a year! so, all consequence scorning,

Ride, ride for our lives, on the left of the line.

Who cares how the thickest of blackthorns may blind us

To the wide-spreading view of the breadth of the shire;

And the emerald pasture-land, dotted behind us

With flecks of pale scarlet like flashes of fire?

Who recks of the yawners that wait to receive him;

The banks, the cut ditches he takes in his stride;

The slow-stealing brook, that but smiles to deceive him;

The sunk lane he must harden his heart at, and ride?

Who cares, as he steadies the young one's wild rushes,

For that hundred he lost at unlimited loo?

Or that thousand-to-ten that broke down at The Bushes?

No "field" now, but this one—"a hundred, bar two!"

Oh! the billowy swell of the broad ridge-and-furrow,

That the blood one glides over as smooth as a boat;

Let Yesterday drift down the tide with To-morrow—

'Tis the bliss of To-day that shall keep us afloat.

What is Time? Vague expression of thought, half-existent,
 When eternity closed in a moment, we feel;
 Whose seconds are marked by the hoof-beats persistent
 As the cleft sod springs back from the stroke of the steel.
 What is space? That tall bullfinch ahead is its limit;
 Its outer dimension we ride upon here!
 The cloud that we breathe on Ambition, to dim it;
 The bit and the bridle that curb its career.

Pure draught, of strange magic and oxygen blended,
 That we quaff like a bumper of foaming champagne!
 Wild glow, born of manhood and confidence splendid,
 That thrills with each breath to the heart and the brain!
 What cup, though distilled for us never so rarely—
 What vintage, to gladden the heart can compare
 With the exquisite flush of the leap taken fairly;
 The winged delight of the rush of keen air?

No! the swifter delights of the saddle-tree rather,
 Than the duller production of wine-press or still;
 And that music, the cry of the horn, flinging farther
 Its jubilant echoes from woodland and hill.
 Glad sound! that on battle or hunting-field, flashes
 Its message electric to man and to horse:
 And the stiffened rail splinters, the sabre-stroke crashes,
 Alike to its note, amid grape-shot or gorse.

Shall we hearken the voice of the sophist or scoffer;
 Or their watch-word "barbarity" cause us to blush?
 Is our strength less well-spent, if the prizes we offer
 Be those frivolous trophies, the mask and the brush?
 Why heed him, who sits on the seat of the scorner,
 For lack of the sinews to share in the game?
 Dies the tigress less hard, when the bullet has torn her,
 Than the fox we ride after, with courage the same?

* No! instant mischance, should we falter or bungle,
 Is the fate that is balanced on rifle or rein:
 And in camp and on keel, as by meadow and jungle,
 Our mettle was never yet called for in vain.
 Our handful rode through them, let Britons remember—
 Those Muscovite squadrons, massed troop upon troop,
 As blithely as now, through the mists of November,
 We ride, from the find to the final "who-whoop!"

* * * * *

The broad sea of turf begins rising and falling
 Already: the chest heaves, the strong muscles fail;
 One effort, the last one, the crisis forestalling,
 At the stiff ditch-and-bank with the newly-cut rail.
 Hey over! good horse! with your nose in the clover;
 Look, yonder he goes by the willows. . . . He's done!
 They have got him! . . . our toil and his troubles are over,
 And we canter alone to the end of the run.

GEOFFREY DE HOLDEN-STONE.

The "White Horse," Fetter Lane.

ONE by one the old coaching inns of the metropolis are disappearing, and it will not be long now before the Londoner who would become acquainted with a hostelry of the good old days where our grandsires put up on their journeys will have to make his searches further afield, and visit some provincial towns, where a few interesting examples are still to be found.

It is scarcely a year since that, amidst general regret, that well-known coaching house the "Old Bell," Holborn, the last representative of the old galleried inns on the north side of the Thames, was pulled down, and the deservedly popular Ridler's Hotel, formerly Fagg's "Bell and Crown Inn," has just shared its fate.

Across the road, a few doors down Fetter Lane, stood, until quite recently, the old "White Horse"—in a very different condition perhaps from the days when no fewer than thirty-seven stage-coaches started from its doors, yet outwardly not materially changed from the building as represented in James Pollard's well-known picture entitled "The Cambridge Telegraph leaving the White Horse, Fetter Lane (1828)," an engraving of which accompanies this article. True, the "White Horse Tavern and Family Hotel" had become the "White Horse Chambers," and the quaint old coach office was a newspaper shop, while the sign, the badge of the House of Hanover, had disappeared, and the iron bracket over the door which held a lamp was empty.

In its day this was one of the most noted coaching and posting houses of the metropolis, and was kept by William Chaplin, the

largest of the London proprietors, who also had the "Spread Eagle," Gracechurch Street (since converted into a building of counting-houses and offices), and the "Swan with Two Necks," Lad Lane (now a railway goods station).

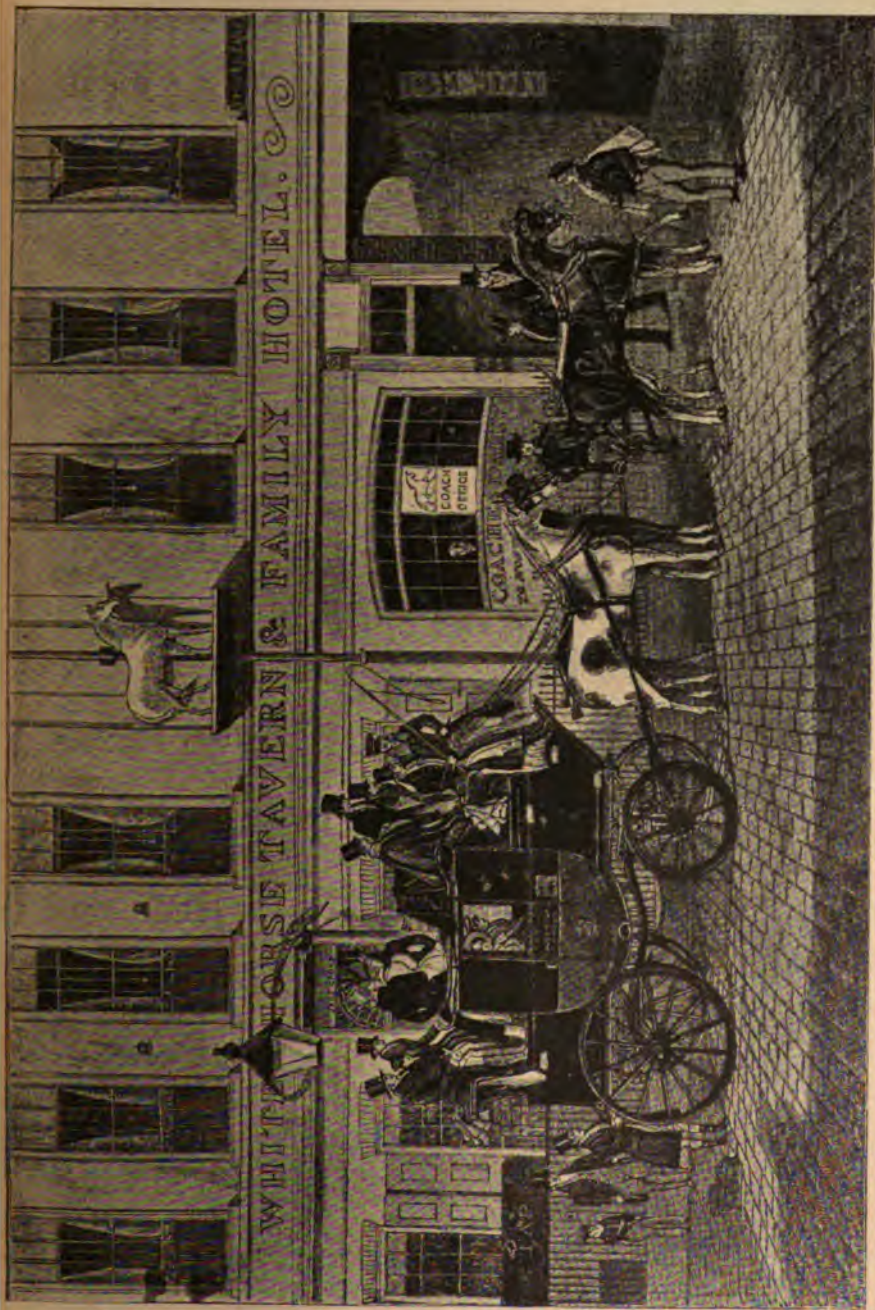
As was then the custom, Chaplin had the signs of his various inns painted on the door or hind boot of his coaches. Thus a white horse, a spread eagle, or a swan with two necks was represented according to the inn from which the coach started.

Mention has already been made of the large number of coaches which left the "White Horse," among which were: the Dover, Portsmouth, and Yarmouth Auxiliary Mails; while stage-coaches were represented by the famous Manchester Telegraph, which did the 186 miles in 18½ hours, and went *via* Northampton, Market Harborough and Leicester; the York Highflyer, a light post coach, the Shrewsbury Triumph, the Norwich Magnet, the Poole and Salisbury coaches, and others too numerous to mention.

It will not be surprising, therefore, to learn that the yard of the inn provided stable accommodation for over seventy horses.

This hostelry had many aristocratic visitors, and it is recorded that Lord Chancellor Eldon stayed there in 1766. The following extract from his "Life" gives a good idea of life in Fetter Lane at that date:—

"After I got to town, my brother, now Lord Stowell, met me at the 'White Horse' in Fetter Lane, Holborn, then the great Oxford House, as I was told. He took me to see the play at Drury Lane. When we came out of the house it rained hard.



THE CAMBRIDGE TELEGRAPH, "WHITE HORSE," FETTER LANE.

After J. Pollard.



There were then few hackney coaches, and we got both into one sedan chair. Turning out of Fleet Street into Fetter Lane, there was a sort of contest between our chairman and some persons who were coming up Fleet Street, whether they should first pass Fleet Street or we in our chair first get out of Fleet Street into Fetter Lane. In the

struggle the sedan chair was over-set with us in it."

In conclusion it may be mentioned that it was Mr. Roberts, nephew of the afore-mentioned Chaplin, who first planned the principle of placing the driving-box upon springs, much to the satisfaction of coachmen, who had hitherto been severely bumped on the old coach-box.

W. FRADGLEY MOORE.

Hares.

WITH the end of February comes the end of the old English sport of hare-hunting, the sport celebrated in old English ballads, the "hunting" which King Charles the Second, of merry memory, pursued on Newmarket Heath as his grandfather did on the chalk downs above Royston assisted by the historic "Towler" and other hounds. The "Dog Derby" at Formby is over; in the Waterloo Cup, which dates from the year of the Queen's Accession, has culminated the apotheosis of coursing, the Blue Ribbon of the Leash. But (as ground game) "poor Puss" is still unprotected by close months on this side St. George's Channel, though hares, English-bred, may not, by a recent Act, be exposed for sale between March and July.

But hare-shooting has never ranked as first-class sport in England, it merely adds variety to a mixed bag in certain parts of the country, chiefly wild open grass land, where hares are specially plentiful. In Germany, however, the Emperor is wont to have an annual grand battue of hares, hundreds falling in one day to his gun. It is as the objective

of harriers and beagles and their green-coated huntsman that the hare, with us, ranks, primarily, as an object of chase. But on no account can she be classed in the same category with the fox, for the timid, mean-spirited little creature is addicted to ringing round in a circle, thereby, however, adding to the enjoyment of the footmen and roadsters of the field. "To hold with the hare and run with the hounds" is an old proverb which illustrates the sport, though nowadays those who practise it figuratively would be termed in America "copper-heads," or described as sitting on a rail.

In proverb and poetry, generally, the timid hare ranks as a poor thing. Dryden, in his "Hind and Panther," a political allegory, uses her as the type of the Quakers:—

"Among the timid kind, the quaking hare
Professed neutrality, but would not
sware."

"Hair-brained" is Shakesperian for rash, though now it has come to mean feather-headed, while "mad as a March hare" was a recognised term of contempt long before Alice's Tea-party made

Lewis Carroll's delightful creation a classic character in English literature. Shakespeare's Prince Hal avers himself as melancholy as a hare or a lover's lute, the eating of hare's flesh being supposed, in a day when certain foods were imagined directly to affect the mind, to engender melancholy.

Despite her seemingly inoffensive character, the hare in folklore has a certain flavour of necromancy. A "hare's lip" malformation in human beings is, we learn from King Lear, equally with a squint, the work of "that foul fiend Flibbertigibbet." Then witches were wont, on occasion, to assume the forms of hares, though they preferred those of black cats. Thus it was unlucky, on setting out in the morning, if a hare crossed your path, as Ellison hath it in his "Trip to Benwell":

"Nor did we meet, with nimble feet,
One fearful little lepus,
That certain sign, as some divine,
Of fortune bad, to keep us."

The nimbleness of the hare's foot gave a nickname to one of our Danish kings, Knut's second son, Harold Harefoot. But, nowadays, we associate the delicate little brush with which Nature has provided Poor Wat behind each foot, and with which he is wont to perform his dainty toilet, with the actor's dressing-room, as a *sine qua non* in the mysteries of "make-up" which contribute so much to the actor's art. The old saying, "to kiss the hare's foot," i.e., to be late for anything, the day after the fair, implies that the hare has passed by, and that only her footprint remains. But the name of the beautiful blue harebell, which, like the hare itself, is a denizen for choice of free open down-land with short herbage, has nothing to do with the animal.

It is derived from Ayr, which means, in Welsh, balloon, or distended globe. Neither does it appear that the Harestone in the parish of Sancred in Cornwall, a boundary-stone, has any connection with a hare.

For all her timidity the hare has her wiles, for she possesses powers of instinct allotted to few animals. Before settling for the day in the open field for feeding purposes, the hare, as a general rule, doubles back upon her track for a distance of from thirty to forty yards, and then, immediately before settling down, makes a spring to the right or left, of a distance of eight or nine feet. She will allow the sportsman or the hound to pass two or three yards beyond the point where she has doubled, and then will slip off immediately in their rear, unperceived, by this means gaining a considerable start, and not unfrequently baffling her pursuers. When the snow is on the ground this little manoeuvre of poor puss may easily be traced, and even the tiny marks of very young leverets can be discovered figuratively following in their parents' footsteps.

The hare of northern climes, called the Alpine or varying hare, and in these Isles an inhabitant only of northern Scotland, is of yet deeper guile. Like the Arctic fox and the ermine, she varies the hue of her fur, changing by each November from a dark grey into a pure white, which defies detection in the snow.

Cooper, the poet, has left us in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of more than a century ago, a full account of his pet hares, Puss, Tiny and Bess. They roamed freely about the house by day, were on perfectly friendly terms with himself and many of the *habitués*, human and canine, of his establishment, and even bullied

the domestic cat. Tiny, who lived to be nine years old, was never very susceptible to kindness, but remained all his life of a surly disposition, and inclined to bite, even when at play. Puss, on the other hand, preferred human society to that of his kind, fed out of his master's hand simultaneously with Marquis the spaniel, and would attract the former's attention when he wanted to be taken for a walk in the garden, by pulling at his coat or drumming on his knee. When sick he allowed his master to carry him about in his arms, and once, on recovering from a serious indis-

position, through which the eccentric poet had carefully nursed him, evinced his gratitude by licking his master's hand all over, finger by finger.

"First catch your hare, then cook it," were the immortal words of a celebrated *cuisinière*, Mrs. Glasse; and, indeed, in death the hare is not to be despised. He forms the prince of *purées*; in conjunction with forcemeat balls and red-currant jelly, he is a thing of joy in youth, and then delights us by springing Phoenix-like from his remains in the peculiarly British dish with the name of "jugged" hare.

T. H. C.

Englishwomen and their Sports and Games.

PART I.

WHEN England was a Catholic country, when her liberties and traditions were in the making, the clergy, with a few exceptions, were great encouragers of the national sporting passion; and this fact helps us to understand why women and girls were then so devoted to out-of-door sports and pastimes. While those who belonged to the humble classes were playing a great many pleasant games, now gone where the old moons go, ladies of the first fashion were moved by a feeling equal and similar to that which caused Sir Thomas More to say that he delighted

"To hunt and hawke, to nourish up and fede

The greyhounds to the course, the hawke to th' flight,

And to bestride a good and lusty stede."

Nor am I aware that these mas-

culine Di Vernons seemed in the least degree unwomanly to the knights whose training inured them to every form of hardship in the open air, from sleeping in the coldest nights under the stars to running through the heat at midsummer when the sun made their suits of armour as hot as a bread oven. Such athletes needed wives pretty well of a piece with them. Imagine what a bickering unrest there would be in a modern household if paterfamilias missed half his curtain lectures in order to pass the night on the tennis lawn, or else on a road where a doctor's carriage might rouse him suddenly, having turned his sleep into "a joyous passage of arms." We have here enough mediævalism to disturb the whole groundwork of our delicate social system.

The first marked change in the

relation of each sex to the other had its origin in the Reformation, at which time most men, without becoming more truly chivalrous, began to form new ideas as to what the lives of women ought to be. It was not, however, till the Reformed Religion had hardened into Puritanism, that the ideal of a very indolent and debilitating life indoors was sternly enforced upon most girls of good family. One is not surprised that the Puritans should have set on foot this national conspiracy against the health of the gentler sex; but it is surprising to think that this conspiracy went on during the hundred years that followed the Restoration. At the beginning of the eighteenth century even Addison lost his common-sense as soon as he thought it his duty to write about women and their amusements. "An equestrian lady," "a rural Andromache, who made nothing of leaping over a six-bar gate," annoyed this gentle and winning humourist. Can he have been piqued? Was he secretly conscious of his own effeminacy? Be this as it may, he never realised that English girls had English instincts, and that those who were unusually high-spirited could not but rebel against the tediousness of their home training. This is why he spoke with such a daintily fastidious contempt of "the female cavaliers," who dressed themselves in a hat and feather, a riding coat and periwig. But they had their revenge. When the Spectator met one of them in Hyde Park, what could he do but gasp, seeing that "she stared at him with masculine assurance, and cocked her hat full in his face!" At Bury, in Suffolk, there lived a still more adventurous little group of sportswomen, but Addison (I regret to say) never encountered them. These ladies *were in a great vaine*

of wearing breeches; and this means that they anticipated the Zouave knickerbockers worn by some of our lady bicyclists. Can the modern woman ever be original?

IN EARLY ANGLO-SAXON TIMES.

But in spite of what I have just said, the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were to the great majority of English gentlewomen as dull as cards were without gambling and systematic cheating. The early Anglo-Saxon ladies were far freer. Indeed, their freedom was excessive, as may be gathered from the fact that they could exercise their tempers and their arms by scourging their female slaves to death. This is horrible, no doubt; but the tongues of some modern housewives scourge not much less cruelly than the Anglo-Saxon thongs. So I pass on to the pleasant fact that every village had then a public playground where the two sexes sported together on feast days; and we are told that the boys, after wrestling, jumping, and throwing the stone, "mutually applauded one another with songs and musical instruments," so that there was a recognised etiquette of politeness even in those iron times.

Fitz Stephen, a scribbling monk of the twelfth century, relates how on public holidays during the summer the London girls danced in the fields, played upon timbrels, and showed in many other ways why our country was then called *Merry England*. In the evening, also, after prayers, they danced for garlands, their masters and mistresses being the judges; and the prizes hung all day "athwart the street," that they might excite the greatest amount of public interest. Even the slave girls had in earlier times the right of competing for the garlands. They

were free on the joyous days of public festival, when the whole country seems to have been a happy democracy.

During the Easter holidays girls played handball, and the prize was an aromatic tansy cake which may have been a survival of the Jewish custom of eating bitter herbs at the feast of the Passover. In Newcastle the mayor went in state to the little Mall of the town, there to watch the games, and probably to give away the cakes. But of all these public pastimes the most interesting took place on the Tuesday following the second Sunday after Easter. Hoke Day or Hock Day is mentioned by Matthew Paris, whom we may perhaps describe as the Froude of the thirteenth century. Even then, of course, the festival was old, time-honoured. Sometimes it was called Binding Tuesday, because the men and women bound one another, "and especially the women the men," says Sir Henry Spelman, who probably saw some of the first performances of Shakespeare's plays. In Hampshire, and perhaps in other counties, the men hocked the women on Monday, while on the great day, the Tuesday, it was the women who bound the men. This is a sure sign that civilisation was progressing, that popular opinion was in favour of a ceremonious deference shown to the fair beligerent sex in general. We are all too apt to regard chivalry as an aristocratic agency which never softened and refined the manners of the working classes. Let us then remember that on Hoke Day the women were the chief actors in a great national festival. What did they do? In the first place they stretched ropes across the street, forming a sort of prison; then they bound and imprisoned every man whom they could catch;

and if the captives wished to regain their liberty then they had to give something to a "pious charity." It is thought that this festival commemorated the death of Hardicanute, which severed the connection between the crowns of England and Denmark. The binding part of the ceremony may have reminded the English that they had been slaves under the Danes; and perhaps a prisoner, when paying his ransom in a gift of money to a pious charity, returned thanks to Heaven for the recovered freedom of his race. Under the Norman kings, however, the real meaning of the ceremonies must have grown dim, I should think, in the popular mind. Yet the rejoicings on Hoke Day went on, and in some towns they were still famous during Elizabeth's reign. In Coventry, for example, there was then a great mimic fight between two bands of amateur players, one representing the Danes, the other the Saxons, and, thanks to their women folk, the Saxons led their foes captive. "This play," we are told, "was performed before Queen Elizabeth, who laughed much at the pageant, and bestowed upon the performers two bucks and five marks of money."

PAGEANTS.

The Roman Catholic Church has never failed to quicken the dramatic instinct, as well as to awaken and foster a passion for stirring music and beautiful colours. This is why Catholic peoples have ever been specially noted for their delight in brilliant pageants. And has it ever occurred to you, that if Puritanism had appeared and grown strong in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the whole main current of the national literature would

have flowed away from the wondrous mundane interests so common in the great human drama? Shakespeare, for example, would never have been the greatest of all playwrights. It is well for us all that the public for which he wrote had not yet estranged itself from that old fondness for spectacular ceremonies which Catholicism had fostered during so many centuries. We who are Protestants should remember this; and let us never forget that Shakespeare did for the world's drama precisely what the noble Catholic painters achieved for the world's art; for he created and made popular hitherto undreamed-of types of glorious womanhood. It was thus that chivalry was exalted into an art for ever new and beautiful, winning, ennobling; and great was the disgust and horror of such Elizabethan puritans as Gosson and Stubbs!

I have made these remarks only because we are all too apt to forget that a deep meaning underlies every historic account of the street-ceremonies by which our mediæval ancestors set the greatest store. This delight was indeed, the acorn out of which the oak-tree of Shakespeare's genius was to grow. I now add that women took part in every pageant, and it is curious to note how the Anglo-Saxon spirit of rude comedy, of burlesque, gave a quaint character to even the most impressive pageantries. For example, when the whole population of London turned out to honour Henry the Fifth after his ever-memorable victory at Agincourt, it was not an official of high rank who at the entrance of London Bridge recited the ode of welcome and thanksgiving,—it was “a huge giant”; and while the populace gazed at a lion and

an antelope placed on the top of one temporary tower, a choir of angels cleared its throat on the summit of another hard by, and then sang “Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.” Elsewhere, standing on a tower at Cornhill, the patriarchs of the City not only “sang unto the Lord a new song,” but threw live birds at their king, “that flew thick” about his head. Yes, it was a popular holiday indeed. At Cheapside the conduits ran wine, instead of water, and more angels on towers “showered down gold pieces, or imitations of the same.”

Such pageants rejoiced every heart “in the brave days of old.” Now and then, however, they led to things more distressing than we moderns can describe. We learn, for instance, from Mr. Ditchfield's charming “Story of our English Towns,” that in Chester, on the eve of the festival of John the Baptist, there was long a famous pageant known as “the setting of the watch,” in which the chief actors were a camel, an ass, a dromedary, a dragon, a unicorn, four pasteboard giants, and sixteen living, naked little boys, winged as Cupids. Now these little boys were dear to the whole city. Year after year the old Rows were crowded with their admirers till a day came when they so shocked the modesty of one mayor that he “whipped them away.” Yes, “and he slew the dragon with the skill of a St. George, and broke the pasteboard giants.” Then the women rebelled, and the men fought the battle, and in due course the historic players were restored. Once more the naked bodies of the sixteen little Cupids either shone in the sun, or else were washed by the rain; and great care was taken

to preserve the giants from enemies more numerous than puritanic mayors would ever be. Those enemies were rats, so that a shilling's worth of arsenic was mixed with the paste when the giants were manufactured.

We pass on now to the games of club-ball and stool-ball, games dear to the girls of England. Club-ball was played in two ways, and both were right. A manuscript in the Bodleian Library, dated 1344, gives a picture representing a girl in the act of throwing the ball to a lad, whose bat is ready to send it flying among some other players, who stand waiting to catch the devious thing. Here, doubtless, we have the origin of cricket. In earlier times only two players seem to have taken part in this game, for only two are seen in a manuscript of Henry III.'s reign, where the batswoman holds the ball, while the other player, like a too eager fielder at point or in the slips, bends forward in a ludicrous position, holding out his hands. How this game was won does not appear. Perhaps the girl always had her way! The secrets of stool-ball seem less obscure. In its simplest form, apparently, a girl sat on a stool and tried to prevent another player from hitting it with a ball. But the sport developed into a kind of rounders. A number of stools, set at a given distance from each other were placed in a great circle round two players, a batsman and a bowler; the batting side sat on the stools, and thus there was some difficulty in starting to run when the ball was hit. D'Urfey sang about this pastime, and perhaps no friend of temperance principles would recite the following verse at a village concert:—

"Down in a vale on a summer's day,
All the lads and the lassies meet to be merry,
A match at kisses and stool-ball to play,
And for cakes and ale, and cider and perry.
Come all, great, small, short, tall, away
to stool-ball!"

ARCHERY.

The games which I have just described were for children only, and from the time of Edward III. every young man of sixteen had to give them up, so that he might qualify himself at the archery butts for the honour of carrying twelve French lives in his quiver. The other sex, too, at least as early as the fourteenth century, enjoyed the fine exercise of the bow, to the injury of rabbits, small birds, and the royal deer. Foremost among the Di Vernons of a later time stands Queen Elizabeth, whom we know as an excellent archer and a plucky rider in the chase. Then one may call special attention to the Lady Catherine Howard, Lord Berkeley's first wife, who was "soe good an archer at butts with the long bow, as her side by her was never the weaker." As a rule, also, she kept "a cast or two of merlins, which sometimes she mewed in her own chamber," and this "fancy cost her husband, every year, one or two gowns or kirtles, spoyled by the birds' mutings."

Last of all, Englishwomen have every reason to be proud of the fact that our first printed book on field sports was compiled by a lady, Juliana Berners by name, who lived and died in the fifteenth century. It is of her and of her famous volume that I purpose to speak next month. Meanwhile, by way of bringing this article to a close, let me remind you that in recent years our

national sporting passion has done more for the gentler sex than have all "the women reformers" put together. Indeed, while these poor feverish enthusiasts have been convincing us how urgently

they need a long sea voyage, the bicycle has restored to the fair that out-of-door liberty and exercise against which even Addison protested.

WALTER SHAW SPARROW.

The Grey Fox of Rubers Law.

I.

WE roused a dog-fox from his lair on the Law,
As he stole down the rugged hill side,
Thro' the heather and boulders I thought I saw
We were in that day for a ride.

II.

I marked his grey back and his sharp-pointed nose,
And his long body limber and lean,
So supple all over from shoulder to toes,
And the best brush that ever was seen.

III.

He broke from the bracken, and halted the while
That he took to the rear one quick glance,
I said to "Tom Scott," who agreed with a smile,
"That chap means to lead us a dance."

IV.

For light as a lapwing flits over a lea,
Or a swallow skims over a pool,
And straight as a dart or the home-going bee
Did that grey fox slip down to the Rule.

V.

But "Woodman" had winded the spot where he lay,
And he soon told the pack of his find,
Nor holloa nor horn did they wait for that day
As they sped down the slope like the wind.

VI.

And "Regent" and "Marmion" raced for the lead,
While the pack threw their tongues like church bells,
'Twas clear that the hound had the heels of the steed
As we splashed thro' the ford above Wells.

VII.

On Bedrule the pace was increased to the height—
'Twas a hot burning scent without doubt,
We thrust down the hill, holding hard, sitting tight,
From Swinnie farm-house came a shout.

VIII.

For "Dick o' the Swinnie" had heard the hounds cry,
And he straightway stopped threshing his corn,
He seized his old mare who was grazing close by,
And was screaming as loud as the horn.

IX.

They ran past the Blackaburn earths which were stopped,
And we lost them awhile in the dip,
Then heard them before us again as we popped
In and out of the Bairnkin strip.

X.

They flew on as fast as a flight of blue rocks,
Nor needed nor wanted to stoop,
They drove on the line of that Rubers Law fox
As a hawk at a linnet will swoop.

XI.

Forrard on, forrard on ; hark ! forrard away,
Up to Caradice fast they were led
By "Pirate" and "Pilgrim"—no skirters that day ;
They dashed into and over the Jed.

XII.

They pushed thro' the Corisheugh Woods to the Flat
Hunting hard, and from there drove across
The road, where a stone-breaker held up his hat,
And they wheeled sharp in Scraesburgh Moss.

XIII.

They wavered a moment on ground stained by sheep,
While the flock were drawn up in alarm,
The cottagers viewed him all stealthily creep
Thro' a hedge behind Jim Johnstone's farm.

XIV.

Only two fields in front—dead beat—he was burst !
Hounds were gaining at every stride,
He struggled on game to the end, but he durst
Not venture to make Birken-side.

XV.

We rode on and whooped with the last of our breath,
In the bank what a great sight we saw ;
For there, beside Marmion, all stiff in death,
Lay that grand old grey fox of the Law.

TEVIOTDALE.

Breaking Dogs for the Gun.

SEVERAL methods have been advocated for breaking dogs for the gun, some of which are barbarous in their treatment; others, although of a less stringent nature, are not bereft of a certain amount of cruelty. My endeavour will, however, be to point out how a dog may be taught to be efficient in the field without ill-usage of any sort. When taking a young dog in hand, whether it be a Pointer or a Setter, Retriever or Spaniel, the first object of the trainer should be to gain the full confidence of his pupil, and this cannot be done except by kindness. In dealing with the dog, it must not be forgotten that he is highly sympathetic, and is as quick to resent a rebuff as he is to acknowledge a favour; that instinct in his case borders closely upon reason. It is therefore desirable that he be led to look upon himself as a companion rather than a slave. A golden rule to be strictly followed when breaking a dog is never to lose your temper. A false step in this direction may entirely spoil an otherwise promising puppy.

It is not my intention in this paper to follow the plan of breaking dogs usually adopted by the professional breaker, whose object is to get his work done as quickly as possible and pocket his fee, but rather to endeavour by a few suggestions to assist the amateur who has a puppy which he is desirous of training himself; for it goes without saying that the pleasure is greatly increased when you are shooting over a dog that has been broken by yourself. Indeed, there are few occupations more enjoyable to anyone who has the time to spare and the aptitude for the work than breaking a Pointer or Setter puppy.

There is as much in the education of a dog as there is in that of a human being. By constantly having your puppy with you his mind will develop, and he will soon learn what he is required to do, but your duties will be considerably lightened if your pupil has been bred from animals that have gained a reputation for work. This fact is brought before us every day. The puppies of dogs that are accustomed to live in the house are, as a rule, naturally clean in their habits from their birth, whilst it is the contrary with those that are kept in kennels. It is, therefore, quite natural to suppose that the puppy that is bred from two well-trained and accomplished dogs will be more easy to break than one whose parents have been improperly broken or who are minus the requirements of a good working Pointer or Setter.

No definite age can be fixed when a puppy may be taken in hand to receive the first lesson, for one may be as forward at five months old as another is at ten, but it is safe to begin as soon as the youngster has lost his puppy habits. Nothing, however, must be done in the way of tuition until the pupil is thoroughly accustomed to the voice and habits of his breaker, and then very little at a time, and some sort of a reward should be given at the conclusion of each day's work; indeed, whenever any meritorious action has been done he should be given a tit-bit of some sort or other, which it is well to keep in your pocket ready for the occasion. Attention of this sort and words of praise should always be employed when breaking puppies, for no animal is more susceptible to flattery than



the dog, and by these means he becomes a willing learner and enters with zest into his work.

Before taking the puppy into the field to seek game, he must be taught to keep to heel, and it is also advisable that he should have learnt to drop to hand; the former is easy and can be done very early in life; the latter requires some care in teaching, but is not difficult. Possibly the quickest way to teach a puppy to drop to hand is by the check cord and peg, but before this is used the wearer must have become accustomed to be tied up, or the fact of being restrained by the cord will drive him frantic and do more harm than good. A more satisfactory plan when teaching the art of dropping to hand is to take the puppy into a fifty-acre field, put him down on his belly and hold up your hand, cautioning him whenever he attempts to move and putting him back to the same place. Then walk backwards, still holding up your hand, and the puppy will soon learn what he is required to do and will remain in the position until he is ordered to move on. When the check cord and peg are used, the peg is driven into the ground and the cord tied to the collar, but this is not necessary at this early stage of tuition and is more generally used when a dog is disinclined to back another that is pointing game.

So far the puppy will keep to heel, drop to hand, and will go on at a wave of the arm; the next step is to let him find birds. In doing so, be careful to give him the wind, but he will probably flush and chase them until they are out of sight. There is no harm in this, as it encourages him to hunt on another occasion, but the whistle must be used when nearing a fence to impress upon him that he must not break field.

Then on his return he must be dropped to hand about the place where he was when the birds rose, this with a view to teaching him that he should drop to wing. After a few performances of this description he will show some disposition to point; in fact, some young Pointers and Setters will do so the first time they find birds, but these seldom make wide rangers, which is absolutely necessary now that the stubbles are cut so close. When your pupil stands at his first point is the time to make much of him. Get to him, if possible, before the birds rise, and drop him to hand directly they do so, at the same time patting him and letting him know that you are pleased with him; then reward him and take him home. In a few days he will understand that he must drop to wing when birds rise, or to fur if a hare goes away. To chase the latter is a temptation, particularly to a puppy, and there is often great difficulty in making him steady to fur, but it can be done with perseverance and good management. Where hares are scarce, some breakers will turn down rabbits in front of their pupils, and so teach them to take no notice of ground game on the move.

There is yet much to be done before perfection is reached, which desirable state of things may be frustrated the first time a gun goes off, for the puppy may be gun-shy. The breaker will, however, have probably had his suspicions of this had it been the case. There is a something about a gun-shy dog that generally shows itself even in his early puppyhood; he will start at any unusual sound, and be generally nervous. This more often occurs with puppies that are kept in kennels than with those that have their liberty and see and hear

what is going on. A dog when gun-shy is useless, but a puppy may sometimes be cured of it. A very old plan is to fire off a pistol at feeding-time, and so the sound is associated with something that is pleasant; another is to couple the delinquent to a staunch old dog and kill a bird in front of them. This is the most likely thing to make a puppy become reconciled to the sound of a gun, but the bird must be shown to him. Should, however, there be no difficulty in this connection, there is yet a most important part of his training to be attended to: he must be taught to back. In this, however, a surprise may be in store for the handler, and his pupil may take to backing naturally, but it is more likely that he will go in front and take the point of the dog that is standing, who should be an old stager not likely to be influenced by his inexperienced companion. The latter may, however, take no notice at all. On either of the two last circumstances occurring he must be taken behind the dog at point and put down. If, however, he will not back after this having been done a few times, the check cord and peg must be resorted to.

Although undesirable, as their use cramps the action of the dog, the check cord and peg are absolutely necessary in cases where puppies persist in chasing hares, or refuse to point or back; and there is another contrivance called the puzzle peg, which is brought into requisition to make a Pointer or Setter carry his head high when in quest of game; it is a decided defect in either to carry its head low when quartering.

A Retriever cannot be broken without a check cord or lead; indeed, there are very few that are ever quite safe without the latter,

for when it is considered that the Retriever is desired to remain at heel whilst the Pointer is working in front and finding game, the temptation is great to run in. So much so is this the case that, in order to prevent such an occurrence, there is a cruel invention called the spiked collar, which some breakers use; this is no more or less than an ordinary collar with spikes inside, which puncture the throat of the dog when he reaches the end of the lead, and is an inhuman instrument which should not be allowed. The desire to retrieve in this dog is handed down from generation to generation, so there is little difficulty in teaching him to fetch and carry, his early tuition being carried on with a glove or soft ball. Nothing hard should be used, as the desire is that he be tender in the mouth, and, when properly trained, that he should carry a live bird without injuring a feather. He must, of course, be taught to drop to hand and keep to heel, and to retrieve from water; the last-named, however, is not always taken to kindly; but it is most important that a Retriever be well trained in this respect, as it is very annoying to see a dog, when retrieving a duck or snipe from the water, carry it out on the opposite side of the stream, which is not an unusual occurrence. Then matters are worse if he commence to make a meal of his capture. As a rule little trouble is experienced in getting a Retriever to take to the water; but, when there is, he must be enticed to fetch a piece of biscuit or something that he likes first from the edge of the stream and then by degrees from the centre. These lessons should be given when the water is warm. Puppies often contract the habit of mangling their game from



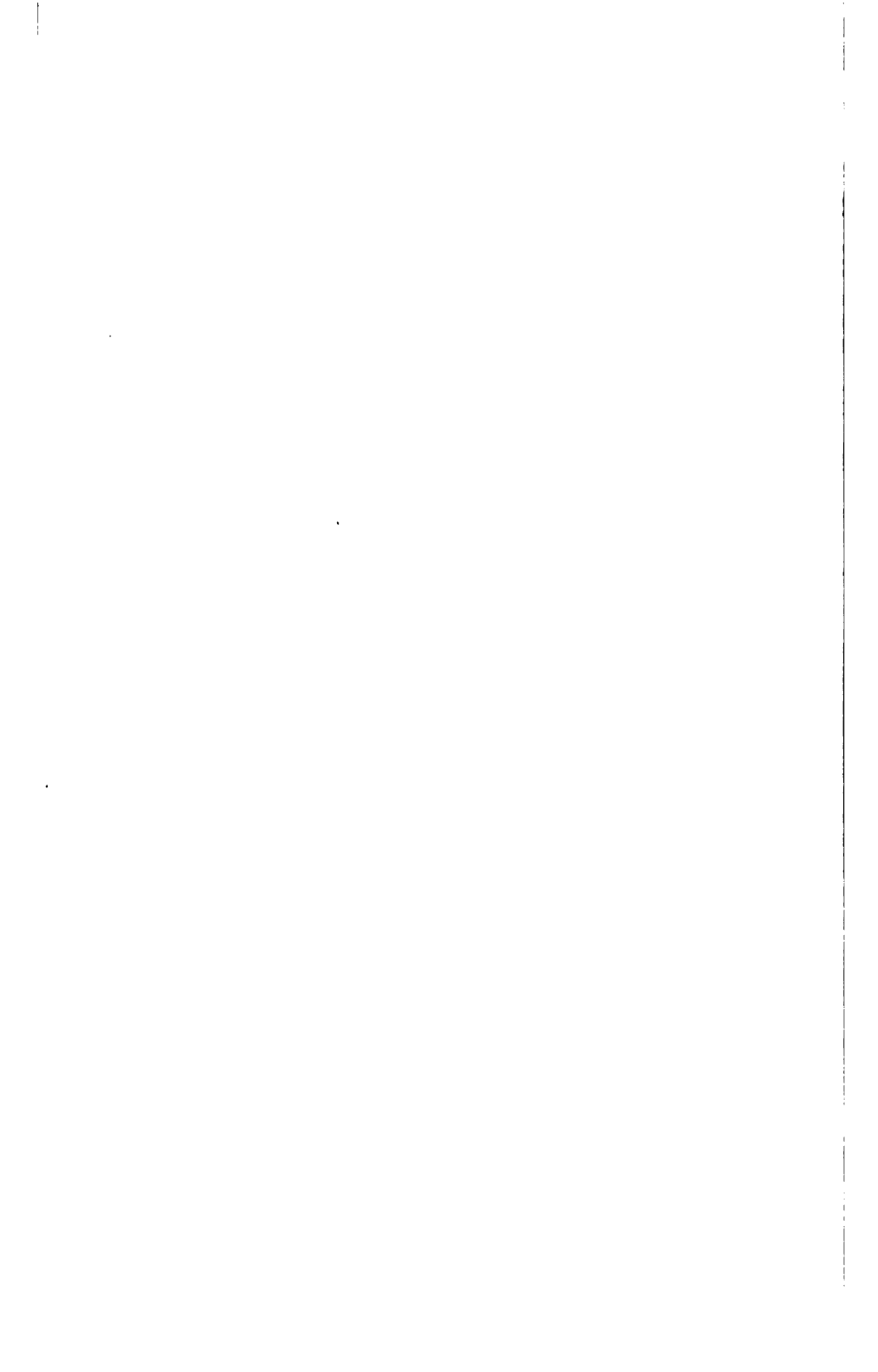
From a photograph by C. Reid.]

POINTER DRAWING ON TO BIRDS.



From a photograph by C. Reid.]

CURLY-COATED RETRIEVER.



having been sent to retrieve a wounded bird. It is better to knock the latter on the head first than to do this, as the puppy may think it is his duty to kill the bird; not until he is well accustomed to retrieve dead partridges should he be allowed to fetch one that is wounded and alive. Then if he be sent after a runner and cannot make it out, a dead bird should be hidden somewhere near the spot, and when he finds the latter he should be rewarded the same as if he had secured the runner. For a hard-mouthed Retriever there is an instrument called a Retriever bit, which is in the shape of a U, which, when put into his mouth, prevents him from biting his game. It is essential that game be retrieved quickly; any hesitation in this respect indicates that the dog if he sees a chance will appropriate the bird for his own use.

The early tuition of the Spaniel is the same as that of the Retriever, and he can be taught to drop to shot the same as a Pointer or Setter. The difficulty with the Spaniel is to keep him from hunting out of gunshot range.

Continually dropping him to hand when he gets too wide may make him understand what is required of him, but if it does not the check cord must be applied. The Irish Water Spaniel requires the same treatment as the Retriever. Clumber Spaniels sometimes take the place of beaters, and are worked in teams; and when tutoring them, two people should be present, the handler and a whipper-in, the latter to make them answer quickly to the whistle and to keep them within bounds. If they are too wild or chase, the check cord and peg will be required, and sometimes a collar loaded with shot is put on their necks to keep them from going too fast. A Spaniel should work about 20 yards in front of the gun, and when he is steady will drop to shot and retrieve. A good bag may be made over him if there be plenty of game to be found. When worked in teams and in thick coverts bells are sometimes attached to their collars, in order that the guns may know in which direction they are working.

F. GRESHAM.

Character and Characters in the Hunting Field.

We fancy that hunting had not long emerged from the mists of obscurity until some antediluvian philosopher compared life and its complexities to a run with hounds. At any rate, there is no doubt that the simile is good, and is one which has been used ever since "to point a moral or adorn a tale." Perhaps in no other sphere of life can character be so clearly and pleasantly studied as in the

hunting field. Men's characters there appear more in undress uniform, so to speak. The spice of danger, with its consequent excitement, and the mixture of coolness and daring required, all tend to make a man appear in his true colours.

In the hunting field some of those primeval instincts, often so necessary for success in the sterner duties of life, are of more value

than the refined attributes which have been evolved and developed by civilisation. When a man essays to ride across country, there is a kind of search-light thrown on his toughness of character and readiness of resource, with the result of sometimes agreeably surprising his friends, or, on the other hand, of disagreeably surprising himself. In what singularly different ways different men enjoy themselves when out hunting, and what contrasts they present when riding to hounds. One man will adopt the obvious, the direct method—the method which we all adopt when we are on our feet—but many men try the indirect method, trusting largely to luck; while others again take no thought at all, trusting entirely to the accidental method to bring them once more in touch with the hounds.

In the field of sport, as in the field of battle, there will appear many unexpected characteristics, born of the instantaneous requirements of both fields, sprung to life in those "tight places" where audacious daring wins, and half-hearted efforts only court disaster or falls. In the mirrored warfare of the hunting field many useful lessons are taught us, lessons no less useful in the quieter walks of life than in the stirring scenes of war. For only in a different degree is hunting the image of life than it is the image of war; and when we regard it as illustrating life we think we find an even truer reflection than that thrown on warfare. In war there can be little of the amusing episodes which go to make up so much of life in the hunting-field. But in hunting, as in war, we feel sure that most of the finer, and even the more lovable sides of character are strongly brought out: those phases of character which

are found in the finer moments of life.

The participation in a manly and healthy sport forms a bond of union between men which few other objects effect: therefore it is no wonder that hunting friendships are often of the warmest and most appreciative kind. The pursuit of this exciting sport and the presence of danger bring out, as we have said before, the real and more likeable part of a man's nature. Friendship between hunting men has been so strong, so based on mutual liking, that it often survives that most crucial of tests between friends: the sale of a horse! As we get older the stern and pressing exigencies of life tend to drive out the smaller friendships, while those of the hunting-field, with their frequent opportunities for renewal, live on. It is not unlikely, too, that true character appears more during the hours of sport, and particularly in the sport we are considering, than in the sometimes distasteful routine of daily life. And, at any rate, we think that the fine optimism taught us in the hunting-field is a good antidote to the work-a-day pessimism which, now and then, affects both mind and body.

When we turn to the hunting-field and survey its mankind, from the aristocratic "shires" to the remotest Harrier pack in the remotest hamlet of the kingdom, we find, of course, that love of sport is the great motive power animating the hunting population. But some of the men who appear day after day at the covert side have few of the attributes of the sportsman. What a diversity of motives it is which leads—we had almost said drives—men to hunt.

There are many men who hunt who cannot be said to ride. They never really attempt to go across

country, while the attempts of others always seem to end in failure: something ever prevents their surviving the first few minutes of a run. They are crushed out by the hardness of life, and, strange to say, this continual crushing does not seem to affect their spirits or alter their opinion of that illusive success which they ever pursue. But they are no small gifts which enable a man to be invariably successful in riding to hounds. In a field of from two to three hundred it is not an easy matter to seize the right moment to push off from one's moorings, and this is often a trying process, even to the nerve-hardened and skilful horseman.

It is well known that some men hunt for their livers, and for the good of their general health, believing that a generous draught of fresh air and sport does more for their ills than all the drugs of the *Pharmacopœia*. Some of these men emerge from their livership bondage and become keen sportsmen, often rising from the "ruck" to the first flight. Under any circumstances the liverish sportsman should not be despised, indeed he should be carefully cultivated, for he is often a wealthy gentleman who, although his purse is in inverse ratio to his knowledge of sport, may become a generous subscriber to the hunt funds, so that he should always be treated with respect.

Then there is that peculiar type: the man who rides for the sake of his clothes, and who, for all actual hunting risks, is as safe in the hunting-field as in his arm-chair. But if we can impeach his sporting character, the outward and visible signs of sport are all shown in the variety and splendour of his wardrobe, and if they at all symbolised

his riding he would take a place in the first rank. This gentleman is closely allied to the summer sportsman, who is little in evidence during the season, but who, when all signs of hunting have disappeared, walks abroad in the horriest of clothes, and paints, "with a full brush," the doings of those somewhat mythical animals: "my horses" during the past campaign. It may seem strange that the hunting-field—an altogether joyous pleasaunce—should sometimes contain a specimen of the profound pessimist; one who grumbles at everything, who sees direst grief in each fence, and who rides with such nervous caution that his hunter may be described as merely a hack. When this man has, perforce, to jump a really awkward fence, he runs more risk from his unfortunate lack of nerve than those daring spirits whose doings he affects to decry. Yet this nervous grumbler may be a good sportsman and a keen lover of hunting. He seems never happy in the hunting-field, but is still more unhappy out of it. He generally devotes himself to a Harrier pack, where he has more time for reflection at his fences. He is the exact antipodes of the dashing youth who, in hot haste, carves his way from field to field, regards falls as merely incidental interruptions to his onward flight, who emphatically hunts to ride, and who sometimes, one would think, rides to fall. Yet in his heart how the somewhat superfluous veteran must envy the splendid irrepressibility of the youth as he comes up smiling after an apparently terrible "crumpler." How he must wish for a tithe of that valour which leads to triumph or disaster.

We all know the middle-aged, quiet-looking man whom we at once set down as "no thruster."

A few minutes later, if we have been fortunate enough to get clear of the entangling crowd, and are galloping hard with the comparatively few men, who at the end of the first quarter of an hour are the survival of the fittest, we see with surprise our unassuming looking friend. He is sitting down on his horse, and sending him along with steady rhythmic stride, and now we find that he is a first-rate man to hounds. In our hunting-fields there are always some elderly men, veterans well through their sixties, who go beautifully to hounds. Indeed, we know no more exhilarating sight than one of these elderly young men finding his way across country, on apparently the best possible system. His life-long experience has taught him the correct appraisal of danger, and age has not robbed him of resolution, but only mellowed youth's courage. You instinctively know he has always been a fine horseman and a bold rider; for his hand is as light and his seat as firm as of yore. The commencement of each season finds him as "fit" as at the end of the preceding one. He laughs at the increase of years, and never alludes to the possibility of his soon ceasing hunting. He might pose as a Centaur-like figure, representing the triumph of hunting over age. There are a few regular frequenters of the hunting-field who ride more to sell their horses than to hunt, and, of course, it is quite a legitimate way of combining business with pleasure, and to teach the young horse the way he should go; though it is not unlikely that the pleasure of the day will be sacrificed to the business of the hour, and that the rider will look upon his horse less as a mount than as an investment. Some years ago in the South of

Ireland a well-known dealer got a fall. As he was being extricated from underneath his steed he called out, "Gentlemen, you will all bear witness it wasn't the horse's fault!" This seemed to be a generous, almost chivalrous request, but it was not; it was business. This man is one of those who always seem to go best when on a friend's loan. They enjoy nothing so much as the luxury of riding borrowed horses with their own spurs.

To be a Master of Foxhounds has been the great ambition of many hunting men. It is an arduous and responsible position, and one which few men can fill with credit and comfort to themselves and advantage to their followers. That the state of mastership—like matrimony—is considered an honourable one, is proved by the numbers of distinguished men who have been glad to vary the cares of administering a great Government department by hunting a pack of hounds, and counting amongst their ardent followers many of their stern opponents in the Senate. The duties of Master of Foxhounds, of Staghounds and of Harriers are somewhat different. Those in command of the first two have an altogether more anxious time than he who guides the destinies of the "merry harriers." There are many distinct types of Master. The man who enters upon his first mastership often tries to mould himself upon a highly-approved pattern, and lives up to this as best he can until he finds he fills his position naturally. It is, indeed, a post of great responsibility, and one requiring tireless energy, and a happy combination of hardness with the softer and more lovable qualities which tend to make a Master popular. A Master's power is altogether auto-

cratic. He is, perhaps, the most complete autocrat in all the world. His word, be it civil or uncivil, must be regarded as law, law from which there is no appeal. You must not bandy words with Cæsar. If you have been guilty of no wrong and yet have been upbraided you must not upbraid. No commission would ever be appointed to inquire into the conduct of a Master of Hounds; as others are above suspicion, so he is above commissions. His state is so far removed from envy that he can afford to be generous, and he often is.

The ideal Master we all hear of, but seldom meet. He is the man who is supposed to possess the highest qualities of a heaven-born statesman or a first-rate general. There is the Master who rules his field with a rod of iron, whose remarks are often of a "cursery" description, and whose ideas of administration are coercion pushed to its utmost limits. He scouts popularity: he longs to show sport. Fortunately, many of us know the suave Master, always capable, yet never "put out," no matter how sorely tried he may be. He is popular with all; farmers and hunting men alike speak well of him. He has the tact to smooth away the difficulties that arise in and out of the field. This Master is a treasure to any hunt, for, though wearing the velvet glove, when necessity arises he can show the iron hand. He is quite unlike the Master who may be described as a non-hunting one, for this man makes little or no pretence to knowledge of the sport he participates in. He leaves everything to the able guidance of his huntsman, and when hounds run hard he is generally found on the friendly causeway. The greatness of mastership has often been thrust

upon him. He may be the head of some county family, with whom sporting instincts have been a certain inheritance until they were lost in him; and he has in a manner sacrificed himself in "taking the hounds." Or he may be some plutocrat of fabulous fortune, who dips deeply into his pocket for the sinews of war, and who—when out of the saddle—desires no finer vantage point than that of M.F.H. It is the hard-riding Master, knowing thoroughly what hunting is, and what the huntsman and his hounds are doing, who really stimulates his field with much of his own dash and prowess. His courage is not of the spasmodic kind; every day it burns with the same consistent brightness. He takes his falls as only natural business matters—mere odds and ends in the work of riding to hounds. Ever *debonnair* and happy, he conducts his hunting on the smooth, workman-like plan of a first-rate "man of affairs."

The Master of Harriers has a less arduous position than he who hunts the fox or stag. With the latter, Masters have large fields to keep in order, and business is altogether much more pressing. Many men have come out far more to ride than to hunt, and some of them seem to look upon the hounds as a mere restriction to what otherwise would be a delightful steeplechase, while a Master of Stag-hounds has always the additional anxiety of the deer's ultimate safe capture. But the Master of Harriers has few or none of these inconveniences. He has all the pleasures of mastership with few of its pains and penalties. His field is smaller, and its component parts are not much given to thrusting, for with Harriers one knows that if thrown out it is generally

an easy matter to find hounds again, so that "push," if not altogether out of place, and savouring somewhat of self-assertion, is not of much real benefit. Therefore, the Master has little trouble in keeping law and order. His disciples do not ask for the rush and excitement associated with the chase of the fox or deer; in fact, when they occasionally get the *sturm und drang* they are much surprised, and being accustomed to almost complete restfulness, they compare all their record runs to fox hunting!

Life is altogether slower with those who hunt "the timid hare," but it is no less enjoyable on that account. Its want of rush is its great charm, and makes sport with Harriers the very repose of hunting. For those with them have time to notice the differences in field life, the different forms of husbandry, and the varying texture of the country. We have time to admire the views by river and mead, the changing tints in the distant wood. We have time to chat to our friends and study

the character of man and horse. There need be no hurried, often unseemly, scramble for the "only place in the fence." But days with Harriers are probably a little more rapid now than in the good old times when the courtly Sir Roger de Coverley hunted his pack. That worthy knight was an old man when we made his acquaintance, and age seems appropriate for the Mastership of Harriers, for there is a leisurely dignity associated with this—one of the most truly delightful of occupations.

A very distinguished general, in an eloquent discourse upon hunting, said that he "could not help feeling some pity for the man who had never tasted of the rapture kindled by a fine burst with hounds." And we think that the man who has tasted of this delight and shared in the joys and risks of the hunting field is certain to take a broader and happier view of life, for in our manly and exhilarating sport many sorts and conditions of men and many types of character are mingled. HUGH HENRY.

The "Knock-out" Blow at Schools.

DR. LYTTTELTON has taken the bull by the horns most opportunely by barring the "knock-out" in boys' boxing. I *will* call the members of public schools "boys," as it is a "title" of dignity, whenever a high honour in sports falls to them. Wykehamites are proud that "Dandy Lowth," in 1836, the present Rev. A. J. Lowth, at the special request of the M.C.C., bowled in "Gentlemen *v.* Players" when a Winchester boy.

The Sherborne fellows were proud, and rightly so, when W. H. Game, aged 17, played for Surrey against Yorkshire, and was, as Pooley told me on the evening of the match, unsurpassed in long field by anyone he ever saw; and Dulwich College scored when poor young Bowden, who died very young in South Africa, played for Surrey against Notts, aged 17.

Alfred Shaw told me that when Bowden went in first against

Notts, one of the players said: "Don't bowl him first ball, Alfred, he is a boy at school," and I gave him two balls off the wicket. But he added, "*never again*, for in spite of my trying every effort to get his wicket, he was fairly my master, and got 40 runs as well as any man in England ever did."

Now for boxing at school. In days gone by "boxing" and "fighting" were kept utterly distinct. Though it seems almost impossible to think of, as regards myself, it is a quarter of a century ago, within a few months, since, at the suggestion of the late Mr. Grinston, I wrote in the Green Cover "Tom Spring's Back Parlour"; and without any wish to repeat myself, I must refer to what I said then, which is, that boxing was simply the "grammar" of self-defence; and, although carefully avoiding the society of flash boxing men, I had the opportunity of coming across and *knowing well*, the masters of the old school. Such men as Tom Cribb, Spring, Jem Ward, Peter Crawley—all ex-champions, and many others, and of seeing the boxing benefits of the best men who were then in, or had recently left the Prize Ring, in 1842 onwards.

Boxing was the "noble art of self-defence" conducted most scientifically, and without rough punishment. It was as beautiful a science as fencing, and the opponents were as quick as lightning, when they found an opening; but at the finish of the blow they stopped their hand on landing. The recipient of the blow pointed to the spot and nodded, as much as to say—"he scored there." If he did *not* do so, there was a howl of shame from the spectators who clamoured for fair play. Three rounds was

the regular allowance, the final being a "bustle up." An occasional bloody nose or black eye in the final was "part of the game."

Boxing was our only amusement in the winter before the days of Saturday half-holidays, cheap locomotion and the numberless winter sports of to-day. Very many young fellows in London belonged to private boxing clubs, and "'Brown' or 'Johnson' at home Saturday evenings from 8 till 11—boxing and oysters," was a common invitation.

I know nothing of the modern school of glove fighters, beyond what I learn from the sensation writing about them. Some eight years ago I went for a whole week to Ben Hyam's entertainment at the Agricultural Hall, and sat at the Corner of the Ring from 8 till 11 on six successive evenings. The contests were for all weights, each pair to fight three rounds, and four rounds in the final for those who stood the trial contests. It was admirably conducted. The band of the Guards was there. The ring was on a raised platform, and strict order was kept. There was a certain Sam Baxter of a celebrated boxing family who beat all the 11-stone men, and met all the heavy weights also, and came out champion of all weights. His last opponent was White, who was formerly an amateur, a much bigger man than Baxter; and speaking from memory, I believe I am accurately quoting the *Sportsman*, who said "that White had the best of the first two rounds, but in the final two rounds Baxter painted White with his own gore" from his neck to his waistband. These contests were for professionals only, for money prizes, and were practically glove fights for short rounds.

The absurdity of the present law is patent. Boxing contests must *not* be "to a finish," but *may* consist of twenty rounds of three minutes' each. How many ever reach twenty rounds, I wonder? Anyhow, the fact is that the combatants now cultivate the "knock-out" blow, which has been discovered by surgical science to consist of a crushing blow on the point of the jaw which will paralyse a man almost for a certainty for over ten seconds, the time allowed for a man who is knocked down to regain his feet.

If fellows at school quarrel and want to fight, by all means let them do so with nature's weapons. These fights are generally very soon over, but it is not the province of gentlemen's sons at school to study and "nurse up" a

dangerous blow which will send an adversary—as ring phrase is—"to sleep." All our grand sports have become the property of the crowd. The laws of cricket may as well be burnt as regards "bowling" and l.b.w. Football becomes very often—in professional matches—a ruffianly amusement, and dangerous for referees. In public school cricket matches sharp practice is unknown, and they play like gentlemen. Dr. Lyttelton's object in putting his foot down on *revengeful* boxing will meet the approval of all manly and chivalrous gentlemen. The doctor's name is quite enough, as there is hardly a manly sport in which he and numberless members of his distinguished family have not been experts and living examples of fair play. F. G.

County Cricket.

QUALIFICATION OF PLAYERS.

THE decision of the Counties at the meeting at Lord's in December last, that residence as a qualification is capable of definition for the purposes of County Cricket, will probably add considerably to the difficulties of the Committee appointed to revise the rules, and if they regard this decision as a firm instruction, they may find themselves engaged in the particularly unproductive occupation known as "ploughing the sands."

In almost all the schemes submitted to the counties by individual experts, this question of residence seems to have been their difficulty, and in attempting to meet it the tendency has been towards an intricate adjustment of the existing rules. Is it not possible that in the multiplicity and intricacy of rules there is a

risk of increasing existing hardships, of inviting evasion, and of creating offences? Is it not also possible that the problem is not really one of extreme difficulty if the solution be sought—not by any process of adjustment, but by some form of development, and that development in the direction of simplicity?

When the existing rules were made, they were framed to meet the requirements of County Cricket at the time, and at this time it could not be foreseen that players would remove from one county to another simply for the purposes of County Cricket, or that, as a matter of business it would be advantageous to them to do so, or advantageous and even necessary for County Clubs to offer them inducements to do

so. Such, however, is the fact now, and it and other facts must be faced as they are.

The natural *first* choice by a cricketer is for his own county; his own by birth, by residence, by home ties, or by all these conditions combined; but his first choice is a consequence of opportunity, of surroundings, of association, of local influence, of various causes and circumstances, which *will always retain the effective value they now possess whether there is a rule on the subject or not.*

Take the matter a little further, and arrive at a condition which has been created by the struggle to keep or obtain a position in County Cricket. The young player may find that his first and natural choice has not been an effective one as a means of a livelihood. He is not required by his own county; he is required by another county. It is not the interest of his county to retain him, it is his interest to go, and it is the interest of another county to take him. In this case is it possible for the ingenuity of man to devise a rule, consistent with the interests of County Cricket in its present form, to prevent his transfer?

If the young Surrey professional having tried his own county, finds he is not required there, but is badly wanted by Essex or Somerset, is any useful purpose served by making his transfer one of difficulty and expense, *remembering that he will go in spite of rules*, and remembering also that when his time comes to play for his new county, he will, from motives of comfort and economy, most probably find a home in that county conveniently for the discharge of his duties in it? It cannot be believed that the present rules anticipated such movements, and in such move-

ments is there even a sentimental value in residence? Does the Northamptonshire cricketer by birth, who goes to Lancashire and plays regularly for the county of adoption, become the less a Lancashire cricketer, even if from motives of health, economy or comfort, he finds Cheshire desirable for residential purposes? The Durham man by birth may be removed at a tender age to Middlesex, may learn his cricket there, and become a valuable member of the Middlesex County Eleven. Does he become less a Middlesex cricketer even if he should decide to change his residence and take a house at Watford? Is it really a matter of importance whether the Nottinghamshire man by birth, who finds he is not required by his own county and who throws in his lot with Kent, sleeps so many nights or eats so many meals per annum in the county of his adoption?

In an enquiry into the operation of the existing laws, and the facts as they are now found, it is impossible to leave out of consideration that case of transfer which does not represent an advantage and convenience to both the counties concerned in the transfer. This is a case which has not to any considerable degree come home seriously to first class counties, but in the struggle in which they are engaged the matter may at any time be unpleasantly forced upon them.

While it is the fact that the most important of the counties are strongly opposed to what is known in football circles as "poaching," and are never guilty of it, even from second class counties, there are other counties which do not hesitate to approach a successful and promising player and offer him inducements to leave his own

county, especially if that county should be one of the second class. They approach the player direct; have no regard for other interests; do not consider that in his own county the player has been taught the game; that there he found his first opportunity of playing in County Cricket; that there his value as a cricketer may have been created, and that there his services are valued and are very much required. It is of increasing importance to the welfare of County Cricket to have a very clear understanding on this subject, and to recognise by rule that there are transfers which should be made by bargaining, simply that, and that one necessary party to a bargain is the county in possession. There should be no difficulty in an agreement on this subject, since all counties disapprove what some at present practise.

The conclusions are, that a cricketer naturally first selects his own county, an opinion actual experiences confirm, and that without any rules, birth, residence, and family home, will remain as effective as they now are in influencing this first choice.

Also, that there are transfers to counties of adoption which represent a convenience and advantage to the three parties concerned.

Further, there are transfers to counties of adoption which should be a matter of bargain by the three parties concerned.

In all cases of transfer there is no real value in residence as a qualification.

To give practical effect to these views in the form of rules is an easy matter, and only involves the adoption of the very simple and effective system of registration suggested by Lord Harris.

Regarding registration as the

declaration of first choice or selection :—

Players should be eligible to play on registration.

Regarding registration as evidence of qualification :—

Transfer forms should entitle to *registration* twelve or twenty-four months from the date upon which they are received by the official acting as Registrar.

Registration forms should be signed by the recognised officials of County Clubs and by the players registered.

A transfer form should be signed by the recognised officials of the two counties concerned in the transfer and by the player transferred.

For the most part, the arguments in this enquiry have been applied to professional cricketers only, but it should be remembered that while the first choice of a county by an amateur is influenced by the same causes and circumstances as in the case of a professional, a subsequent change may be from causes altogether unconnected with the game. He may for various reasons find his own county impossible, and it should not be a difficult matter to allow an immediate transfer and registration after the actual facts have been submitted to the Committee of M.C.C. or some constituted authority.

In conclusion: The scheme submitted by Lord Harris suggested M.C.C. as the authority to undertake the registration of players. It does not seem desirable that the Committee of M.C.C. should be encouraged to interfere in this or in other domestic details of County Cricket, and it is doubtful if they can proceed far in this direction without risking a loss of influence in those matters in which it is of the greatest importance to the game that their influence should remain supreme.

VETERAN.

Addenda to "Northamptonshire in 1827, '28, and '29."

[THE following lines, sent to us by one of our readers, were evidently written by a contemporary of the writer of the lines published last month, and are printed because of the interest they may afford to hunting men rather than for their merit as verses.]

As I lay t'other night (after hunting) in bed,
Squire Fortescue's verses came into my head.
I mused o'er the poem, and thought on the name
Of each gallant sportsman thus given to fame,
And could not help thinking it was rather hard
Some few unmentioned good ones should lose the reward
Each so hardly had earned, at the risk of his pate,
In charging an ox fence or leaping a gate.
So, thinks I, though a proser, I'll e'en try for once
My hand at a song; if I don't, I'm a dunce.

See the Rector of Eton, who never will yield,
To the joy of his friends once again in the field,
Forgetful of sorrow, of sickness and pain,
And buoyant with hope he's on horseback again,
And at famed Stanwick Pastures, all radiant with joy,
Meets (and surely can't blame him) his own truant boy,
Just escaped from the thralldom of Latin and Greek.
Lord Gardner rides forward fresh pleasure to seek;
"How disgusting," he cries, "not to see all the fun!"
So Gaskell he follows in hopes of a run.

Joe St. John, a dull and unfortunate wight,
In hunting appears to take real delight.
On Tilbury's horses he mounts with much glee,
Rides at least thirty miles the Quorn Hounds to see,
Yet sticks up that Wiltshire is better than we.
See! gallantly riding on some borrowed steed,
With a smile and a whistle, comes gay Percy Meade.
To mount his friend's hackney he seldom demurs,
Crying, "You find the horse, and I'll find boots and spurs."
Though loose in his seat, on hard riding he's bent,
And will sometimes ride over a hound or the scent.

There's old prosing Bob, while his long stories tire,
Will teach the whole field, not omitting the Squire:
But, hark! they have found, and we all ride away,
Though sure of a lecture the next hunting day.
On a sweet chesnut mare of good figure and blood
Rides that king of the Welters, the great Squire Wood.
Now larking o'er fences, now charging through dirt,
And though seventeen stone all alive for a spurt.
Yet the weight it will tell, and a ten minutes' burst
Always proves to poor Wood he can never go first.

Is that Vivian I see? Yes, 'tis he, 'pon my life;
Egad, he comes early, in spite of his wife;
Yet, if e'er man had reason for shunning the chase,
Sure Vivian has in his beautiful Grace.

Little Everard knows that in racing 'tis reckoned
 Only labour in vain to run a good second.
 Yet Everard, Everard, you should remember,
 'Tisn't Ascot but Pytchley, not June but November,
 And though with the Squire we oftentimes race,
 Yet every good one should try for a place.

On a neat thoro'bred one, though not very stout,
 George Elwes (a German all over) comes out ;
 His boots are well wrinkled, his breeches well tied,
 Though a bit of a dandy, by Jove ! he can ride,
 And if rails are not raspers, or bullfinches thick,
 There are few that can beat him 'twixt Finedon and Crick.
 There are several others well worthy a line
 Must be left for a pen more obedient than mine,
 For in writing (as happens in riding) the Muse
 (Like a horse that is sulky) will often refuse.

If thus to good fellowship foxhunting tends,
 And brings us acquainted with so many friends,
 May I never be backward in sharing their fun,
 Or ever too forward in spoiling a run !
 May our horses come often, our hounds always find.
 And every evening, as soon as we've dined,
 Let a bumper go round to our own little Squire,
 And success to the hunting in Northamptonshire !

The Sportsman's Library.

AT no time has the theatre taken such an important part in English life as at present. No form of histrionic entertainment comes amiss to the English public, from the interpretation of the great masterpieces of our literature to the sensational and spectacular attractions of the Adelphi melodrama. At no time has the actors' profession been so honoured, or indeed more deserving of honour, and it is now almost taking rank as a recognised opening in life for any young man or woman of good family with intelligence and education. The emoluments of its leading members are very great, the life is not extremely trying and certainly its social position is

above reproach when it can lead to the accolade of knighthood.

But the actors of to-day are the legitimate descendants of a crowd of predecessors, who in an equal, perhaps in some cases a greater, degree, have given unmixed delight to earlier generations. The names of these predecessors were in their time household words, but the memory of even the most distinguished among them is growing dim and it is with gratitude that we now receive from Mr. Whyte the sumptuous volume just published by him on the "Actors of the Century."*

* "Actors of the Century," by Frederic Whyte.
 (Geo. Bell & Sons.)

The author has every possible qualification for the work that he has undertaken, for he is among the most experienced of our young dramatic critics, he has carefully studied the very voluminous and scattered theatrical literature, which we possess in "biographies, histories, reminiscences, memoirs, miscellanies," and in his methods he has enrolled himself in the school of the kindly Charles Lamb, most appreciative of playgoers, most genial of essayists.

We have all heard of the Kembles, of Mrs. Siddons who "was tragedy personified," of her brother John Philip Kemble, of Charles and Stephen Kemble and some are old enough alas! to remember the Shakesperian readings of Fanny Kemble, last of a gifted family, but till now few of us had an opportunity of knowing their real history, the kind of charm that they exercised and their vicissitudes as public favourites. So now, for the first time, we learn much about Mrs. Jordan, the Keans, Macready and the contemporaries of these traditional stars, and are brought down to the times when men, now old, were young and laughed with Robson, Jefferson, and Sothorn or have had their deepest feelings stirred by Fechter, Boucicault and Ristori.

Mr. Whyte very reasonably divides his history into periods and thus groups the biographies and surroundings of the men and women about whom he tells into pictures that are remarkable for their clearness and careful colouring. He takes in detail the "Days of the Kembles," "Kean and Booth," "Macready," "Macready's Contemporaries," "The Stage in the Fifties," "The Stage in the Sixties," finishing with our present time which he appropriately styles "The Era of

Irving." It is difficult to say in which period he is most at home and which he makes the most interesting, but undoubtedly we feel more of a personal sympathy with the later records, the sketches of the delightful artists, the opportunity of seeing whom has been to many of us the head and front of so many bygone little social merrymakings.

An early dinner and seats at the play! How many hours of unalloyed happiness do the words recall, and what pleasant reminiscences cling about all London, and we may add many provincial, theatres! And these happy hours are recalled vividly to our minds as we turn over the leaves of Mr. Whyte's book. His pen has the knack of bringing before our mind's eye the *mise en scène* which most impressed us; once more we are sitting in the stalls, either bursting with laughter or, with a knot in the throat, struggling to repress an audible sob. And, good and sparkling as it is, the interest of Mr. Whyte's book does not depend on his writing alone. He has called in all the resources of art to assist him. Never have we seen a book more appropriately and charmingly illustrated.

The stage heroes and stage beauties of to-day are often photographed in their leading parts, wearing the most picturesque costumes, in the most telling attitudes and we see their portraits in every shop window. But even thirty or forty years ago this custom did not generally exist and, unless the portrait of an actor or actress became a special study for an artist, scanty records of personal appearance were handed down to posterity. Mr. Whyte has been fortunate enough however to light upon a "veritable treasure trove" in a series of early photographs by M. Adolph Beau, which has

been hidden for many years and has now come to light, comprising Toole, Lady Bancroft, Robson, Fechter, Sothorn, and making them show themselves to us again in the old guise that once they wore. *On revient toujours à ses premiers amours*, and good as the ladies and gentlemen may be who now tread the boards, what would we not give to see again as once we saw them the creators of the "Boots at the Swan," of the personages in the Robertson comedies at the old Prince of Wales', of Robert Macaire or Lord Dundreary!

Of course most of the well known and a few hitherto little known portraits of the great actors and actresses, who served the public in the now distant past, are given to us, with some of the most graceful and artistic among the crowds of modern pictures—Imogen, Princess Flavia, Rosalind, Juliet, Babbie; all bring us again under their spell. We will bless the happy day when we shall see their representatives again in new parts; perhaps we should bless the occasions still more that would revive these now well-known visions of grace and beauty.

Mr. Whyte's book is unique in its conception and execution. There is no room for a rival to it in its own subject and it is not likely that we can ever see its superior.

The complete history of the Belvoir Hunt still remains to be written, but in the meantime we have two valuable contributions* of material which can be neglected by no writer on hunting in the future. There can be no doubt that the Belvoir Hunt occupies the first place among English packs. It is not, indeed, the

oldest of which we have record, but it is very much the most important. The blood of the Belvoir kennel circulates through every pack of any reputation and importance in the kingdom, and like the thoroughbred horse, the Belvoir-bred hound seems suitable to every kind of country. The present writer having a taste for hound lore has carefully collected the opinions of our leading huntsmen on this subject. A huntsman's livelihood depends on his being able to show sport, and he is, therefore, not likely to praise any strains of blood which do not show good results in the field, however beautiful they may look on the flags. But one and all bear testimony to the working powers of certain Belvoir strains, and "Weathergauge for work" might well be adopted as a maxim for breeding hounds. Nor is this strain good only over the flying pastures of Leicestershire, where the time-honoured turf carries a screaming scent. Over the Oakley ploughs, across the cold scenting tracks of the York and Ainsty, in the great woodlands of the Grafton, the praise of the Weathergauge blood and of the Belvoir blood is in every huntsman's mouth.

For the story of the breeding of "Weathergauge," and the perpetuation of the strain, we cannot have better guides than Mr. Cuthbert Bradley, sportsman, author and artist, and Frank Gillard, who was the sixth of the series of great huntsmen who have done so much to make the Belvoir kennel what it is. In the handsome book now lying before us many people will find both amusement and instruction. The story of the last twenty-six years of the Belvoir Hunt is full of interest, and the portraits of the masters and followers of the hunt

* "Reminiscences of Frank Gillard and the Belvoir Hunt," by C. Bradley.

are sketched in with a firmness of outline and a sureness of touch which comes only of perfect knowledge and long familiarity.

The late Duke of Rutland is, perhaps, naturally one of the best portraits in the book. For all his life he was a keen sportsman and a hard rider while health lasted, loving in his younger days, as Marquis of Granby, to ride four-year-olds, and subscribing to Dick Christian's opinion that young horses are safer than old ones. His love for the chase never failed even when the long weary days of ill health forbade him to take an active part in the hunt. This threw a great responsibility upon Gillard, who, for some years, was practically master as well as huntsman. How well he bore himself in that difficult position the book before us will help readers to judge. Never once in the course of its pages have the limits of good taste been overpassed, although in this book many names have necessarily been used.

There was Sir Thomas Whichcote, of Aswarly Hall, in whose coverts dwelt, it was said, the largest foxes in Lincolnshire, and who had some of the best horses that ever fell to the lot of man in his stables, and has left to his successor a series of excellent portraits by Ferneley, which are let into the panels of the dining room. Sir Thomas Whichcote not only kept good horses, but rode them hard. The Messrs. Hutchinson, of Grantham, the Misses Heathcote, the five light-weight sisters whom no Lincolnshire fence can stop, and one at least of whom generally gets to the end of every great run.

Naturally the Leicestershire ride is less interesting to the historian, for the field in that part of the country is made up, to a

great extent, of the birds of passage who are drawn by the fame of "Belvoir's sweet vale," and the wider Quorn pastures. But if the men and women who hunt come and go the sport is generally brilliant, and Melton Spinney has given at least as many good runs as any covert in the hunt. Then the reader will learn how the present Duke, though he sought and found distinction in political life, loved the cry of hounds in his youth, and went well when he gave himself a holiday, and how deep an interest he took, and still takes, in the pack being kept up to a high standard of excellence.

Perhaps, if we had to find fault we should say that the pruning knife might have been used with advantage on the stories of runs. But, on the whole, we have nothing but praise for a book which fulfils the first duty of its existence, and is eminently readable.

The various sketches which adorn the pages we can praise, both for the spirit and life and movement in the drawings, and for the pains which the artist has been at to give to his background the real character of the country over which the hounds hunt. The volume is well printed and well got up, and the frontispiece is a life-like portrait of the kindly, courtly, skilful huntsman who for twenty-six years showed sport unrivalled in the field, and in the kennel gave to the Belvoir pack the dash, the working power, and the tongue so needed by hounds. It was Gillard's great work that he restored the vanished music to the pack, and surely the now dispersed chorus is one of the pleasures of hunting. Only a few days before these words were written the writer saw a well-known pack of bitches find their fox without even a warning note

in covert, and come out with a serving scent, whimpering and squeaking and sneezing in the line. Directly you were ten yards away in covert you could hear nothing. Having just read Gillard's book, we ought to say that these hounds needed a Wonder—the good dog whose name lives as having been the ancestor of a family as musical as it is hard working. It is one of Gillard's clear-headed views on hunting that he had not the idea that silence and speed go together, and that finding a silent pack he left one of the most musical in the kingdom.

While reading Mr. Bradley's book, another little volume on the same subject, "Random Recollections of the Belvoir Hunt," fell into our hands. It is a book for the hunting man to read in the train, full of stories of past days in the hunting field. The writer is well known as one of the oldest of our hunting correspondents. Both books are pleasant reading to the sportsman, and will take their place beside our Druid Library on the shelves of the revolving book-case, whence a volume is picked out on the evenings of hunting days to read over the doings of the past, and compare it with the achievements of the present.

The thirty-sixth edition of "John Wisden's Cricket Almanack"* made its welcome and prompt appearance a few days before Christmas, and each year it seems to become a more and more marvellous shilling's worth. For the last few years the work has been edited by Mr. Edgar Pardon, and when he unfortunately died last July he was succeeded by his brother, Mr. Sydney H. Par-

don, the well-known and popular pressman, whose name now appears on the cover for the first time. In addition to the full scores of all the first-class matches played in 1898, and of these there were a goodly number, room has been found in the pages of Wisden for a full record of the doings of Mr. Stoddart's last team in Australia, which is now rather ancient history, and the scores of Mr. Warner's recent tour in America, whilst the Inter-Colonial cricket matches, and those between the United States and Canada are not omitted.

In addition to the usual averages, statistics and records, which are the regular features of a Cricket Almanack, there is matter supplied of controversial interest by the reprint of an article by the Hon. E. V. Bligh, which appeared in BAILY'S MAGAZINE for last September, under the title of "Cricket Centuries." This article, as our readers will recollect, refers to the standing grievance of the present state of the law as to leg-before-wicket. Mr. Pardon has sent copies of this article to a number of more or less well-known cricketers, inviting their opinions upon the point, and the opinions received by him are reproduced in the pages of Wisden. Some of the letters are interesting, not so much for any argument they contain one way or another, as for their personal nature. Thus Mr. Harvey Fellowes, the great bowler of a bye-gone day, emphatically contradicts one of the main statements made by Mr. Bligh; the latter in his article lays great stress upon the fact that Mr. Fellowes, Tarrant, and the other great men who were bowling before 1865, all broke "from the leg." Mr. Fellowes says "Mr. Bligh is wrong as to Tarrant, and my bowling breaking in from leg:

* "John Wisden's Cricketer's Almanack for 1899," edited by Sydney H. Pardon. London: John Wisden & Co., 21, Cranbourn Street, Leicester Square. Price 1s., or bound cloth, 2s.

it broke back from the off." A further remark of Mr. Fellowes may be of interest to the gentlemen mentioned therein. "The batsmen of the present day would not have made such long scores against the best round-arm bowlers of the past. Did anyone ever see such short-pitched balls as Kortright and Woods now bowl, in former days by good bowlers? Never. I have seen those two bowlers bowl balls pitching about half-way. Fancy that in former days!"

Mr. V. E. Walker summarises the question at issue, and adds, "I have long thought and stated that grounds should be fenced in in some way, and that hits should be run out. I should like—if it were possible—to have grounds of one uniform size—say 90 to 100 yards—from wicket to boundary in every direction." Mr. E. M. Grace sends the most amusing contribution, and the following paragraph is full of pathos:—"No one can speak more feelingly about leg-before-wicket, for in more than fifty innings the ball has hit me full on the right hand, and nowhere else. How's that, Umpire? Out leg-before-wicket. Then, again, in our local matches the ball only has to hit me on the leg. How's that—nine times out of ten it is given out. As the rule now is you have the poor satisfaction of knowing you were not out—alter it. You lose even that, and are entirely at the caprice of the umpire. At our country matches the umpire is almost always the best player for his side, generally giving two or three out of opponents, and two or three in of his own side." Mr. Grace here reveals a terrible state of affairs in local cricket, and we are lost in admiration of the resigned way in which he accepts the inevitable fate of being un-

justly umpired out so long as he may still be allowed to retain "the poor satisfaction of knowing you were not out."

Mr. Grace makes a suggestion which we regard as admirable:—"Something of a time-test would not be a bad thing, especially in one-day matches—say six hours to play: at half-time let the opponents go in, the side making the most runs in the time to win the match. This would make a much more enjoyable match than declaring the innings, leaving it impossible for the other side to win, and seldom lose." We have ourselves long been of opinion that if this plan were adopted in one-day matches the cricket would be in every way improved. On a good wicket, with evenly-matched opponents, it is very seldom, under present conditions, that the side winning the toss can have any serious chance of being beaten; on the other hand by slow batting and a tardy declaration of the close of their innings they can make their prospect of winning the game a very remote one. With an equal amount of time for batting allowed to each side slow play would be at a discount, and the forcing game, which after all is by far the most attractive, would have to be the fashion, at any rate, at the start of the innings: and since there would—barring bad weather or some such extraneous influence—always be a prospect of victory for the side who batted last, the interest in the game must, of necessity, be better sustained. It would be very interesting if one or two clubs were next season to experiment in this direction; we believe that the idea only requires a fair trial to gain popularity; but the mind of the cricketer moves very slowly in the way of reform or experiment, and the plan which is

advocated by Mr. Grace would doubtless be pooh-poohed by a large number of obsolete cricketers, and regarded as a dangerous trifling with the majesty of the game by many present-day cricketers. To quote the words of the Rev. and Hon. Edward Lyttelton with reference to the leg-before-wicket question: "I should anticipate further reforms being required before very long; whether they will be carried out is another question. Cricketers seem wholly untainted with radicalism, else something would have been done years ago. The evil began about 1875, and has been getting steadily worse ever since."

The peculiar interest of this subject must be our excuse for dwelling upon it at such length. There are many other features of interest in the volume so ably edited by Mr. Sydney Pardon, amongst others an article upon Public School Cricket, by Mr. W. T. Ford, some interesting statistics, headed "The Bowlers of 100 Wickets," by Mr. Gaston, and an obituary notice of the late Mr. J. D. Walker, whose untimely death last July robbed many a one of his dearest friend, and cast a permanent gloom over Harrow cricket and cricketers. In the words of one who knew him well: "To Harrovians and Middlesex cricketers his loss is irreparable, and indeed to the whole cricketing world, for he played the game throughout his career in the most chivalrous spirit, and it is impossible to estimate the value of his example."

Hunts are like nations; the welfare and prosperity of each depends upon its rulers, upon the judgment with which its internal affairs are directed, and upon its relations with neighbouring countries; wherefore the well-planned history of a hunt should bear much resemblance to the

history of a people. We cannot give Mr. Blew's work* higher praise than to say it fulfils this condition so admirably that it may well be accepted as the model upon which hunt histories, now so frequent, should be moulded. The author has collected a vast quantity of that personal detail which goes far to make history entertaining, and has handled his material with great judgment and discretion. There is enough, but not too much about runs, for, as Mr. Blew very justly points out, while a really descriptive account of a hunt makes charming reading, a mere geographical sketch of points touched interests none; and since limits must be prescribed to the size even of a history of the Quorn, only famous runs have been recorded in any detail. A few of the numerous anecdotes have appeared in print before, but these will bear repetition, and we should have held the book incomplete had the author omitted to give them in their proper place. Great are the changes which have come over Melton since "Nimrod," with bated breath, wrote of the magnificence of the George and Harborough Arms, "the very passages, upstairs and down, were entirely covered with carpet!" Those were the days when Lord Waterford's collection of door-knockers was admired as the finest in Europe, and visitors to Melton for the hunting season left their wives at home. We are glad Mr. Blew has taken the old chroniclers firmly in hand, and sifts exuberant fancy from fact in drawing upon their lucubrations. Some of the stories told about Tom Smith and other hunting giants of a past generation, to say nothing of the marvellous clocking of runs, stood sadly in need of

* "The Quorn Hunt and its Masters," by W. C. A. Blew, M.A. London: W. C. Nimmo.

editing, to use no stronger term, and the author has done the history of sport yeoman's service by his judicial treatment of yarns which have "improved" beyond semblance of the possible by long keeping. Mr. Blew begins with the reign of Hugo Meynell, and brings the history of the Quorn down to the accession of Captain Burns Hartopp, dealing at greatest length with such masters as Sir Richard Sutton, Lord Stamford, and Mr. Coupland, who not only reigned longest, but did most to promote the prosperity of the sporting kingdom most difficult to control in England. The volume is printed and got up in a style worthy of the contents, which is saying much. It is delightful to meet again some of Henry Alken's inimitable hunting pictures, reproduced in colour. The book is one on which Mr. Blew may be heartily congratulated.

The author of "Poems in Pink" has now published "Rhymes in Red,"* a neat little collection of sporting poems, mostly dealing with hunting and racing matters. Some half-dozen of the numbers have already appeared in BAILY'S MAGAZINE, and of the others many have been annexed from a little volume, entitled "Plain Poems," published some little time ago by Mr. Phillpotts Williams. Mr. Cuthbert Bradley has embellished the little volume with some nice illustrations, and the book will certainly be acceptable to sportsmen.

In his comprehensive volume on Estate Fences† Mr. Arthur Vernon supplies a work which will be of very great value to landowners, estate agents and others, as he deals exhaustively

with the whole subject. The book is dedicated to Sir Walter Gilbey, Bart., recently President of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, and in a brief note Mr. Vernon refers to the untiring and conspicuous services which he has rendered to agriculture and estate management, both by experiment and precept, and to the splendid results already achieved through his labours and munificent aid in horse-breeding, agricultural benevolent societies, and kindred subjects. The volume starts appropriately with the history of fences, and then alludes to their uses and effects. The various styles of fencing are then described in ample detail, viz., the ditch fence, the line hedge, the dead-hedge fence, the wall fence, the wood fence, the metal fence, the composite or combination fence, gates, stiles, &c. Moreover, there are chapters on Planting, Management, Costs, &c.; in short, no aspect of the subject is overlooked, and as the whole is based upon personal experience the book will no doubt be in the hands of all land agents and of those landowners who take a close interest in estate management. There are about 150 illustrations, chiefly by the author, and a capital chapter is appended on the Boundaries and Fences in their Legal Aspect, by Mr. T. W. Marshall, D.C.L. Oxon. As to barbed wire, Mr. Vernon says it is cheap and effective but essentially nasty, and is not likely to become popular or common on well-managed residential estates. The worst position it can take is in a line of hedgerow where it cannot be readily seen, and as a concealed danger in such a place it appears to the author to be almost criminal to employ it. Wherever used it should be as conspicuous and open as possible.

* "Rhymes in Red," by W. Phillpotts Williams. With 32 Illustrations by Cuthbert Bradley. Salisbury: Brown & Co. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co. 1899. 8vo, cloth.

† "Estate Fences; their Choice, Construction, and Cost," by Arthur Vernon, F.S.I. London: E. & F. N. Spon, Ltd., 125, Strand, price 15s.

“Our Van.”

Winter Racing.—The question whether it is discreet in us to race throughout the winter seems to be settling itself in a way that should be entirely satisfactory to those who, being well-wishers to the Turf, would gladly see mid-winter racing very materially curtailed, or even entirely abolished. That the higher interests of the Turf would be served by an inter-regnum of two clear months, such as is provided in France, there can be no question. Of the racing that has taken place during December and January, not one day can be recalled that would have been missed had it not taken place, so low has sport under N. H. Rules fallen in quality. The signs one fancied one perceived of a betterment in this direction have not been fulfilled, and we have been plodding on with the same old stock company, with the addition of a few recruits from the lower stratum of flat-racing equine society. Some of the creatures that contend for the small pecuniary rewards that fall to the lot of steeplechasers and hurdle racers, are dilapidated specimens and hardly hold together for racing purposes, and their value is not under estimated when they are sold under the hammer for something less than 100 guineas. When one sees the proud winner of a hurdle race, victorious over a dozen or more opponents, sold for 75 guineas or so, it is impossible not to ask oneself what must be the value of the defeated ones, and how it can pay anyone to keep such animals in training. It is their presence that keeps the game going at all; and the supply is so limited that an owner brought out one poor beast four times in the course of

six days, to contest a three miles' steeplechase on each occasion. When racing has come down to this, is it worth while fostering?

If racing during December and January were abolished, certain vested interests would possibly be interfered with. The Christmas-tide gates would be lost, but those who make the most money on those occasions are the very ones who can afford to put up with the loss. Christmas-tide racing is invariably the poorest thing possible, and apart from the money it brings in, would not be worth a second thought. Whether the other meetings held in December and January pay their promoters I am indeed not aware, but I assume that some profit must accrue or dates would scarcely be applied for; and there is undeniably a gambling public always available to lend its support. It is always the same public, travelling together anywhere and everywhere for the sole purpose of betting, and it is scarcely a public for which the authorities should show any consideration in taking any line of action. The general public, except on Bank Holiday, one cannot expect to attract in such uncertain weather as that which prevails during an English winter, for it is sure to be either cold or wet.

The promoter of winter race-meetings by no means lies upon a bed of roses, for he usually has an anxious time of it between frost, fog and flood. Insurance against loss from these visitations can be, and is, effected; but this is not racing, and I never could see where the fun came in when one had to go to the railway terminus to learn whether racing was possible. If race meetings

were few and far between, such eagerness would be comprehensible. It is noticeable that January has been a very slack racing month this year, which shows that some tendency exists to give the first month of the twelve a rest; but, unless a rule forbidding it is passed, there will always be a few to disturb the unity of things, regardless of risks run and discomforts courted.

Until mid-winter racing is abandoned it will not be possible to bring about the happier state of things that exists in France, where stakes somewhat approximating in value to those customary in flat-racing are provided. In the winter one cannot expect good attendances, and without them it is not possible to give much added money. The one thing will work with the other. With the exception of one or two meetings in the extreme south, racing in France commences in February, and by the end of April there will have been decided at Auteuil a dozen steeplechases with an average stake of over 750 sovs., two being over 1,000 sovs. and a third over 2,000 sovs. In the same time there will be four hurdle races averaging nearly as much as the dozen steeplechases; whilst no race, be it over fences or hurdles, is for so small a sum as 100 sovs., numbers of them ranging between 200 sovs. and 1,300 sovs. and over. Early in June there are run at Auteuil the Grand Steeplechase de Paris of over 6,000 sovs., and the Grand Course de Haies d'Auteuil of over 3,000 sovs. Steeplechasing and hurdle racing in June I am not proposing for England (part of the original programme of Hurst Park was steeplechasing in July, but it never was tried); but as regards the rest, it is humiliating to think

that we cannot do as they do in France. Compare the stakes given for steeplechasing and hurdle racing in France with those of Liverpool, where the chief steeplechase of the year, which keeps people on the alert the entire twelve months separating each celebration, is worth less than 2,000 sovs., the next best race, the Grand Sefton ("grand," indeed!) Steeplechase, being worth a little over 400 sovs. And all the time hundreds and thousands of pounds are being given away for two-year-old races, which people are never tired of decrying because of their detrimental tendency. Things are far from being as they should be.

About Betting.—Coming events in racing do not nowadays cast their shadows before, in the shape of betting, as in the past. Ante-post betting, like wood-engraving, has been superseded, never to be revived. I have a shrewd notion that betting months previous to a race, owed much of its existence to the abundance of "dead meat" there was in the market. It was a fine game to lay against a horse that was either certain to be a non-starter, or in the event of starting, was a certain non-tryer. These are about the only certainties to be met with in racing, and it will be noticed that they are on the side of the layer. The backers' certainties exist on paper only. "Dead meat" is possibly still to be met with, but there is not enough of it about to make ante-post betting pay, so it is practically non-existent. True, we see in the sporting papers records of current betting, but we do not take them very seriously, and it is a mystery where they come from at times. The chief curiosity is the Manchester betting, the origin of which no one in London can explain. It always

differs some points from the London betting, and all that a man would have to do to ensure a comfortable and certain income would be to back in the one market and lay in the other. If the prices quoted in the papers be genuine, it is merely a question of arithmetic, too simple to be possible, and it may be relegated to the limbo where lie the *rouge et noir* systems and the many devices to secure perpetual motion. There remains the marvel of the papers continuing to publish such misleading rubbish.

Although the present custom of betting at the post did not originate from any desire to purify things, but is a mere protective development such as is found throughout nature, it certainly has the effect of cramping the operations of the nefariously inclined. The bookmaker, of course, regards it as a very legitimate stroke of business to lay all he can against a horse which he knows has no chance, because it will not be allowed to have one. He would claim that he is in precisely the same position as the Stock Exchange operator in possession of secret information concerning some mine or other undertaking, and that it is perfectly open to the backer to be as well informed as himself. But nefarious trainers and jockeys do not deal through backers, but through bookmakers, who, it is no secret, have been behind many shocking scandals, some of them historical ones. It is so very much easier not to win a race and so gain a few hundreds, than to win and make the hundreds into thousands.

From the time when betting was done in the open on Newmarket Heath and elsewhere to the present, the betting ring has

undergone many changes, and it cannot by any means be claimed for the last existing stage of it that it is the best. The betting ring is after all but the modern substitute for the gaming house, in which the sharps preyed upon the flats, though this does not necessarily imply that the sharp puts his hand into the flat's pocket. The flat empties his pocket quickly enough without assistance, and all the sharp has to do is to be on hand at the proper moment to share in the distribution. Where the ring differs so much from what it formerly was is in the existence of a large section of professional backers. This professional backing as a standing, income earning business is a comparatively modern institution, which has entirely upset the old notion that only layers could be certain of making money on the turf. From a social point of view, the professional layer and backer have a common place of origin—nowhere; and they start upon their career with precisely the same capital—nothing. What we see of them out racing is that they live on the fat of the land, the best of everything being considered good enough, and this alone means the earning of a considerable income, for "Kitty" in racing swallows up an enormous amount of money. When it is convenient to do so, we see attempts made to strike an analogy between Lloyd's, the Stock Exchange, and the Betting Ring, but with the two great city institutions those who live by them at least bring into the contract a reasonable amount of capital, where the professional layer or backer begins with nothing. What we find in the betting ring is a large number of persons who, without bringing a

reigns for speculative purposes, which are wagered either on the course or with the starting price bookmaker, who does a large business. Such places as Sandown and Kempton can teach an instructive lesson as to where the money comes from, and a not inconsiderable proportion is nowadays contributed by the fair sex, who bet with small attempt at concealment.

It is difficult, if not impossible to decide, but it is certain that the money must come, in the first place, from people who earn, or otherwise become possessed of it outside the betting ring. This is the class that never sees a profit on their outlay, any good win that takes place being but a temporary loan from the ring. It is sure to be repaid, and probably with serious interest. Who gets the money? First and foremost there is the before-mentioned "Kitty," which includes travelling and ring expenses and living on the higher scale, so far as charges are concerned. The humblest bookmaker has expenses amounting to several hundreds per annum, whilst the annual expenditure of a man on the rails simply in pursuit of his business, cannot be far from £2,000. This estimate includes the clerk's salary and expenses. Bookmakers are by no means few, the complaint being that there are too many for the business there is, whilst professional backers are more numerous still, and each of these bodies is earning a good living, if no more, at a business into which not one penny of capital has been put. Whether trainers and jockeys come in for a share of the plunder I am unable to say. Popular opinion is not worth much in such a case, for it tars and feathers the wrong people.

Some trainers and jockeys live in a style which it is difficult to disassociate with successful speculation; but, on the other hand, a jockey in the first flight can earn an income beyond the dreams of the ordinary hard worker of the town, and if he bets he is, in my opinion, a fool for his pains. Go to work as cleverly as he may, he soon becomes surrounded by suspicion, and as he cannot himself bet he must employ others, into whose hands he places himself. If jockeys were scoundrels in the past, as people tell us they were, they had every excuse, for it is well known that many owners did not dream of paying them for riding. The Jockey Club altered that ridiculous state of things, and no jockey who gets riding can nowadays claim want of funds as a palliative for indulging in betting. The jockey who, I suppose, earns the biggest income of any never wagers a sixpence, and is all the happier for it.

Trainers, I fancy, must look to a portion of their income from successful wagering. That they bet, and heavily at times, is no secret. Trainers, I have heard it stated, cannot get fat on fifty shillings per week per horse, by which is probably meant that they cannot live up to the style that is affected by so many. Some of the old trainers would stare could they re-visit the earth and see some of the electric lighted palaces that trainers live in. No one could be more punctilious than they in the observance of dress or in their household appointments; and if you like a good bottle of wine, dine with a Newmarket trainer. A trainer is a free man and has as much right to bet as the "Van Driver," who is merely indicating where some of the money that is

lost on the racecourse is won. It is only natural that a trainer should know most about the horses he trains, and it would be hard indeed if he might not take advantage of his hardly-won knowledge. All I hope is that the stories one hears now and then of owners being "put in the cart," are mere fables.

Hunting—The Weather.—If the weather be a little stale as a topic of general conversation, it can never be out of place in the company of hunting men. Our sport depends upon it, and few men are there who do not consult the barometer when they get up or when they go to bed. Short of freezing or snowing, nothing could have been more unpleasant than the weather has been in the Midlands during the last month—rain and wind, with every variation of temperature from frost to a fair specimen of a good English May day. When the latter comes after a sharp frost it is apt to make the ground very greasy and treacherous, especially at the take off of those fences where one has to take one's turn at the impracticable place. When I further go on to say that Lord Harrington had to stop hunting after meeting at Fiskerton Manor, and while a fox from Epperstone Park was actually before hounds, those who know his lordship's keenness will understand how bad the weather has been and how unsuitable for hunting.

Lord Galway's Hounds.—If any one wished to be convinced of the uncertainty of hunting, it will only be necessary, after reading the above, to glance at the two following runs which took place in the same week (January 7th-14th). Of these the best was Lord Galway's gallop with his second fox. The run of the morning

ended with a sharp shower, which drove a good many of the field home. The more fortunate remainder were rewarded for their keenness. Apparently hounds crossed the line of a travelling fox near Carlton, and began to run suddenly and with a dash that showed they had a better scent than in the morning. They probably were in Ling Wood at the same time with the fox, and getting closer to him began to drive hard and fast through the covert. Over some grass land beyond hounds showed a good head, and then getting clear of the park and the buildings as they passed the village of Lettwell, ran over a good country, the fences of which gave hounds plenty of room. At Firbeck the fox dodged about the shrubberies for a time, and getting clear away gained a little on the park. Luckily, a man at work got a view, and hounds hitting off the line in front of the house, raced away again over the beautiful grass of the park. After this they were always getting closer to their fox, and began to press him. Forced to turn, he gradually swung round back to Firbeck, and fox and hounds were close together when a rapidly dwindling field saw them go into King's Wood. An eager burst of music, and hounds drove through this covert without giving their followers time for a pull. It was a fresh fox, of course, and some realising this, pulled up, but hounds went on right up to Newhall, where Morgan whipped off in the gathering darkness. "Altogether," says my correspondent, "we were going for nearly three hours, and got scarcely a pull all the way."

The Belvoir.—The Belvoir Hunt have one of those invaluable foxes which can always be

depended on to give a run. He lives at Granby Gap, and the V.D. told of the eleven-mile point some weeks ago. Since then he has afforded several gallops. His plan is to go directly he hears Capell blow his horn; so that this being known, hounds generally get away with a fair start. The line taken is always much the same, right into the South Notts country, with a call at a drain on the way. If the drain is open he pops in, but even then the field have had a gallop of something better than forty minutes. Then think of this, you who have fore-sworu jumping: there is a line of gates all the way, and you need not jump a fence unless you like. Those first through the gates see more of the hounds than the conscientious riders of the line. But even when it is not necessary to call on the Granby Gap fox there are some stout ones in the duke's country. From Buckminster Park (Lord Dysart's) they had a very fair hunting run the day after the sport with Lord Galway noted above. For a Belvoir Wednesday the field was not of overwhelming size, but the V.D., whose eyes are always open for polo players out hunting, noted the Duke of Roxburgh, Mr. Bernard Wilson, Captain Milner, while the Melton ladies were represented by Mrs. W. Lawson, Lady Gerard, Lady Georgiana Curzon and Miss Muir. The first fox was found in the park at Buckminster. The run that followed was full of variety. The hounds went off, Belvoir fashion, at a great pace from Coston through the covert, passed the village, and then he dodged a little, and caused a check. When Capell got the line again it ran right through Sproxton Thorns up to Stonesby. Then they came to their noses, and patiently working

out every inch of the way, gradually arrived at Newman's Gorse. From here, too, it was a careful hunt, with spurts and dashes when the fox, which touched every covert he could, waited for hounds. Each time he got into a covert he seemed to get a little more advantage, and at last got clean away by Melton Spinney, which was the close of this run, and has been the starting point of many good gallops. The Belvoir are having a good season, but have not too many foxes.

A New Use for Wire.—Did you ever hear of wire being used to raise the value of land in a hunting country? A certain townsman bought a piece of land and enclosed it with wire, with the hope that someone in the hunt would give a fancy price for it to get rid of the wire. It is needless to point out that it would be unwise to do so. It reminds one of the policy adopted towards Danish pirates by one of our ancient kings, as narrated in "Little Arthur's History of England."

The Cottesmore.—The run of the month in the Shires was, perhaps, that of the Cottesmore from Tilton. Let me sketch the outlines. A fox in Brown's Wood and a hunt of no special feature over the familiar little circle to Tugby and back. Another fox away so quickly that most of us had a bad start, and of all countries, the up and down part of the Cottesmore Tuesday district is the worst to get off badly in, as you must either be going up a hill or down a hill faster than is good for the horse. I hoped for a little time in Tilton Wood, and got it, and up we climbed, with the needle-like spire of Tilton Church as a landmark. Then it was all down hill to John o' Gaunt. Hounds turned somewhere about here, and worked a

line to Tilton Station, then back again across Maresfield and on to Burrough and Adam's Bury. Again the pack swung round, and this time worked back into its own country, the first ground on way of the Panmure, its ground under a haystack near Burghwall. It was a curious line, and the thing gave us many chances. Indeed, several foxes helped in the proceedings.

The Quorn.—There seems a certain luck about getting the second whippers-in. The Quorn all came straight from that humble post to chairman of the Belvoir; Arthur Thorne of the Essex Union, was only first of a very brief period, and the two judges tell me that Walter Burre of the Quorn, who has been hunting hounds in the enforced and regretted absence of his superiors, shows very great promise. He is quick and patient, willing to let others finish their own race and yet ready to do his part. Of course, experience is wanting, but so far even a critical Master Hunt have only found one fault—that he is too reckless a rider, and will come to grief sooner or later. It may be the view of our best friends must be too bold indeed. The pack had a really good gallop in the afternoon of January and. The powerful sun softened the ground hardened by a fairly severe frost, and made the going rather treacherous. The day was apparently bad for sport in the morning, as no great sport took place till homing for at Walton Thorns. A serving went a straight line, and the Quorn country—what could be better and the not too numerous burrows of a field—never a big one for the Quorn—galloped and purged and enjoyed themselves as much as led them a rare gallop up to the

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Heaven's Bury.—There seems a certain luck about getting the second whippers-in. The Quorn all came straight from that humble post to chairman of the Belvoir; Arthur Thorne of the Essex Union, was only first of a very brief period, and the two judges tell me that Walter Burre of the Quorn, who has been hunting hounds in the enforced and regretted absence of his superiors, shows very great promise. He is quick and patient, willing to let others finish their own race and yet ready to do his part. Of course, experience is wanting, but so far even a critical Master Hunt have only found one fault—that he is too reckless a rider, and will come to grief sooner or later. It may be the view of our best friends must be too bold indeed. The pack had a really good gallop in the afternoon of January and.

an old-established pack, which provide sport over a country where foxhounds do not often come. This run covered nearly thirty miles of ground, and though, of course, it was only fast at times, it speaks well for the hounds and the kennel management that when the stag was taken at last only two hounds were missing from the pack.

The Woodland Pytchley.—The run which these hounds had on December 28th from Brampton Wood to Prior's Coppice is worthy of record on account of the pace, the distance run, and the fact that it is one of the last we shall see with Mr. Austin Mackenzie. Rumours are persistent that Lord Lonsdale will take the country, and nothing better could happen, but he is said to have declined the offer.

At all events, the run I have spoken of makes manifest what sport may be looked for under good management in this country. A glance at the map will show that the estimate of the point at twelve miles is not over the mark. This was a bold fox, as he crossed both the river and the railway to reach what may be called his first stage—Medbourne. From this point hounds drove very hard up the hill to Sir Bathe Cunard's coverts, and through them without a pause. It was fairly racing to Allexton Wood, where they changed. The pack ran on over the Hog's Back by Ridlington, and were at length stopped outside Prior's Coppice, because the horses could go no further.

Worcestershire.—The principal information from this part of the country is that Lord Dudley has been hunting the pack himself. It was rather disappointing that having got a fox away from Elmley on January 2nd

the pack had to be stopped for a passing train at Hartlebury, and what might have been a good run was spoiled.

Ireland.—The Carlow and Island had a great gallop on the last day of 1898. A wild night made the draw somewhat of a long one. It was at John's Gorse, named after the Master of the Meath, that they found a fox at last, and some three or four minutes after, the first note proclaimed the news. A halloo away brought the hounds and the field together at the bottom of the covert. A moment later hounds settled to run. The low ground over which the fox went rode deep and heavy, and the pack had the best of us. A few men, including the huntsman, were hindered by wire. Hounds, left to themselves, hunted on at a good pace for three miles, when hounds swung round. Still the fox held to the low country, and over some fences all too stiff for half blown horses. Luckily the fox was viewed a little further on, which enabled the huntsman to make a right cast when hounds were pressed over the line. So far it was rather over fifty minutes, and he had run a ring nearly to the point of starting. The fox was not done yet, and ran on to Ballydarton. You see I have got a name here and there for you. Now some big fences, struggled over somehow, brought us to a most welcome gate, and hounds were seen to run the road for some distance. All this time no one had seen the fox since the view of which I wrote above. Yet it must have been a beaten fox by the way he turned. So far as the present writer is concerned it was to be wished the end had come, for when the fox turned up hill it was time to pull up. But the end was evidently near, so helped by gaps and kindly

sportsmen on foot, and a sound or a glimpse now and then, I managed to get up ere the last tough remnants of an old vixen had been disposed of. Distance, sixteen miles; time, an hour and three-quarters, or a little more.

The Ormond Hunt.—Things are going rather badly in the dispute between this hunt and the King's County. The covert owners who hold the key of the situation still refuse to let Mr. Biddulph draw their coverts, thus disregarding the decision of the Irish Master of Hounds' Association. It is to be hoped that some peaceable solution may be found of our Irish foxhunting Fashoda business.

The Queen's.—Twice in one day to cross the Thames is rather a large order, but the stag from Twyford chose this as a preliminary to the day's sport. Every one thought that there would be no sport with this deer at all events, but that was "just where their toes turned in," for refreshed by his bath he went right away across a nice line towards the Loddon, where he beat hounds after all, and had to be left out. The going was a bit heavy, as it is everywhere, and the scent not very good, so that when once the stag got away his line soon faded out.

The Badminton.—"Hunting every day and having good sport," runs the budget from the West. Lord Worcester hunted the pack himself from Lower Woods on December 30th. A fox from Chalkley ran up to Badminton, and while casting for the hunted fox a fresh fox jumped up almost in the middle of the pack, and went away at a great pace back over the line we had come. The country up to Bodkin's Wood is an open one, and hounds went well. From there to Badminton

hounds hunted more slowly, and as it was evident that scent had failed hounds were taken home.

The Bicester Hounds.—December 17th found these hounds again in their very best form, their meet being Lower Boddington, and their first fox jumping from his kennel in Boddington Hill. His lucky star, however, was in the ascendant, for within five minutes he had secured the sanctuary of an open earth. Mr. Thursby's covert was then drawn, and from Hardwick Hill hounds ran fast to a drain near Priors Marston, which fortunately was stopped, and the Hunt drove forward gaily along the beautiful valley to Byfield Reservoir, turned to the left to a small spinney near Byfield, and a sharp twenty minutes was ended by this customer getting to ground just in front of hounds. After two disappointments Cox found again in Redhill, forced his fox across to Warden Hill, and having made a circuit of that covert hounds went away at a rattling pace to Farndon Mill, where they checked, a cur dog having coursed their fox. Cox soon had them at work again, however, and crossing the Eydon and Byfield road, and the East and West and Great Central railways, which threw a great many mien out, ran on to Woodford in Grafton territory. They passed on the right of the village, however, and nearly reached Canons Ashby, as with Ganderton Wood and Preston Capes on the right they drove forward to Fawsley. Crossing the Charwelton road to Sharndon Hill Catesby was reached, and the earths in Danes Hole being open, a truly stout fox saved his brush.

The two days preceding Christmas found them confined to kennel on account of frost, but Bank Holiday opened with a meet at the Master's house at Bicester, a really

sporting gallop being worked out in the afternoon from Arncott Wood, an intricate country being crossed and recrossed between that point and Marsh Gibbon, just beyond which village hounds ran into their fox and pulled him down at the end of two hours, a great many dirtied coats marking the severity of the ordeal through which their followers had passed. The next day in the calendar of any note was December 29th, when Lord Cottenham met at Chilton and finished the old year with yet another remarkable gallop. Notley Abbey did not uphold its reputation as regards foxes, although it was as usual the first draw from that fixture, but at Chearsley Firs a leash were on foot, and as one at least broke in the direction of Notley the tenantless condition of the former covert may be explained. A capital hunting run by Lower Winchendon to The Decoy, and thus by the Wilderness to Shipcot Hill, where they killed, came as a prelude to the great run which was to make the day memorable, for going on to Masons Gorse Cox got a real traveller on his legs. Going at first towards Pitchcott he turned under Oving and Whitchurch, across the Vale on the left of Lionel Gorse to Hardwicke Folly and Weaden Hill, crossed the Aylesbury road and held on in the direction of Aston Abbotts. Without touching the covert the Hunt passed Burstons, and with Norduck on the right drove forward to the brook, where there was great grief amongst tired horses, but by that time the duties of pilotage had been transferred to other shoulders, for Mr. J. Roades found the beaten fox in his rick-yard at Norduck, while the chase swept merrily onward to the Creslow, passing Dunton to within

one field of Highhavens ere it bore down upon Hoggston, at which point Cox had to own he was beaten. Tired hunters were left at various farmsteads on the homeward journey, a just tribute to the severity of the ordeal through which they had passed. January has likewise been prolific with great sport in this highly favoured country, for taking the fifth day first a grand woodland hunt originated at Claydon Home Wood; two hours and fifty-five minutes were spent driving a fox from section to section of these vast strongholds, then having forced him to admit that there was not sanctuary for him there, Cox and the doghounds drove him along for five and twenty minutes over a superb strip of country to Mr. Lepper's farm at Hillesden, rolling him over within a field of the brook.

This by no means exhausts the material at command, but out of six days' excellent work to the middle of the month, we must only bring two into these notes, Saturday 7th at Farthinghoe, and Saturday 14th at Cropredy Bridge, when two truly extraordinary runs fell to their lot. Taking them in their order, the first fox on January 7th was found at Thenford Gardens, ran the road nearly to Middleton Cheney, then bearing to the left, found refuge in a drain under the London and North-Western Railway at the Astrop road. Number two was found at Willifers, led the Hunt back over the same line they had just traversed to Thenford, and without lingering a moment, hounds drove him along at a cracking pace to Marston, crossed the hill to Thorpe Mandeville, and with the Magpie on the right, reached Sulgrave and Allithornes in the Grafton country, a six-mile point in forty

minutes. Crossing the brook in the next valley there was plenty of grief as hounds ran on to Weedon Lois, the pace fortunately slackening as some ploughlands fell in the line. Plumpton Wood offered no inducement to their fox to linger, yet it left such a favourable impression on his mind that after being nearly killed in the country towards Canons Ashby, he returned to it and endeavoured to shift the burthen from his shoulders. Great credit was due to Cox and his men that he did not accomplish the feat, but dragged on his weary way to Seawell, a shepherd viewing him quite ten minutes in front of hounds crossing some ploughs to a barn. The Hunt horses were done, so it was decided to give him up, but the yokel anxious to confirm his idea, went to the barn and there found Reynard. Shouting "Tally-ho" at the top of his voice, the pack was recalled and ran him across to the main earths at Blakesley, having been four hours and ten minutes at him.

The following Saturday found them repeating the performance, for finding at Redhill, they ran over a beautiful country for four hours and killed their fox in the open near the barracks at Weedon.

Lord Rothschild's Staghounds.

—Hunting was resumed in the Vale of Aylesbury on December 30th, this pack meeting at Wingrave Cross Roads. The first stag was uncared at Norduck, and a short but merry burst ended at Weedon Lodge. Turning out another at the fixture, the Hunt crossed a nice line of country by Hoxleys to Mr. Manning's farm, then doubling back in the direction of Cublington, brought the brook in the line as the Creslow was reached, and a good deer was re-captured at Oving.

Hoggeston Guide Post on January 2nd was the starting point of a very excellent gallop, the principal points of which were Whitchurch, Weedon Lodge and Bierton; then bearing to the left by Hulcot to Marston Gate, a stout stag was set at bay in the canal at Puttenham.

January 9th, Aston Abbots, the Master, Mr. L. de Rothschild, accorded his quarry an extra amount of law, and his hounds justified his action by showing their followers some excellent hunting over a big and heavy country by Creslow and Hurdlesgrove to Christmas Gorse, thence right-handed over the Winslow road by Swanbourne and Mursley to Whaddon, re-capturing him at Parkhill, a great performance for hounds.

The Whaddon Chase.—The doings of this pack have scarcely reached the standard we are apt to look for in such a beautiful country, for although there appears to be quite a sufficiency of foxes throughout their whole district, there has been such an utter lack of scent that nothing but disappointment has been meted out to them each day. December 20th found them at Addington Lodge and a strong contingent from the Bicester threw in their lot with them. A fox had moved off from Tuckey before hounds reached it, but Sturman worked out a line by Winslow to Shipton and Winslow Spinneys, finally marking his fox to ground at Dodlay Hill. Mr. G. Greaves' spinneys held at least a brace and a half of foxes, and from Mr. W. Lambton's covert, Rodimore, a hunting run was enacted by Winslow Station to the Spinneys, and thence by Little Horwood Park to Narberries.

December 24th, Christmas Eve,

was certainly brighter for them, for although most packs were stopped by frost, Mr. Lowndes succeeded in hunting from Whaddon. Finding in Howe Park Wood, hounds ran fast through the spinneys to Hopkins' Lodge, and having thus secured a line of grass the whole way, touched Old Lands ere they crossed the Whaddon road to Mr. Father's Spinney and College Wood. Without lingering they ran on over Park Hill to Codimore, threaded Thrift, and with Narberries on the right, drove forward as if Swanborne Gorse were their fox's point. Turning to the left, however, over the railway, the hunt passed Mr. Hinton's house at Solden, and having reached Drayton Potash, marked their fox to ground in a stick heap near the farm. Returning to Solden Wood, they were soon away over the Oxford railway with another fox, going away as if for Howe Park, but running back over the line to Newton Longville, Mr. Lowndes had them stopped.

December 27th found them at Drayton Potash and a perfect hurricane raging. Highhovens the first order; a short scurry across the valley to Muresley, the result, men struggling with their headgear the whole time, and saturated to the skin by the deluge which swept over the country. From Lord Orkney's coverts at Solden the Hunt crossed a stiff line to Newton Longville and Mrs. Villiers' Gorse, and running them out of scent before that covert was reached. On Mr. Syrratt's farm another fox was quickly found, and threading Solden, hounds ran on to the Whaddon woodlands.

January 3rd, Hardwick, a small field out. Found in Mr. J. King's double and ran on by Clarke's

Brake to Aylesbury, where he beat them. Found again in Lionel Gorse and raced up wind by Blackgrove to Mason's Gorse, a very pretty ten minutes with lots of grief. Guy's Thorns were blank, but a fox jumped up close by and the day was finished with a very merry scurry by North Marston to Pitchcott, where they changed foxes, the hunted one going on to Denham Hill, while the other sank into the valley, and hounds were stopped at Lionel Gorse.

January 7th, Shenley Brook End. Found in Howe Park and ran fast by Whaddon Park to Oakhill Wood, crossed to Shenley Wood, and without changing foxes returned to Howe Park Wood to kill him in the open close to Mr. Monks' house at Tattenhoe.

January 17th, Addington Lodge. Again a large field met them. Trotted on to Tuckey, finding in the open between that place and Grandborough. There was little scent, and with at least two brace of foxes on foot, complications set in, a slow hunting run by Addington to Rodimore ending when Little Horwood was passed, their fox beating them between that village and Narberries. A really good gallop followed from Christmas Gorse after we had seen some excellent hound work at Winslow Spinneys, for a fox set his head resolutely over the grass by Mains Hill and Hoggston to Dunton and Cublington Knoll, then bearing to the right to Norduck, crossed the double to Aston Abbotts for covert. Five and thirty minutes from the start he got to ground in front of them. This was a decidedly good day, and everyone went home satisfied.

The Grafton Hounds have been showing great sport this season, and the wonderful quality of the pack has enabled it to hunt and kill notwithstanding the generally unfavourable conditions that have prevailed. Readers of *BAILY* do not need to be told that the N.W. district of this Hunt shows such sport as cannot be bettered in the pick of the Shires. But hound lovers will rather follow the Grafton Hunt into its forest country, and a better day than Wednesday, the 4th day of the New Year, cannot be chosen. The meet was at Horton, closely bordering on Tardley Chase and within easy reach of Salcey Forest. Bishopp, than whom a better huntsman cannot well be found, whose cheerful horn not only encourages and admonishes the pack, but charms and cheers the followers of the Hunt, was unfortunate enough to be temporarily on the shelf, and the horn was carried by the Master himself, the best type of the hunting English gentleman — and long may his kind survive — and the dog pack was out.

Hounds proceeded to Brayfield Furze for the draw, and soon a whimper proclaimed that Reynard was "at home," and a quick departure showed him to be undoubtedly of the right sort. He led us over a nice hunting country, with perhaps a thought too much of plough and plenty of jumping to Denton village near by; a fresh fox jumping up in some bents in front of hounds, divided the pack, the hunted fox with some ten couple of hounds at his brush, turning to the right, whilst the remainder with the bulk of the field took the new line in the direction of Cook-noe. A full half hour was lost thus before the pack was once more united, and the line again

taken up on the edge of Colwick Erne Wood. But it is in such circumstances that the qualities of this most admirable pack are best shown, and the way in which the line was picked up and steadily hunted, through wood, over grass, over plough, and through wood again, was a treat indeed, and though in this very sporting country there were numerous holloas forward and numberless eager informers, hounds were left with very little help to work out the line through the top end of the Chase down to Tardley Hastings, where the fox turned to the right, and then down towards Easton Wood, but either he was too fagged to face the wood, or more likely, the presence of some wood-cutters there deterred him, for he skirted the lower end and headed back towards Denton, turning again, however, to the right and skirting the top end of Grendon village, he gained asylum in a rabbit burrow in Castle Ashby grounds, hounds being quite close behind him at the last. One felt one's sympathies pulled either way, desire that the meritorious hunting should be rewarded by blood, and yet satisfaction that a gallant fox should live to give sport another day.

From the find to marking him to earth, 2 hours, 40 minutes.

It was then a long drag back to Cowper's Oak for a second draw, but hounds quickly got on to a fresh fox in the Weston Underwood, whom they hustled up through Killick and into the Chase, but he quickly turned back and sought refuge in a drain in the covert itself, within a few yards of his original lair. Spades were requisitioned and a mean career was ended by furnishing well-deserved blood to the hounds, bringing a thoroughly charming day to a fitting end.

Sport in Yorkshire.— There has been a gradual improvement in sport during the past month, and though good scenting days have been few and far between there have been occasional good runs with all Yorkshire packs. The Cleveland had a great run on Thursday, January 5th, finding their fox in Morton Carr Whin and killing him close to Carlton in Cleveland; and the Badsworth, Holderness and Bedale have all had good runs. The Bramham Moor, too, has had an excellent run from Collier Hagg, over the river Nidd at Cattal and on to Hammerton in the York and Ainsty country, where they were run out of scent. It was a good run of an hour, most of it on grass. The country has not been so deep for years, and falls as a natural consequence have been plentiful. Mr. E. K. Fox, the Secretary of the Cleveland, having a very bad fall a few weeks ago and was nastily kicked, and Fred Holland, the Bedale huntsman, broke a rib, whilst a slight attack of concussion, the result of a fall, kept Capt. Collins out of saddle for a couple of weeks. All three have recovered or are on the high road to recovery, and these are all the serious casualties in Yorkshire of which I am aware.

The York and Ainsty.— St. Stephen's Day at Beningbrough Hall commences the York and Ainsty record. A holiday crowd, of course, and all the boys out eager for the fray. And right well did they acquit themselves too when the time of trial came. There was a leash of foxes in Overton Wood, with one of which they got away in a pelting storm, and after a ringing run of about half an hour they ran to ground in Josey Wood, one hound getting hold of the fox on the earth but failing to retain his hold. The

fox subsequently bolted, and after running a few fields was killed. Coldstream Gorse held a good fox, which faced the open at once. First it looked as if Suet Carr would be his destination, but swinging round to the left hounds raced past Launde House, and turning to the left ran over the Blue Beck and the Easingwold road, and marked their fox to ground in a drain on the banks of the Kyle close to the Thirsk railway—a four-mile point in twenty-two minutes. It was a case of a fox and many friends, for when a terrier was introduced into the drain at least a leash showed themselves. Hounds went away with a fresh one, and running him smartly through Court House Wood, pointing for Newton-on-Ouse and then with a right-hand turn over Newton Fields to the banks of the Kyle, where they ran to ground after a brisk twenty-five minutes.

Tuesday, January 3rd, found them at Ashfield, whence they had one of the best days' sport they have had this season. They found in Askham Bogs, and fairly raced by Askham Bryan to Grange Wood, where they lost their fox after the quickest ten minutes they have had this season, hounds fairly beating horses. The field was squandered all over the place, for Askham Bogs is not the best place in the world to get away from and there was no chance of a nick, whilst to attempt to make up lost ground was pretty sure to end in disaster. Then came a sharp fifteen minutes from Rufforth Whin to Acomb, where their fox took refuge in a hen-house, and being a vixen was saved. The day was made out at Askham Whin. They found and had a curious twisting run round by Angram and lost their fox, and then they went back to Askham

Whin, and after a long spell of hard hunting in covert they got away with a good fox who led them over one of the finest lines in the Ainsty. Leaving Angram to the left they ran to Collier Hagg, which they just skirted, and leaving Hutton Hall to the left they pointed for Hutton Thorns; but swinging to the left some three fields before they reached the covert they crossed Broad Lane and ran by Pasture Hall Wood and over Atterwith Lane pointing for Wilstrop Wood, but turning to the right they hunted on at a slower pace in the direction of Marston Station, within a short distance of which scent failed. It was a fast thirty-five minutes, with only one check just before they lost their fox.

On January 14th they had a good day from Helperby Hall. They began by a smart ring of thirty-five minutes from Brafferton Spring, round by Raskelf Station, Sessay Wood, Pilmoor, and Fawdington Common, and to ground on the railway close to Brafferton Spring. Then they had a smart little scurry from Dalton Whin, over the Thirsk railway and parallel to it, crossing the Cod Beck and running into their fox at the Old Wood at the end of Sessay village. Time, twenty-five minutes. At a quarter past three they found a straight-necked fox which led them over a fine line of country, and had there been a little better scent it would have been a great run indeed. First they pointed for Raskelf village, but swinging to the left they crossed the Thirsk and Easingwold road, and leaving Peep o' Day well to the right hunted by Throstle Nest, Woolpott and Highborne down to the Thirsk and Pickering railway. This they crossed to the left of Husthwaite Gate, and leaving

Angram Hall to the right they hunted on past Carlton Husthwaite and over the Coxwold road nearly to Kilburn, hounds being stopped at darkening after a nice hunt of an hour and a quarter.

Mr. Salkeld's.—A good wild Cumberland fox generally makes a good point, and certainly if ever fox deserved to live to run another day that fox did which led Mr. Salkeld's hounds such a merry dance on December 22nd. The fixture was Petterill Bank, and they tried several coverts before they found in the new covert at Bird's Hill. Hounds ran very hard to Dob's Cross, where they checked and some of the pack were forward, which caused slow hunting for a time. They worked well through Bellmount, over Fawkes Common, and then when once clear of Broadfield they began to run hard. They left the Elephant Inn on the left, and crossed the high road into Calthwaite coverts, running down the valley between the coverts and the river. Then turning to the right they recrossed the road, and skirting Morton Gorse ran by Brackenbrough nearly to Plompton station. Then turning to the left they ran back by the top of Calthwaite village, within a mile of which they marked their fox to ground. It was a point of eight and three-quarter miles, run in one hour fifty-seven minutes, and as hounds ran it would be quite six miles more.

Impending Hunt Changes.—

It is bad news for all concerned that Mr. John Hargreaves, who has made a capital master, as was only to be expected from the son of his father, has determined to relinquish the Cattistock Hounds at the end of the season. On the whole, however, the Cattistock country has been lucky since Lord Poltimore gave it up.

Lord Guildford might have held it until now had it not been for his lamented death owing to a bad fall sustained in the hunting field. Mr. Chandos Pole reigned for nine years, and only left to take a new country around his own home; but Mr. Hargreave's rule has been all too short. Then in the Albrighton country Mr. James Foster, who for a dozen years—three years as joint master with the Hon. H. Legge, and for nine years by himself—has been at the head of the hunt, is now about to retire, and his absence will be much felt, for under his rule the hunt in which Mr. Orlando Stubbs and Sir Thomas Boughley showed so much good sport has had a happy existence.

Mr. Austin Mackenzie is to have a testimonial on giving up the Woodland Pytchley, a meeting for the purpose of arranging preliminaries having been held at Kettering, and no master has better deserved some recognition of his services. What Mr. Mackenzie has expended on the hunt probably no one but himself knows, and whoever succeeds him will have no light task to keep the establishment up to Mr. Mackenzie's standard. Eleven years have elapsed since Mr. C. P. Shrubbs succeeded Mr. Vaughan Williams as Master of the Tedworth, and he, too, has announced his intention of retiring; so with the resignation of the above-mentioned masters a gap will be left in the ranks of those who have been for some time in harness. The Eastern Counties, too, may have to look out for some new masters. Mr. Sheffield Neave, whose family a hundred years ago were connected with stag-hunting in Essex, has written a letter to the hon. sec. of the hunt, pointing out that the time has arrived when he must give up the stag-

hounds, to a great extent owing to the prevalence of barbed wire. On Tuesdays some deer of tried excellence has usually been selected in the hope of assuring a run to the followers of the pack, Saturday being devoted to untried deer; but the noted members of the herd have generally been injured by wire, and the runs consequently spoiled. Mr. Sheffield Neave writes: "The wire has so increased that to-day about half the country usually hunted is impassable for our quarry in safety, and is not, therefore, available for meets; and, further, there is hardly a mile together in any part of it that has none at all. It is impossible under the circumstances for me to remain responsible for sport shown." The East Essex, too, are in want of a new head, as, in consequence of continued ill health, Mr. R. Ruggles Brice and Capt. Cruickshank will give up the country.

Deer Poaching on Exmoor.—

By great good fortune a couple of deer poachers were detected red handed near Porlock with a dead deer, a conviction following in due course. It had been known that for several years the unsportsmanlike practice of deer poaching had prevailed in that district by five ruffians who had gained an unenviable notoriety in the neighbourhood. As the result of the capture of two of the gang the Master of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds and the Committee thereof have come to the wise determination to inaugurate a fund to pay some watchers to assist the police and gamekeepers. The hon. sec. to the Devon and Somerset Staghounds will receive subscriptions, which may be sent to him at Milton's Rocks, Dulverton, and it is to be hoped that everyone who has enjoyed the sport shown by

the master and his hounds will make a point of contributing something towards so desirable a fund.

The New Forest Hounds.—Among the packs which have done well during the present season must be included the New Forest, and on Tuesday, the 10th ult., they placed a really excellent run to their credit. Meeting at Tuffnells, the residence of Mr. Reginald Hargreaves, the gathering was fixed for noon, so as to give the members time to arrive from their annual meeting, and it was well that hounds did not meet early, as the morning was very wet. The fox found himself, so to speak, moved off in good time, but was viewed by a keen pair of eyes, and hounds were soon on his track. The scent being good, and the going deep, horses had to do all they knew to live with the flying pack. Some woodland was, of course, inevitable, but the fox was kept out of sundry strongholds, electing to cross the more open ground, and was pulled down after a very fast gallop of an hour, with only two insignificant checks during the whole time.

Staghunting.—The little band of anti-staghunters keep pothering on with the persistency of the sleuth-hound of old, and have now addressed what they regard as a "strong letter" to the Earl of Coventry on the subject. It is rather a pity the letter was written, as it reveals an amount of ignorance of the habits of deer and deerhunting which is little short of astounding. As settling the question at once and for all, the Humanitarian League say: "What you consider innocent amusement with animals we consider barbarous treatment of them." *Sic volo, sic jubeo!* What can Lord Coventry say after that?

"The hunted deer," the letter continues, "are practically domesticated creatures," a statement which does not say much for the writers' knowledge of these "creatures." Just afterwards the writers rather give themselves away, for in spite of all the barbarous cruelty to which it is alleged they are subject, they "are kept for the torture for many years," so it must be an uncommonly slow death at any rate. By way of showing how great the cruelty is, the writer states that on ten occasions during the present season deer have run for refuge into houses and farm buildings, and so they would if they were at large and un-hunted, and came across some convenient shelter. The deer on Exmoor, as well as the carted deer, take soil as often as they can, yet this is not mentioned as a sign of cruelty. Furthermore, it is alleged that the servants' horses are "ridden in the most terrific manner in order to prevent a scandal"; but long before the Humanitarian League was hatched it was the custom of Charles Davis, Harry King, and Goodall to ride up to their hounds, just as every huntsman to a pack of foxhounds rides up to them, and is there to take the fox from the pack.

The Sporting Spaniel Club.—The first field trials of the Sporting Spaniel Club held early in January over the estate of Mr. W. Arkwright at Sutton Scarsdale, Chesterfield, were successful in every respect. The work done was highly creditable, for with one or two exceptions, the whole of the spaniels entered in the two stakes did all that was asked of them; whilst the dual winner, a liver-and-white cocker, far removed from show type in appearance, astonished visitors by her

perfect quartering, retrieving and covert work. Her owner, who also bred her, is Mr. Isaac Sharpe, of Humshaugh-on-Tyne, one of the best all-round shots in the country, whilst as a handler and breaker of sporting dogs he is perhaps without a rival. Of late years he has been very successful with pointers, setters, and retrievers, but this is his first essay with a spaniel, and the way in which Stylish Pride worked at the Chesterfield Trials proved the excellence of her handler's method of breaking. Such staunch admirers of the working type of sporting dog as Lord Alfred Fitzroy and Mr. Purcell Llewellyn, expressed their astonishment at a spaniel quartering the ground, retrieving, and standing to gunshot and the hand in the way the Northumbrian bitch did, and if the Sporting Spaniel Club, by means of the trials, can induce other owners to support the scheme, the club will not have been formed in vain. Its avowed object, "to recall attention to the working points of spaniels, which have been neglected in favour of fancy points," appeals to all who keep dogs for work rather than for show purposes, and with a membership of close on sixty there is every reason to believe that, in time, its annual field trials will be looked upon as one of the most important events on the doggy calendar. It is, however, questionable if so suitable an estate as Sutton Scarsdale can be obtained elsewhere. Mr. Arkwright, —who is, by the way, president of the club—placed his fine park of three hundred acres, and covert of underwood of similar extent, at the disposal of the committee, and every possible test, except retrieving from water, was given. Another year it is hoped to include this test in the trials, and also

have a brace or team competition. An estate has already been offered for the second trials.

The Billiard Championship—C. Dawson v. J. North.—It cannot but be gratifying to the Billiard Association to find that their latest Rules of Billiards, which came into force on October 1st, 1898, are now generally accepted as authoritative by all whose opinion carries weight. Whatever exception may have been taken to its constitution and *status*, or, on occasion, to its action, the Association has, beyond question, always had the best interests of billiards at heart. One most important question the Billiard Association has long endeavoured to settle satisfactorily, *viz.*, the vexed one of the Championship, and at last that body may be heartily congratulated on having triumphantly overcome difficulties in this connection which for long seemed utterly insuperable.

On February 3rd, 1890 (to quote the date engraved on the actual trophy, not that given in Bennett's "Billiards"), the original Cup, given in 1870 for the Championship, became, by effluxion of time, the absolute property of John Roberts, who had held it uninterruptedly for a term of five years, and it then became desirable that fresh regulations should be drawn up to govern championship contests. There had always existed in billiard circles a feeling more or less antagonistic to the "championship table," with its three-inch pockets and other variations from the ordinary table, and about this time this feeling became intensified. It was felt to be an anomaly that the Championship of Billiards should be decided on a table seldom or never used at any other time, and not on one of ordinary make. Still the remedy for this

unsatisfactory state of things was difficult to find, and the Billiard Association, in instituting their All-in and Spot-barred-Championships on an ordinary "standard" table, took the only course that appeared open to them. It was felt, however, that these championships somehow failed to meet the case, and they never aroused much public enthusiasm; indeed, it is doubtful whether even the promoters of them ever regarded them as being much more than a *pis aller*. Under the then existing conditions, John Roberts had probably some show of right on his side in claiming that the old Championship Rules had never been authoritatively abrogated or altered.

Very different is the case to-day. The revised rules of the Billiard Association have given us *one* game of English billiards in which no legitimate stroke is barred, and the billiard world has cause to be thankful. In some authoritative quarters the first feeling, on the appearance of the new Rules, was the not unnatural one of indignation that a genuine and time-honoured stroke like the "spot-stroke" was being summarily abolished. This feeling has probably already been tempered by a grateful sense of satisfaction that the complications, which have for a quarter of a century surrounded the vexed question of the Championships, have for ever been swept away. We have now *one* game, *one* Championship, of English Billiards, the abnormal "championship table" is a thing of the past, and the futile, ever-recurring arguments as to what constitutes English Billiards will be heard no more.

Not less satisfactory than the Rules of Billiards recently passed by the Billiard Association are the conditions, drawn up by that

body, which will henceforth govern all contests for the Championship. The title of "Champion" is, in future, to carry with it the income of £100 *per annum*, a laudable acknowledgment of the dignity of the holder's position, and this sum is guaranteed for three years. For the initial contest for the Championship of English Billiards (open to the world) three players, Charles Dawson, William Mitchell, and John North had entered, each staking the sum of £20 to form a sweepstakes, but Mitchell, engaged in the Egyptian Hall Tournament, was afterwards generously allowed by the other two to withdraw his stake. John Roberts, in view of his great match with Dawson next month, was hardly expected to enter, but Diggle, on the other hand, had been reckoned a certain aspirant for Championship honours. The first contest, then, resolved itself into a match between Dawson and North, and this—a game of 9,000 points up, on a "Standard" table specially erected by Thurston & Co.—was commenced on Monday, January 9th, at the Gaiety Restaurant, Strand, before a capital attendance.

The game, in spite of its important character, does not call for any lengthy description. From the outset Dawson drew away, finishing up with an advantage of 358 points on the first day's play. Improving as his knowledge of the table grew, the little Yorkshireman travelled at a rare pace, making in the course of the match such breaks as 337, 320, 309, and 350, John North, who at times played very well, being quite outclassed. Eventually Dawson won by nearly half the game, the scores at the end of the week reading: Dawson, 9,000; North, 4,715. Dawson, who is thus the first to hold the

Championship of the World at English Billiards under the revised rules, is now playing magnificently, and it is safe to say that the excitement already engendered throughout the country by his forthcoming great match with John Roberts (particulars of which appeared in "Our Van" last month) will run still higher in consequence of his latest achievement.

Sport at the Universities.—

Lent Term opened—as is invariably the case—with wretched weather. At Oxford, in particular, the floods were so high as to effectually stop coaching from the banks of the Isis. Should King Frost intervene, as in 1895, at this stage, there will be plenty of scope for the proposed Inter-'Varsity skating matches in all conscience! Nothing dismayed, however, both University Eight and Torpids practice is being actively pursued by the noble army of "wet bobs." Thus early, any discrimination in the latter direction would be idle, nor can much be spoken of representative crew prospects. We understand that President Gold will be stroke for the fourth successive year, as also that ex-President Philips will occupy his 1897 thwart again.

Outside the "Blues," Messrs. Steel, E. L. Warre, Hale, Tinne, Holmes and Tomkinson are well in the running for places, but nothing like final constitution will be attained for some weeks yet. As usual, Cambridge commenced "Eight" work a week earlier than Oxford, Mr. W. A. L. Fletcher again taking them in hand *ab initio*—to universal satisfaction. Either President Etherington-Smith or J. H. Gibbon will be stroke, but of the other "Old Blues," only Dudley-Ward, J. H. Goldie and W. B. Rennie

are likely to do battle again. Such fine oarsmen as Messrs. Sanderson, Payne, Young, Chapman and Western, &c., are pretty sure to intervene! Next month both crews will have fairly settled down, and then critical comment will be possible in these columns.

The Inter-'Varsity contests arranged for February are the Association football and hockey matches. On past form, the Cantabs are warm favourites for the first-named tussle, and with reason, for (a) they have played the same team almost from the first, and (b) they have given much the smarter exposition both fore and aft. After careful observation both ways, we confidently predict the victory of Cambridge by about the same margin as last year. A few days later, the hockey teams meet for supremacy—it is hoped at Queen's Club also—and here also we anticipate the victory of the Light Blues, but only after a battle royal. They are much cleverer forward than their rivals, whilst in defence there is not much superiority either way. We ought to witness one of the most scientific and stubborn matches since the inception of this contest.

Other matches set down for the present Term are those at Golf, Racquets, Billiards, Boxing and Fencing, Chess, &c., not forgetting the Athletic tussle at Queen's Club, provisionally fixed for March 24th. The international cable Chess match between Oxford and Cambridge v. the American Universities, will also be decided, but pressure of space this month forbids detailed mention of respective prospects. Suffice it to say that practice and preparation are going on apace in every direction, and every single tussle looks like being fought out to the

bitter end. Further international athletic competitions are also mooted, but that is another story which can best be told next month. Events of interest since our last may be very briefly vouchsafed. Wedding bells have rung for the Rev. F. W. Pawson, the old Cantab and International footballer; whilst Mr. C. H. St. John Hornby, the old Oxonian rowing "Blue," now rejoices in a son and heir. Congratulations are due to the Duke of Marlborough (Cambridge) upon his appointment as Paymaster-General, and to Mr. J. F. Rawlinson, Q.C., upon his election as Recorder of Cambridge. The latter preference is singularly appropriate, inasmuch as "Jack" Rawlinson was a name to swear by in Cambridge football circles years ago. Death has removed Professor Price (Master of Pembroke College, Oxford) and Dr. Knox, another old Cantab and International sportsman of renown, but it is satisfactory to relate that Mr. Nelson, the Oxford Rugby Captain, is fast getting very fit again after his recent Queen's Club accident. Our last month's contention that the four-years' limit which obtains in most Inter-Varsity contests should apply to rowing also has been freely discussed elsewhere. Putting aside many equally cogent reasons advanced, it seems the general opinion that the present elastic conditions governing the Boat Race qualification is unfair to junior men, *i.e.*, those actually in residence, who are deprived of representative honours thereby. We agree, and heartily emphasise the general opinion that the sooner the O.U.B.C. and C.U.B.C. come to an amicable arrangement under this heading the better.

Golf.—The first month of the year was by no means favourable

for golf. Inland courses suffered greatly from the excess of rain, which in many cases caused flooding, while at the seaside golfers had to contend with the full fury of the very frequent gales, the result being poor scores all round. Happily, there are not many competitions held in January.

Golfers are beginning to discuss the probable outcome of the work of the Rules of Golf Committee. It is known that besides answering queries addressed to it, this body is engaged upon a general revision of the rules, animated by a hope of making them more easily understood as well as more complete. Experience shows that many things occur in the practice of the game in different parts of the country which were never dreamt of in the ancient philosophy of St. Andrews, and consequently are not provided for in the present rules, and though the Committee cannot hope to reach every difficulty with a rule, there is much that it can do which will lighten its own labours as a court of appeal and contribute to the comfort and good temper of the golfing community generally. It says something for the loyalty given to St. Andrews by the new race of golfers that long ere this an entirely fresh and competitive code of rules has not been set up, and it therefore becomes this Committee, representing as it does in its position and constitution the very best traditions of the game, to acknowledge this proof of loyalty and make substantial concessions to the altered circumstances. It need not fear erring on the side of excess of generosity, for all its proposals will have to pass through the close refinery of a Club Meeting.

Golfers going this year to the links in the neighbourhood

of Gullane, that is to say, to Muirfield, Gullane, Luffness or Craigielaw, will notice a great many changes. Not only has the railway contractor been very busy, but so also has the house-builder, who seems to have discovered that the one want of the district is an ample supply of villas. These he has dotted all over the landscape, and though they may occasionally be useful for "giving the line," I fancy most golfers would prefer to see in their place the waving corn, or even the prosaic rabbit warren. Craigielaw is a new course, laid out on the property of the Earl of Wemyss, and specially designed by his lordship for golfers who take the ball and spare the turf. Its general characteristics are not unlike those of Muirfield, though of course it will take some time before it is brought into the same good order. At Gullane a second eighteen-holes course has been laid out, with a view to relieving the pressure on the old course during the summer and autumn months. And, last of all, the various clubs have made a joint arrangement about the caddies, fixing a general scale of charge, and getting rid of the long standing difficulty about lunch money by abolishing it altogether.

The Leasowe Golf Club, in general meeting assembled, decided not to allow play on Sunday. It seems to have based its decision on the maxim of old Tom Morris, that if the members of a club don't require rest on Sunday the green does.

A gold medal is given each year by the Tooting Bec Club for competition among the winners of the monthly medals. On the day fixed for the competition the ground at Furzedown was wet and difficult, and three men—C. E. Walker, L. S. Fitter and A. J.

Robertson—tied for first place with net scores of 89. When the three played again, Mr. Walker tied with Mr. Fitter with a net score of 84, and on the occasion of the third meeting Mr. Walker won the medal with a net score of 87. These figures show how exceedingly difficult it is to get in a good score at Furzedown during the wet winter months.

"The Forty Thieves" at Drury Lane.—As gorgeous as ever is the *Pantomime* at Drury Lane, and the scene and *ballot* of the "World's Collection of Porcelain" is perhaps the finest thing of its kind that has ever been seen on a London stage; at the close of the scene the air is dense with the celebrated Grigolati Aerial Troupe, whose numbers have been specially reinforced for this occasion; in the middle of the stage there flows a fairy cascade upon which some beautiful effects are produced by electric lights, and the rest of the huge stage is occupied by the collection of Porcelain in dresses beautifully painted to represent the most choice specimens of china.

The cast is as strong as ever, and at Drury Lane that means a good deal; the funniest man of the day, Dan Leno, is quite in his element as Abdallah, and has some very funny scenes with the fair Zuleika, whose part is robustly played by Mr. Herbert Campbell. Miss Nellie Stewart, who hails from Australia, appears to possess all the good qualities which are requisite for a principal boy, and a word of praise must certainly be given to those talented actors Messrs. Queen and Le Brun, who are jointly responsible for one of the cleverest donkeys that has faced the footlights.

With such a strong cast as Mr. Arthur Collins has collected, and with no expense spared in the

production, we could wish that the Pantomime were more amusing. The first part goes well enough, but when all the characters come to London in the second part there are some very dull times; more especially is this to be noticed in the scene at the Zoo where a number of persons representing prominent characters of the day are brought forward and caged, the caricatures are for the most part so badly executed that the audience show no recognition until they are told the name, and surely if this sort of thing is worth doing (and of this we have our doubts) it ought to be worth doing well. Dr. W. G. Grace and Tod Sloan are introduced in this way and their counterfeit presentations can only irritate those who know the sportsmen in question. Of course Lord Salisbury, Mr. Chamberlain and others pay the penalty of greatness by being included in the show, but really Mr. Collins, don't you think you might have done this part of the show a little better? Personally we are always bored beyond measure by topical allusions in a Pantomime, but as they are frequently received with applause we must presume that somebody likes them; and of course, this year with Kitchener, Fashoda, Kaiser Wilhelm, Dreyfus, and others, *quos enumerare per-multum est*, the topical song and jest can be mixed into a deadly dose, and we ought with Christian resignation to be grateful that there is not more of it.

"The Babes in the Wood" at the Grand Theatre, Islington.—One is always sure of a good Christmas show at the Grand, and this year the Babes and their amusing companions are providing as much mirth as ever for the crowds which pack the house nightly and three afternoons a week. Mr. Harry Randall is, as

usual, master of the revels, and is as funny and as well supplied with songs as ever. We must really offer him our warm congratulations upon the noble forbearance he displayed the night we witnessed the performance in refraining, despite repeated calls, from singing the war verse in his now world-famed song, "Let 'em all come." In our opinion there is far too much topical twaddle introduced into our pantomimes and great credit is due to Mr. Harry Randall for suppressing, now that the occasion is fortunately past, his popular war verse. Mr. Frank Danby, as the wicked uncle, is funny, and faintly reminiscent of Mr. Arthur Roberts. The charming Sisters Belfry, as Robin Hood and Maid Marion do a great deal for the success of the show, Miss Venie Belfry especially proving as good a principal boy as could be desired. We must not forget to mention the little Harris girls, who make a pair of very nice Babes, and do a pretty song and dance together, whilst the brothers Passmore represent a pair of grotesque and extremely active Robbers. Take it altogether, an orchestra stall at the Grand is just now about as good value for four shillings as can well be obtained.

"Milord Sir Smith" at the Comedy Theatre.—Mr. Arthur Roberts is playing in London again, and has worked up the title rôle of Milord Sir Smith into one of his most amusing parts. We have so often seen "Our only Arthur" singing and laughing his way through a play as a bare-faced impostor in a variety of disguises, and here he is at it again at the Comedy, passing himself off as Campano, the great tenor, and making love to two ladies at the same time in his best form. Mr. Roberts is fortu-

nate in his choice of ladies ; it is always a pleasure to see Miss Ethel Sydney, and to Miss Ada Reeve as "Celeste, a singer of the Eldorado," much of the success of the production is due. Since she played "The Gay Parisienne" at the Lyric Theatre, we have always regarded Miss Ada Reeve with admiration, and her present performance, we think, entitles her to a very high place in the profession. Miss Reeve sings and dances most admirably, and in all she does there is a piquancy, and above all, a refinement which is very precious but seldom too abundant in musical comedy. Next to Mr. Roberts, of whom it is sufficient to say that he is himself, and has a part which suits him, we regard Miss Reeve as the success of the piece. Mr. Robert Nainby plays once more his popular rôle of an irascible Frenchman, and Mr. Charles Wibrow shows to advantage as a canny Scot. Mr. Roberts is never unduly extravagant over the scenery and accessories of his productions, but

he and Miss Ada Reeve are likely to keep Milord Sir Smith going in Pantom Street for some time to come.

"Racing Annals and Future Fixtures" is the title of a very handy little book edited by Major Wingfield, and published by Messrs. Hamilton Bros., Buckingham Palace Road. The frontispiece given is a representation of the racing colours of the principal owners, and in addition to a diary there is much intelligence as to fixtures for 1899, as well as records of sport in 1898.

The Badminton Diary for 1899, edited by Captain Fitzalan G. Manners, of the Scots Guards, contains all the features which have contributed to its success in former years. All sporting engagements of importance appear against the days in the Diary, and a mass of sporting statistics is included. The Diary, which is of convenient size, is published by Messrs. A. Webster & Co., Piccadilly, W.

Sporting Intelligence.

[During December, 1898—January, 1899.]

THE huntsman of the South Devon Foxhounds met his death under peculiar circumstances on December 20th. While endeavouring to get a fox which had gone to earth, a mass of rock and earth was disturbed, which fell upon the unfortunate man, and broke his neck. His hunting horn was completely flattened.

The United Hounds had a narrow escape from destruction on December 21st, while hunting in the neighbourhood of Craven Arms. They were crossing the railway near Marshbrook when the Bristol express dashed right through them, and it was lucky that only one hound out of the pack was killed.

While hunting with the Essex Union Hounds on December 22nd, Mr. Raul Champion de Crespigny had the misfortune to break his leg. His horse slipped in jumping a ditch, struck the opposite bank, and dashed his rider's legs against the stump of an elm tree, horse and rider rolling back into the ditch.

The members and farmers of the North Staffordshire Hunt met at Trentham Hall on December 23rd, when Mr. Phillips, one of the older members of the hunt, presented the Duke of Sutherland with his portrait in commemoration of his twenty-fifth year of Mastership. The picture was painted by Mr. Herkomer, R.A.

An accident which terminated fatally occurred with the Belvoir Hounds on December 26th, to Mr. Robin Lubbock. Riding at some stiff timber, the horse failed to clear it, and rolled over upon its rider, who was very badly crushed. Mr. Lubbock, who was only nineteen years of age, died two days later.

On December 28th the horse Regret died at Stockbridge, from inflammation of the lungs.

The Bilsdale Hounds had an extraordinary run on December 30th. Meeting at Boltby Scars, a fox was found at once, but went to ground after a ten minutes' run. Another fox was found at Guttoff Wood, who gave a tremendous run, lasting five hours, when he succumbed. The Master's horse and the hounds were unable to return to kennels until the following day.

On January 2nd Mr. George D. Nicholas undertook to walk from the Marble Arch to Oxford, a distance of fifty-four miles, inside twelve hours. Despite the fact that the weather was most unfavourable, rain, snow and sleet falling, while a head wind had to be contended with, with very heavy roads, Mr. Nicholas accomplished the task in 11 hours, 53 minutes, 5 seconds.

The Right Hon. Henry Chaplin, President of the Local Government Board, had a nasty fall while hunting with the North Stafford Hounds on January 2nd. The meet was at Dorrington, and during a run from Kellock's Gorse, Mr. Chaplin's horse put his foot into a hole as he was in the act of taking a stiff fence. Horse and rider crashed into the next field, and the right hon. gentleman was a good deal shaken.

While riding to the meet of the Grafton Hounds at Blakesley, on January 2nd, Miss Hewitt, of Daventry, was thrown, and sustained severe injuries.

The death of the Duke of Northumberland occurred at Alnwick Castle on January 2nd, in his eighty-ninth year.

Whilst hunting with the Duhalow (co. Cork) Hounds on January 3rd, Commander Horsfel White, R.N., the hon. secretary of the hunt, sustained a fracture of the leg as a result of a bad fall, his horse rolling over him.

Mr. Lamont met with a very bad fall while hunting with the Belvoir Hounds near Ancaster on January 4th, sustaining concussion of the brain and other injuries.

The East Kent Foxhounds had a narrow escape on January 6th while hunting in Frane Wood. The railway runs through the wood, and as hounds were crossing the line a train dashed into the pack, but fortunately only one hound was killed.

During the week ending January 7th Mr. H. D. Barclay's shooting party at Woodbastwick secured a good bag of 1,900, mostly pheasants.

While hunting with the West Surrey Staghounds on January 7th, Mr. Justice Bucknill was thrown. His horse stumbled when taking a fence, and although its rider escaped serious injuries, the animal had to be killed.

Hound poisoning in the Tipperary country continues, and on January 7th another couple were killed.

On January 9th Mr. H. McCalmont sent up to Messrs. Tattersall's a number of his steeplechase horses in training. The best price was obtained for Runnelstone, foaled 1893, a bay gelding by Amphion, purchased by Mr. Singer for 700 gs.; Mr. Leyland paid 510 gs. for Faversham, a six-year-old by Favo; and Cincinnatus, foaled 1895, by Timothy, made 500 gs. from Mr. C. J. Phillips. The four-year-old Cushenden, also by Timothy, brought 400 gs. from Mr. A. Watson.

The Grafton met at Preston Capes on January 9th, and while the pack was crossing the North-Western Railway two of the best bitches, Anguish and Dignity, were run over by an express train and killed. Fortunately no more hounds were hurt, but several had narrow escapes.

While hunting with the Quorn Hounds on January 10th, Mr. A. Fauquet Lemaitre, of Paris, well known with this pack, met with an accident. Hounds had left Cossington Gorse a second time when his horse fell at the second fence, and pitching Mr. Lemaitre on to his left arm, broke it above the elbow.

While returning to his quarters at Alfriston from Windsor races on January 12th, Mr. Bottomley's horse Rigo was killed. The box in which the horse was conveyed to Berwick Station was caught by the wind, blown into a siding and smashed.

While out with the Whaddon Chase hounds on January 17th Mr. Leopold de Rothschild sustained a nasty accident. His horse jumped sideways and brought its rider into collision with the branch of a tree, causing fracture of the bridge of the nose and other injuries.

The Earl of Harrington's foxhounds met on January 19th at Nuttall Temple. The second fox provided a run of one-and-a-half hours, mostly within the limits of the borough of Nottingham, and was eventually killed in the town.

In three days of the first week in January Lord Brackley's party at Worsley Hall

killed 758 pheasants, 240 rabbits, 96 wild duck, 47 snipe, 11 woodcock, 5 teal, 3 hares, and 3 partridges.

Mr. H. McCalmont, M.P., had a three days' shoot at Bishopswood, when the bag numbered 1,360 pheasants, 18 duck, and several hundreds of other game.

Lord Ilchester's shooting party at Abbotsbury have experienced good sport, the bag on one day numbering 3,500 head of game.

Shooting at St. John's Point, co. Donegal, Major Miller and Mr. Barton got 74 snipe and 4 wild duck in one day.

According to the Vienna *Allgemeine Sport Zeitung*, E. Kitchener, a son of the light-weight jockey who rode Red Deer in the Chester Cup of 1844, has recently died in Warsaw. He was for many years a prominent jockey on Russian racecourses.

It is announced that Mr. Austin Mackenzie, Master of the Woodland Pytchley, has sold his bitch hounds to Mr. Wroughton, Master of the Pytchley, for 3,000 gs., which added to the price paid by the Marquis of Worcester for the bitches—2,000 gs.—gives a total of 5,000 gs. for the pack.

The death is announced at Norbury Hall of Mr. Samuel William Clowes, who was Master of the Quorn from 1863 to 1868, and subsequently joined Lord Waterpark in the Mastership of the Meynell, holding the position until the close of the season 1880-81. Mr. Clowes was seventy-seven years of age.

An elaborate table of the number of yearlings by the various sires sold in 1898, together with the highest and the average prices obtained and comparative figures for 1897, appeared recently in *Horse and Hound*. The following are the highest averages for the past year:—

St. Simon has the best average, it being 1568 guineas for eight. Next to him comes Morion or St. Angelo, their one representative having sold for 1450 guineas, and third Trenton 1150 guineas for one. The only other sire with a four-figure average is Orme with 1115 guineas for four. Those yearlings to make a thousand and upwards are Simonswood by St. Simon out of Daisy Chain (Mr. J. Larnach), 3200 guineas; Winifreda by St. Simon out of Melody (Mr. L. Brassey), 3000 guineas; colt by Morion out of La Flèche (Mr. J. Larnach), 2700 guineas; colt by St. Simon out of Mimi (Mr. L. Brassey), 1750 guineas; Fiametta by Isinglass out of Glare (Mr. McCalmont), 1550 guineas; colt by Orme out of Miss Decima (M. Ephrassi), 1550 guineas; St. Sebastian by St. Simon out of Dart (Mr. Hall Walker), 1550 guineas; filly by Morion or St. Angelo out of Whirlpool (Captain Purefoy), 1450 guineas.

Colt by Wellington out of Lovelorn (Sir J. Thursby), 1450 guineas; Simonella by St. Simon out of Pamela (Mr. J. Larnach), 1350 guineas; colt by Orme out of Float (Mr. W. M. Clarke), 1300 guineas; colt by Galopin out of Cassimere (Sir J. Kelk), 1250 guineas; filly by Galopin out of Mary Seaton (Mr. Hall Walker), 1250 guineas; colt by Blue-green out of Zoetrope (Mr. R. Marsh), 1200 guineas; Miss Melanion by Melanion out of Elspeth (Mr. W. M. Clarke), 1200 guineas; colt by Ravensbury out of Little Emily (Captain Bewicke), 1200 guineas; filly by Orme out of Wedlock (Mr. J. A. Miller), 1150 guineas; colt by Trenton out of Golden Agnes (Captain Purefoy), 1150 guineas; filly by Retreat out of Bonny Morn (Mr. S. Darling), 1100 guineas; Crested Grebe by Gallinule out of Cresta (Mr. H. McCalmont), 1050 guineas; Waterstown by Gallinule out of Rose d'Amour (Mr. Reid Walker), 1050 guineas; and colt by Blue-green out of Yesterday (Mr. Reid Walker), 1000 guineas.

TURF.

GATWICK.—DECEMBER MEETING.

December 16th.—The Metropolitan Steeplechase (Handicap) of 172 sovs.; three miles, finishing over the Inner Course.

Mr. A. Yates' br. g. Orange Pip, by Ascetic—Orange Bitters, 5 yrs., 10st. 1lb.	Dollery	1
Mr. C. A. Brown's ch. h. Barsac, 6 yrs., 10st. 8lb.	Mr. Bletsoe	2
Mrs. Hussey's ch. g. Greenmount, 5 yrs., 11st. 7lb.	Mr. Shiel	3
9 to 1 agst. Orange Pip.		

KEMPTON PARK.—CHRISTMAS MEETING.

December 26th.—The Christmas Hurdle Handicap of 184 sovs.; second receives 10 sovs.; two miles.

Mr. D. E. Higham's b. h. Soliman, by St. Simon—Alibech, 6 yrs., 12st. 7lb.	A. Nightingall	1
Mr. Parr's b. g. Mount Dalton, 5 yrs., 10st. 2lb.	Fitton	2
Mr. E. J. Percy's ch. h. Bonnie Dundee, 5 yrs., 11st. 1lb.	W. Taylor	3
3 to 1 agst. Soliman.		

December 27th.—The Sanbury Steeplechase Handicap Plate of 136 sovs.: two miles.

Captain H. W. Lambton's br. g. Ebor, by Robert the Devil, aged, 12st. 7lb.	Ducery	1
Mr. Horatio Bottomley's b. g. Punch Ladle, 5 yrs., 11st. 6lb.	D. Read	2
Mr. W. H. Walker's b. g. The Soarer, aged, 11st. 10lb.	Mr. J. Ferguson	3
4 to 1 agst. Ebor.		

HURST PARK CLUB.—OLD YEAR STEEPLECHASES.

December 30th.—The Christmas Handicap Hurdle Race Plate of 135 sovs.: two miles.

Major Fenwick's b. h. Glenalmond, by Highland Chief—Almond, 6 yrs., 10st. 7lb.	W. Taylor	1
Mr. E. H. Polehampton's ch. g. Swaledale, aged, 12st. 11lb.	Sherrin	2
Mr. Spencer H. Golias's b. h. The Possible, aged, 10st. 6lb.	Hickey	3
6 to 1 agst. Glenalmond.		

December 31st.—The Old Year Handicap Steeplechase of 175 sovs.: two miles.

Mr. Parr's b. g. Mount Dakon, by Marmiton—Gentle Ann, 5 yrs., 10st.	W. Taylor	1
Mr. J. Phelan's ch. m. Sweet Charlotte, aged, 12st. 7lb.	O'Brien	2
Mr. G. Edwards' b. or br. m. Breemount's Pride, 5 yrs., 11st. 3lb.	Allen	3
100 to 30 agst. Mount Dakon.		

MANCHESTER.—NEW YEAR STEEPLECHASES.

January 2nd.—The New Year's Handicap Steeplechase of 214 sovs.: three miles.

Major Orr-Ewing's b. g. Furze Hill, by Galliard—Chiming Bells, 6 yrs., 10st. 12lb.	Mr. G. S. Davies	1
Mr. O. E. Mason's b. h. Saape, aged, 10st. 10lb.	Waddington	2
Mr. W. H. Walker's b. g. The Soarer, aged, 11st. 9lb.	Mr. J. Ferguson	3
Evens Furze Hill.		

January 3rd.—The Trafford Park Handicap Hurdle Race of 173 sovs.: two miles.

Mr. H. Escott's b. c. Harvesting, by Bartizan—Harvest Moon, 4 yrs., 10st. 2lb.	H. Woodard	1
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Mr. J. H. ...
6 yrs., 10st. 7lb.
Mr. J. H. ...
Evens ...
2 to 1 agst. Harvesting.

The Trafford Park Handicap Hurdle Race of 173 sovs.: two miles.

Mr. J. H. ...
Harvesting ...
Evens ...

Mr. J. H. ...
Harvesting ...
Evens ...

Mr. J. H. ...
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Evens ...

MANCHESTER.—NEW YEAR STEEPLECHASES.

January 2nd.—The New Year's Handicap Steeplechase of 214 sovs.: three miles.

Mr. J. H. ... Harvesting ... Evens ...	Mr. J. H. ...	1
Mr. J. H. ... Harvesting ... Evens ...	Mr. J. H. ...	2
Mr. J. H. ... Harvesting ... Evens ...	Mr. J. H. ...	3
Evens ...		

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Mr. J. H. ... Harvesting ... Evens ...	Mr. J. H. ...	2
Mr. J. H. ... Harvesting ... Evens ...	Mr. J. H. ...	3
Evens ...		

MANCHESTER.—NEW YEAR STEEPLECHASES.

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Mr. J. H. ... Harvesting ... Evens ...	Mr. J. H. ...	1
Mr. J. H. ... Harvesting ... Evens ...	Mr. J. H. ...	2
Mr. J. H. ... Harvesting ... Evens ...	Mr. J. H. ...	3
Evens ...		

January 3rd.—The New Year's Handicap Steeplechase of 214 sovs.: three miles.

Mr. J. H. ... Harvesting ... Evens ...	Mr. J. H. ...	1
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Mr. J. Horton's b. g. Perth Lad,
aged, 10st. 10lb.H. Hunt 2
Mr. R. Brooks' ch. h. Industrious,
aged, 10st.Mr. J. Sharp 3
4 to 1 agst. Night Watchman.

The January Hurdle Race (Handicap)
of 174 sovs. ; two miles.

Mr. Foy's b. h. Eclipse, by Althorp
—Young Jessie, aged, 11st. 6lb.
E. Driscoll 1

Mr. W. Sanderson's b. g. Phil
Brown, 6 yrs., 10st. 4lb.
Harrison 2

Mr. Jackson Clark's b. g. Carriden,
6 yrs., 11st. 3lb. Mr. W. P. Cullen 3
11 to 8 on Eclipse.

FOOTBALL.

December 24th. — At Surbiton, Marl-
borough Nomads v. Harlequins,
former won by 3 goals 3 tries to 0.*

December 27th. — At Llanelly, Edinburgh
University v. Llanelly, latter won by
9 points to 0.*

January 2nd. — At Hampden Park, Queen's
Park v. Corinthians, former won by 4
goals to 1.†

January 2nd. — At Bristol, Bristol v. Old
Merchant Taylors, latter won by 1
goal to 0.*

January 3rd. — At Edinburgh, St. Bernard's
v. Corinthians, former won by 3 goals
to 1.†

January 7th. — At Swansea, England v.
Wales, latter won by 4 goals 2 tries
(26 points) to 1 try (3 points).*

January 11th. — At Bristol, Gloucester-
shire v. Devonshire, latter won by 1
try to 0.*

January 14th. — At Newcastle, Northum-
berland v. Cheshire, former won by
26 points to 0.*

January 14th. — At Catford, Harlequins
Blackheath, latter won by 14 goals
to 3 points.*

January 18th. — At Maidenhead, Maidenhead
and Bucks v. Surrey, latter won by 14
goals to 1.†

* Under Rugby Rules.

† Under Association Rules.

HOCKEY.

December 16th. — At Teddington, Teddington (A) v. Cambridge University,
former won by 3 goals to 0.

December 16th. — At Blackheath, Blackheath
v. Oxford University, latter won by 5 goals to 2.

December 17th. — At Westgate, Westgate
v. Cambridge University, latter won by 2 goals to 1.

December 17th. — At East Sheen, East
Sheen v. Oxford University, former won by 4 goals to 2.

December 19th. — At Ealing, Ealing
v. Oxford University, latter won by 3 goals to 3.

December 20th. — At Molesey, Molesey
v. Oxford University, latter won by 4 goals to 4.

December 20th. — At Wimbledon, Wimbledon
v. Cambridge University, latter won by 3 goals to 2.

December 27th. — At Kersal, Lancashire
v. Cheshire, latter won by 2 goals to 0.

December 28th. — Surrey v. Kent, drawn
4 goals each.

BILLIARDS.

January 14th. — At the Gaiety Billiard
Saloon, C. Dawson v. J. North, 9,000 up, for the Championship of
World. Scores: Dawson, 9,000
North, 4,715.

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1829

BAILY'S MAGAZINE

SPORTS and PASTIMES

MARCH, 1899.

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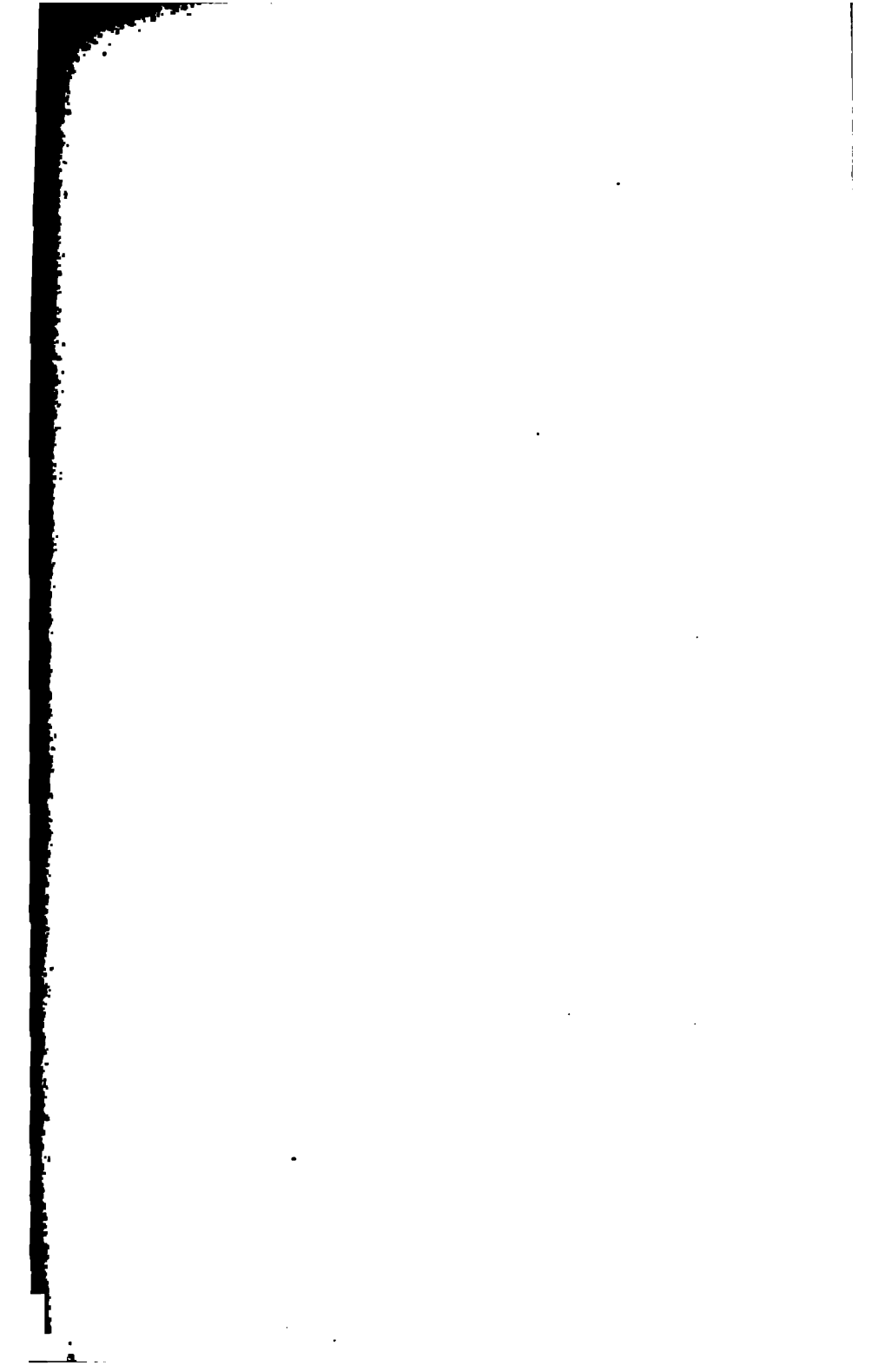
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Robert Watson

DAILY'S MAGAZINE OF SPORTS AND PASTIMES

MARCH, 1896.

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ADDED

OF MR. R. H. WATSON, M.F.H.

AND ONLY ONE COPY

John Watson, M.F.H.

Lawrence had long been a favorite of the hounds. Mr. Gray Watson, who was born seventy-eight years ago, is the son of the late Mr. John Watson of Ballydarragh, Co. Wick. He was the first master of the hounds of the Island hounds. Mr. Watson was the earliest pioneer of the system of fox hunting. He was the first to introduce the hounds to the hounds for very long. He was the first to introduce his time, and he was the first to introduce his time.



Wm. H. Norton

BAILY'S MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

No. 469.

MARCH, 1899.

VOL. LXXI.

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WITH

Steel Engraved Portrait of MR. ROBERT WATSON, M.F.H.

Engraving: "SLOWLY BUT SURELY."

Mr. Robert Watson, M.F.H.

WE believe that Mr. John Lawrence of the Llangibby, Earl Fitzwilliam and his friend Mr. Robert Watson of the Carlow and Island hounds are the three seniors upon the "active list of Masters of Foxhounds" which is given in "Baily's Hunting Directory for 1898-9." But Mr. Robert Watson, whose portrait we present to our readers this month, is perhaps the most remarkable of this veteran triumvirate, because he has carried the horn with the pack of which he is owner for a

longer period than any man alive has hunted hounds. Mr. Robert Gray Watson, who was born seventy-eight years ago, is the son of the late Mr. John Watson, of Ballydarton, co. Carlow, the first master of the Carlow and Island hounds. Although Mr. John Watson was one of the earliest pioneers of the modern system of foxhunting in Ireland, hounds had been kept at Ballydarton for very many years before his time, and there is extant a curious document by which Mr.

Eustace of Ballynunnery gave to his "friend Mr. Watson," great-grandfather of the present master, the "right of hunting deer" in his deer-park at Kilballyhue. Hounds at that period in Ireland hunted deer, foxes, hares, and even wolves; but in Mr. John Watson's time a new state of things was introduced, coverts were planted, boundaries were fixed, while the breeding of the modern type of foxhound became attended to, and there is at Ballydarton a list of puppies at walk in 1808.

The present master became huntsman to his father's hounds in 1845, when Tom Smith, who then carried the horn, left Ballydarton to go to Lord Shannon for a season, before returning to Brocklesby, where he succeeded his father as huntsman; and we may here remark that it is a curious circumstance that a son of this Tom Smith should now be kennel huntsman to the eldest son of the subject of our memoir, Mr. John Watson, master of the Meath Hounds. It was discovered soon after he took the horn that the young huntsman of the Carlow hounds was something quite out of the common, for sport, instead of suffering by the loss of such an artist as Smith, became even better than before; and steadily and surely his reputation increased till the seal was fairly set upon his fame by such an authority as the Duke of Beaufort placing him among the three best huntsmen he has ever seen. In 1869, at the ripe age of eighty-two, Mr. John Watson passed away, leaving behind him the memory of a kindly and courteous gentleman and wonderful all-round sportsman; and his son Robert became master of Ballydarton and of the Carlow and Island hounds.

The territory hunted over by his hounds is a very large one, and comprises the whole of Carlow, a large slice of Wexford, a bit of Wicklow, a strip of Kildare and a section of the Queen's County. Its peculiarities are well described in "Baily's Hunting Directory," but it may be mentioned that the Carlow country proper is held by many to be the most strongly fenced bank country in Ireland. Mr. Watson now never vans his hounds, but has out kennels at Kildavin, which are used the night before hunting the distant Wexford country.

Mr. Robert Watson's devotion to the chase and to the "mystic science of hound breeding" during a long lifetime, has made his name famous on both sides of the Channel, and whether as a judge at Peterborough or looking on as a critic in company with the leading lights of foxhunting in England, his presence and judgment are warmly sought for. Mr. Watson is a huntsman of the quiet order, and though his rich and melodious voice is good to hear, there is little halloaing and hornblowing in his system. A touch of the horn to move hounds to him in thick covert, a long melancholy note if the draw is blank, and the merriest "double" if "the lad" has gone, are about all the pieces of instrumental music to which he treats his audience. But how his hounds fly to that "double," how they watch his every movement and wheel to his voice when he feels constrained to take hold of them and make his lightning cast. They know that business only is meant when they hear his voice, and that all unnecessary noise is discouraged. Albeit one of the most amiable, kindly and courteous of gentlemen, Mr. Watson is yet a

martinet in the field, where his orders are implicitly obeyed; his manner and language being startlingly emphatic, though never sullied by foul invective and abuse. For many years of his life, thanks to his activity and masterly horsemanship, he enjoyed a wonderful immunity from serious accidents, and a broken leg was the only bad catastrophe he met with in forty-nine years of carrying the horn. In the last four years, however, he has had several shaking falls—caused in some instances by unlucky rabbit-holes—and broke a small bone in the shoulder, besides sustaining minor injuries. Although these mishaps appear to have in nowise shaken Mr. Watson's nerve—for he still rides hard across country—yet he has begun to feel that the strain of hunting hounds in his large territory is getting to be rather too much of a good thing; and this season he is educating Edward Gulwell, his smart first whipper-in, to carry the horn and "guide the wheeling chase."

In spite of weight of years, it may be doubted if this glorious old sportsman is ever so well or so happy as when in the saddle with his beautiful pack around him. That they are a beautiful pack all connoisseurs have admitted, and they well deserve the tribute bestowed upon them by "Triviator," who has entitled the pack the Belvoir of Ireland. Stallion hounds from the Milton, Grove, Brocklesby and Lord Fitzwilliam's kennels have for long been at Mr. Watson's disposal, owing to the strong personal friendship of their owners, and from these kennels comes the blood he has ever valued most. Indeed, he has not gone elsewhere for several years. It must not be supposed that his devoted

followers have permitted the long services of their chief in the cause of foxhunting to go without public recognition of their gratitude. In 1879 he was presented by the members of the hunt with his picture, painted by Miss Ethel Mortlock, which was exhibited in the Royal Academy; a half length portrait of the master in hunting costume, seated with a favourite hound (old Wildboy) at his knee. Several years ago he received as a New Year's gift a beautiful album containing portraits of all the members and ladies who follow his hounds; and when he attained his Jubilee year as huntsman of the Carlow and Island, the great presentation at Punchestown races took place. On that occasion a massive silver salver was presented to him, together with a purse of 900 sovereigns, by hunting friends in England, Ireland and Scotland. This testimonial was to have been the gift of the members of the Carlow and Island hunt alone, but hunting men on both sides of the Channel so strongly desired to participate in the wish to do honour to this great sportsman that the presentation became a national one.

As was truly written of him some years ago, "It is by no means a case of *fox et praterea nihil*" with Mr. Watson. Under his son's tuition, he became one of the best polo players in Ireland. And even after the very serious accident on the Phoenix Park polo ground, when for the second time he broke his leg, Mr. Watson took a prominent part in "the royal game." He is an excellent game shot. He used to be a keen cricketer and a most successful bat; he is a first-rate practical farmer and judge of stock, and possesses a thorough knowledge of country matters, besides great store of folk-lore

and anecdotes of early days. He is highly esteemed as a landlord, is justly beloved by all classes of the community, and fairly idolised by the great sporting section of it, whilst Irishmen may fairly boast that to none do Whyte-Melville's lines, with a slight alteration, apply more aptly than to the Squire of Ballydarton:—

“ And the labourer at work and the lord in
the hall
Have a jest or a smile when they hear of
his sport,
In ale or in claret he's toasted by all,
For we never expect to see more of his
sort,
And long may it be ere he's forced to
retire,
For we breed very few like *our* Galloping
Squire.”

It has often been noticed how the love for the chase and proficiency in the sport runs in families, and the Watsons of Ballydarton are noticeable instances of this. Mr. Watson's

father was a huntsman and master of hounds which his ancestors had kept; his brother, Mr. George Watson, is master of the Melbourne hounds; while his brother William was during his lifetime quite the leading spirit in the management of the Cotswold Hunt. His son is master of the Meath, and one of his daughters, Baroness Max de Tuyll, is perhaps the most renowned horsewoman now hunting in the Midlands. Mr. Watson has been kept out of the saddle for a short time this season, having been under medical treatment for an ailment which has been completely overcome, to the great gratification of multitudes of friends, and he is as hale and hearty as ever. Mr. and Mrs. Watson celebrated their golden wedding at Ballydarton last September, and all readers of BAILY will wish them many more happy anniversaries.

Perquisites and Tips.

PROBABLY very few people realise how many indirect taxes are laid upon their substance, and the very large total to which these taxes amount in the course of the year. We all feel the onus of the imposts that are demanded by Government or by town or country authorities, and we grumble more or less audibly; but it seldom occurs to anyone that, if he added up annually the sums that he has given in tips and the value of the perquisites which has come out of his pocket, he would find that the amount which he had contributed to the service of the commonwealth bears a very small propor-

tion to that of which he has been mulcted by persons who have no legitimate claim on him whatever. The majority of men and women shut their eyes to this drain. They look upon it as a matter of course, a thing that is to be endured and reckoned with, that is even legalised by custom. We think that this general wilful blindness is a matter very much to be deprecated; that the endurance is misplaced and hurtful to society; we admit the custom but deny that it has any real justification, and we would gladly see some effort made to abolish what has become a gigantic evil, or at

any rate to reduce its ever-spreading dimensions.

We have named the two forms that the taxes which we now complain of take. Tips, the payments that are made directly to every hired servant with whom we come in contact, and Perquisites, the indirect payments which also go into the pockets of every hired servant, and of which the person who really pays in the long run knows, or is supposed to know, nothing. These latter, as being the more surreptitious of the two forms and as tending in the highest degree to the demoralisation of all trade, we would propose to glance at first.

It is sufficiently known to all people who have taken the smallest trouble to examine the matter that every servant who has the control of the expenditure of goods for his or her master or mistress is in the habit of receiving an occasional *douceur* or consideration from the person who supplies the goods, presumably that the said goods may be well reported on. The coachman or stud groom receives a commission or tip from the horsedealer, coachbuilder, forage seller, harness maker, possibly also from the farrier. If the master buys a new horse, the person who has sold it knows well that unless money passes to the head of the stable, the animal is more than likely to develop some bad habit or weakness, which will discredit the seller and, if he is a professional dealer, will prevent him from having any opportunity of doing business again in the same place. We heard the other day of a peculiarly flagrant instance of this. A dealer, who himself told us, sold a pair of carriage horses for £500 and found himself obliged to hand over no less than £50 to the head coachman of the buyer. As the dealer

said, "I know that the horses were all right in every particular, but, Lord bless you, a tap with the handle of a stable fork on a back sinew would have made all the difference to either of them, and then what would his lordship have said of me? I should never have sold him another horse." But whose pocket did that £50 come out of? In the same way carriage springs must be insured against giving way, forage against being musty, saddlery against being rotten.

Then the gardener receives something from the man who builds a greenhouse and from the tradesman who supplies seeds, garden tools and appliances. The butcher and baker think it is to their interest to enlist the good will of the cook or housekeeper and we have no doubt that the valet and lady's maid have profitable connections with the different artists who clothe or adorn master and mistress. It is more than probable also that all the understrappers in a household, down to the mysterious individual known as the odd man, manage somehow to add to their legitimate earnings by levying contributions on the outside world; or if they do not succeed in doing this, they are gathering experience in the system, to be used when they are promoted to a higher sphere. We believe that all these functionaries are satisfied that the gains which they make in this somewhat anomalous way are their just perquisites, and see nothing in the least degree encroaching on the purest honesty in accepting, or indeed insisting upon, them.

And when the habit of securing perquisites on all supplies has been acquired, it may be carried to such lengths as would seem ridiculous, if they did not so

totally ignore all moral principle. Can such a case as this be conceived? A gentleman who lives in the country maintains on his property two separate establishments within a mile of each other, each with its own management and accounts, one his own farm under a bailiff, the other a stable for his hunters, &c., under a stud groom. Visiting his stable one day lately, he found that the supply of straw was running short and he told the stud groom to send to the farm for a couple of loads. The order was carried out, but when the straw was delivered, the groom asked the bailiff, "What am I going to get out of this?" Could anything be more absurd than the idea that one of two men, serving the same master, should claim from the other a commission on the transfer of that master's goods from one part of the estate to another?

Of course there are many household establishments in which the evil of which we speak is reduced to a minimum because the master and mistress have sufficient time, knowledge and energy to devote to their personal affairs. All servants know perfectly well when their own departments are thoroughly understood and supervised. Their powers are curtailed and they dare not, if they wish to keep their places, say that a good thing is bad or a bad thing is good. But, if the heads of a household are inexperienced or if they, from the claims of business or society, are unable to look after every detail of service closely and methodically, it may be received as a foregone conclusion that the supplies in house, stable and garden will eventually cost more than they ought to do and it will be fortunate indeed if they are not also of an inferior quality.

Don't let us blame domestic servants too much, however. They only in their own sphere do what is done in other places on perhaps a larger scale. We have heard of mysterious operations in the City in which the word "commission" figures largely. We know from personal experience that it is a not uncommon thing for persons who supervise goods purchased by Government contracts to have complimentary presents made to them to ensure their good will. It is not so very long ago that a great forage contractor stated in evidence before a Board of Inquiry that he only knew of two quartermasters who never received anything from him either in money or kind, and there was a captain in a dragoon regiment who was much astonished at finding daily sundry articles of food hanging on the door handle of his barrack room, now a goose, now a salmon, now a basket of choice vegetables, and only solved the mystery when he discovered that he had entered into occupation of quarters which had just been vacated by the quartermaster of another regiment. Some contractor had thought that he was the new quartermaster and was to be propitiated accordingly. In telling these two little incidents let us guard ourselves by saying that they did not occur in the time of any regimental officer now serving and that we believe that the army is so well looked after nowadays that it is very difficult, if not impossible, for any one to earn any commission from any contractor.

One of the best-known channels through which perquisites flow is the custom of Christmas and New Year's gifts from tradesmen to customers, and here the word "customers" means generally the

domestic servants of the people in whose name the goods are ordered and who pay the bills. Some weeks ago there was a considerable amount of correspondence and even a leading article in the *Times*, on the subject. It is satisfactory to know that, in some quarters at any rate, a stand is being made against the custom of Christmas and New Year's gifts. The Association of Millers has arranged to discontinue it as far as the millers are concerned, and the old recipients of their gifts, presumably the bakers, have seen the justice of the movement and have eagerly embraced the opportunity of freeing themselves in their turn from giving Christmas gifts to their own customers. The *Times* in its leader said: "We are very glad to hear that the practice of giving so-called presents has been found to be not only a tax upon tradesmen but unsatisfactory in its results, though our satisfaction would have been greater if the tradesmen in question had denounced the practice as immoral as well as unprofitable Householders and housekeepers can, if they choose, accelerate and assist this change by strengthening the growing conviction of tradesmen that bribes in the form of Christmas boxes do not pay. They can give their tradesmen and servants to understand that tradesmen who are found to be giving bribes will no longer be employed. Sooner or later the practice, if it exists, will be discovered, and the fear of detection and its consequences will make for honesty in the long run."

Let us pass to the more personal question of the tips and gratuities which every person who moves about in the world finds it necessary to part with, if he or she does not wish to be considered

stingy and ungenerous, or even if ordinary services are to be expected from servants who have been already paid and engaged to perform particular duties. It is to be presumed that there was once a time when money was given out of pure generosity or as an acknowledgment of some exceptional service performed, when the stranger within the gates was not expected of necessity to make a present to every domestic who carried out his master's hospitality, but that time must have been in the far distant past. We know that vails to servants were a well-known tax upon purse and patience in the days of good Queen Anne and that centuries earlier the mail-clad knights were expected to distribute largesse when they visited the castle of another baron.

"A blithe salute, in martial sort,
The minstrels well might sound,
For, as Lord Marmion crossed the court,
He scattered angels round."

It must have been indeed only in the very far distant past when such things were not done and probably were looked upon very much as they are to-day, as a *quasi* right by one party and as a nuisance by the other. Still we cannot help thinking that the custom has, in our own time, been more systematised than it ever was before and that it has now assumed such large and formidable dimensions that something should be done to keep it within reasonable bounds. The tip is a world-wide institution and there is no language so poor that it has not a special expression to convey its existence. "Backshish," "Pourboire," "Trinkgelt," are found in every Continental guide book. "Dastoori" is familiar in India and even the African West Coast negro will

certainly demand a "Dash." Ireland, as might be expected, has an independent expression of its own, and, as might perhaps equally be expected, has a more poetic expression than any other. Who is there that has lived in the green island and has not in his mind the appeal, "Ah, your honour, will ye not lave me your blessing?"

We need not speak of what happens outside of our own country, but we may recapitulate some of the more marked occasions on which the pocket of every person who moves about is bled more or less forcibly and severely. If we start on a journey, the bleeding process begins on our arrival at the railway station. The cabman who has so far conveyed ourselves and our luggage would consider himself unjustly defrauded if he was paid only his legal fare and he would probably make some remarks which would be acutely annoying to ladies and would be unpleasant even to gentlemen, unless they happened to be deaf or to have a peculiarly philosophic temperament. Which of us would have the hardihood to offer to the London cabby exactly what is his due for distance and the exact twopence apiece for port-manteaux? and yet he has no right, equitable or moral, to more. We have arrived at the station and a stalwart porter (generally, we admit, most civil and obliging) takes us in charge. He is certainly paid by the railway company, but does he, on that account, not consider himself entitled to at least sixpence for his service? It is possible that we may escape from the guard, if there are many passengers among whom his attention is divided, but it is more than likely that he will make a great show of providing

for our comfort in some way or other and, without putting it in words, will indicate pretty clearly that he anticipates a monetary equivalent from us.

The end of a journey is very like the beginning. Porter and cabby must each have something, and, by the time the ultimate destination has been reached, the extras have amounted to what, in small means, is an appreciable sum, or else a character for shabbiness, almost amounting to dishonesty, has been left like a trail behind the traveller. If our resting-place is an hotel, the bleeding process goes on gaily. We all know of the gentleman who, at the end of a stay at some health resort, was heard to say, "I came here for rest and change, but the waiters have got all the change and the landlord has the rest." He had suffered and was still. There was another, cynical perhaps, but wise in his generation, who made it a practice on arriving at an hotel to give liberal *douceurs* at once to all the people on whom his personal comfort immediately depended. His open-handedness was of course noised abroad through the establishment, and he always received the most obsequious attention during his stay. Whether he gave anything on leaving or not, he, at any rate, had received some value for his money.

An honest attempt was made by some hotel-keepers, a good many years ago, to relieve their customers from the necessity of "remembering" servants by making a definite charge for attendance in their bills, and the custom then introduced is still maintained in many places. It has had no result, however, in the direction aimed at. Whether attendance is charged or not, most certainly the servants still hover expectantly

round parting guests and receive fees from the great majority of them. We are not sure that the contrary system which, we believe obtains at some places, is not the better of the two. The attendants receive no wages at all (and even, it is understood, sometimes pay for their position), recouping themselves for their work by the tips which they receive.

After all, it may be that there is something to be said for the system of tipping, when it takes its place in travelling or in public resorts. We cannot always tell what the legitimate earnings of those who serve us amount to, and it is very doubtful whether any employers of labour for the public benefit would be able to secure such good servants as they do, if there was not a well-founded hope that the nominal earnings would be greatly increased. Tips may conceivably be "the protest of the natural man against a too mechanical fixity of price for services which, having a human element in them, are essentially variable in quality," and they may be an irregular method by which those who are served complete to its full value the payment for skilled labour. The system of giving them is, in most respects, to be deprecated, but it might be difficult to replace the system, when we have no immediate connection with those who give us temporary service.

In private life, however, the giving of tips has apparently few or no exonerating circumstances to plead in its favour. If one goes to stay in the house of a friend, it certainly appears most anomalous that it should be necessary to fee that friend's servants for the pleasure of enjoying his hospitality. Very few people maintain a staff of servants pro-

portioned to their own requirements alone. They pay and feed many of them, so that they may be able to entertain their friends. If the personal necessities of a family were all that were to be provided for, how many domestics of every description would be turned loose upon the world to seek some other means of living. And yet, though they are kept entirely for a specific purpose, they consider themselves entitled to a very handsome extra remuneration for doing their duties, and it is practically a necessity that that remuneration should be given to them. The custom prevails to a greater or less extent all over the world, but it is practised in our own country on a more lavish scale than in any other. House servants and outside retainers in large establishments look forward to the visiting season for the harvest that it brings, and everybody who is going to make a round of country house visits, calculates among the expenses to be incurred the vails which must be distributed before each house is quitted. Fortunate are the people who, from long knowledge of the world, are able to forecast the amount that their donations will touch, and have evolved for themselves a well considered scale of liberality to which they can adhere on all occasions. Fortunate, too, are those to whom the minor expenses of life are of small importance, and to whom it makes little difference whether they part with a few pounds more or less.

There are many, however, to whom the consideration of tips is a very serious matter. The impecunious young subaltern or the briefless barrister, who has been invited for a few days' hunting or shooting; the woman who is to

be one of a house-party for a country ball, perhaps only receive one or two invitations in the course of the year, and, from want of experience, are much exercised in their minds as to what should be reasonable tips. Probably every shilling is of particular consequence, and the wish to do the right thing has to be balanced against the stern restrictions of a poorly supplied pocket. We believe, however, that most servants are sharp enough, and have sufficient good feeling to recognise that their master's guests cannot all give alike, and though they are quite satisfied that they ought to receive something from each, they may look upon half-a-crown given by one as being equally liberal with a sovereign given by another.

One of the greatest faults of the tipping system is that, after all, the money does not find its way in many instances to the person who has most deserved it. The solemn butler or stately footman has probably given little service compared to the odd man or other understrapper who has really cleaned the boots and brushed the clothes. The coachman who drives the guests to and from the station does not deserve a *douceur* in the same sense as the stable helper who has to groom the horses and wash the carriage, and the head keeper who drops your sovereigns into his pocket may very likely not have done so much for your sport as his subordinates who are in charge of the different beats. However, all these potentates would probably say that they have themselves begun at the bottom of the tree, and are enjoying the sweets of office, to taste which their inferiors may in time also aspire.

We have said that people who

are in the habit of going to stay in country houses have in general evolved a kind of scale on which their tips to servants are based. We do not venture to give our own ideas of such a scale, for BAILY does not wish to pose as a social mentor. What we would protest against is the giving of ridiculously large sums. There are some persons in society whose chief qualification for the position which they occupy is perhaps the possession of large means. They think to accentuate their importance by distributing lavish sums among their social inferiors, they may want in some way to be assisted to get the better of their fellows, they may even have the ambition to stand well with a class whose opinions are not generally formed on the same basis as those of their employers, and should be little considered outside the high rules of life and conduct which should influence ladies and gentlemen. Such people cause an infinity of worry to hosts who have a real sense of hospitality, and who are perhaps conscious that all their guests do not get an equal share of attention in consequence of the surreptitious use of the longer purse.

Some time ago there was a revolt against allowing any individual to exercise an undue influence on servants, and in many houses a box was established in which it was requested that any presents intended for the servants might be placed. This arrangement had the further advantage also that the sums given could be distributed among the whole household, instead of falling into the hands of the favoured few. When the Heir Apparent stays at a country house, he does not give presents to individual domestics, but he leaves a sum of money to be divided among all, so

the principle of having a box for the common benefit of the household has received the sanction of the highest authority. In reference to this, however, it must be said that it is utterly repugnant to the feelings of a host or hostess that a kind of publicly authorised demand should be made on their guests for a money payment at their departure. It is felt that hospitality makes a long stride towards hotel-keeping when it is distinctly understood that some equivalent, however small it may be, is expected in return for so many days of accommodation and attendance. Everybody chafes at the knowledge that a guest, who may be poor, and to whom it is desired to show a real kindness, should be obliged to fee servants, even privately, as is generally done, but then it still remains a private business, which host or hostess does not acknowledge, and of which they disapprove. A deliberate, public sanction would certainly convey the idea of acquiescence, even of approval. It is not likely that, considering human nature as it is, we shall ever get rid of tipping servants altogether, but we think that something might be done towards a great and necessary social reform if some leaders in society and great entertainers were to think it worth while to lead the way. If, in some of the big and hospitable homes of England, the host was to make a personal appeal to his guests not to demoralise his servants by offering them money, a great step would have been taken. He might very reasonably and fairly make the request on the special ground that to give money to a man's servant is to interfere seriously with his private domestic arrangements, and is very much on a par with the social offence of tempting

a good servant to leave a situation by the offer of higher wages. An Englishman's home is his castle and anything that distracts the complete allegiance of the retainers is to invade the rights of the home. Anything that has received the stamp of fashion, particularly when it in no way involves personal sacrifice, has a very fair chance of being universally adopted, and in a few years, we might see the practical extinction of tips to domestic servants. There are many institutions, like residential clubs and others, where gifts to servants are not allowed, and though this rule is most strictly maintained, the service is none the less excellent in every respect.

There is one occasion of necessary tipping which is peculiarly exasperating, and might, we think, very easily be removed. A guest at a great city dinner has little chance of any but the most imperfect and perfunctory attendance, unless he enlists the service of a waiter by either giving or promising some money, and, of a piece with this is the manner in which a plate is always placed ready for contributions at the cloak-room. Either the wealthy City Companies and other corporations and individuals who entertain in London do not pay their servants sufficiently, or else these servants are guilty of very shameful conduct in demanding an extra payment from their masters' guests for doing the special small duty for which they are engaged. It has occurred to us before now to have a piteous appeal made by a next-door neighbour, who has forgotten his small change, "For goodness sake, lend me some money, or I shall get nothing to eat and drink," and this when enough delicacies have been provided to feast a regiment. Surely

some reform might be here introduced by a very small amount of consideration.

But the ramifications of the tipping system are endless. And the worst of it is that, as has before been hinted, all the original ideas of generosity and of free will have almost entirely disappeared. For the most part we give, not because we will, but because we must. The recipient barely says thank you, and is apt to consider that he is receiving a

right that is due, not a favour that is conferred. We give because it is customary to give, because our neighbours give, because we shall be thought mean if we don't give, and because those who expect tips may very likely be sulky and disobliging if they don't receive them. Perhaps among the changes which the twentieth century will bring, Perquisites and Tips may be among the customs of the past, that will perish.

Coming Events.

ANOTHER racing season is upon us, packed undoubtedly with as many surprises and causes for excitement as ever. Our popular sport, upon which millions are annually expended, and its interesting features, pale not in the slightest degree. What changes have we witnessed in its every department during the last forty years! Then it was no uncommon thing to see large fields of horses competing for a £40 Plate over a half-mile course, and racing was distributed through the provinces—hardly a county town being without its well-patronised meeting. There were little men who raced, as well as big ones—buyer and breeder competed—public sales of yearlings were in their infancy. The Rawcliffe Stud Company were then the pioneers of breeding as a business, and a dead failure they made of it. Racing was then a healthy amusement, where the mere monetary considerations were little thought of. Gate-money had not entered into the heart of sporting men, and the Jockey Club laws were

of the "go-as-you-please" order. Yet to my youthful ideas those were happy times for racing. Many a good racehorse blossomed unexpectedly on remote country courses, and many a good rider won his spurs in practising round turns, and struggling for a saddle and bridle.

Then came the turn of the kaliedoscope—that dread edict, which closed all courses that could not show £300 a day added money. How well I recollect sending up a programme of an old-established meeting, in which I took a personal interest, to Messrs. Weatherby for their sanction, and having it returned to me with the word "rejected" marked on it, because we had a £100 Plate, by subscription of 10 sovs. each, half forfeit. A County or Borough Messrs' Subscription could not (even on the eve of an election) be screwed up to 100 sovs., or a Town Plate to more than 40 sovs., so that we were forced to see a racecourse that had enjoyed racing since the reign of Queen Anne, drop down into

the lower stratum of hurdle racing and steeplechasing, and then die out altogether, and that in company with scores of others as unfortunate, yet as deserving as ourselves.

Once again we are starting the season under new auspices. The lengths of our races are to be greater, our two-year-olds are to be discouraged in racing before the end of May. Their stakes are to be limited to £200, and their number per meeting are to be lessened—personally I acknowledge to wishing that the distance of spring two-year-old racing had been limited to half a mile, but a small majority overruled Lord Stanley's motion on this subject. Our Turf legislators move slowly—too slowly in some things—for instance, why do they hesitate so long about the adoption of the starting gate—at all events, in two-year-old racing as a tentative measure? Almost every impartial observer of the present system can no longer uphold it. It has notoriously failed of late, as in the Cambridgeshire, and in several important Nurseries I could mention. No starter is infallible, and as we get older our nerve and eyesight do not aid us as of yore. Hence the sharp-witted jockeys take an unfair advantage at the start, which the machine would deny them. "Oh," say the outspoken ones, "of course, we all know that the starting-machine is the only fair thing, but then so many rich and influential owners are against it, because their highly-paid jockeys would lose the advantage which they so often get in a start now. It would equalise matters too much." And again we hear it said, "What a farce it is to have one or two races at a meeting started at a gate—some horses may have been practised at it,

and some not, and what is easier for the jockeys who are interested in its non-adoption than spoiling a gate start by their tactics? it has already been done."

Probably it will remain for the year 1900 to initiate this automatic means of handling race-horses at the post. If a member of the Jockey Club would pretty regularly attend starting-posts in mufti, he would not long remain unconvinced.

There is another new departure, which is worthy of notice in writing of coming events, although this is more connected with breeding than the actual racing, and this is the figure system, showing how all our racehorse families have been bred since the initiation of Stud Book. To this the Turf is indebted chiefly to the research of the late Mr. Bruce Lowe, although death carried him away before he could publish the result of his labours. We find that the fabric of our Stud Book is made from 36 mares; of the descendants of these matrons very few have died out, and in tracing these surviving lines all the winning sires of classic races have numbers attached to them, by which they can be recognised, and each family is also numbered. Thus the breeder, by working out the pedigree of his mare, can trace the winning strains, the consanguinity of blood, or the strength or weakness of its numbering, and he can mate his animal to his liking, and according to the excellence of the family which he desires to perpetuate. It has been received sceptically in some quarters, as a mere rule-of-three system of breeding, which may be all very well in theory, but practically will be of little use. Personally, however, I believe that it is a revelation to many, and may mark an era in

our racehorse breeding, which if it does no more than carry out the old truism of "the survival of the fittest," will confer a benefit on the Turf. The tables which accompany the volume are splendidly worked out, and although the slight allusion here made to it gives but a vague idea of its general utility, I must record my belief that it is destined to mark an era in breeding beyond what the mere tabulating of pedigrees could ever accomplish. I have made these few remarks more for the benefit of your general readers, who may not already have troubled themselves to inquire minutely into the volume, rather than of the professional breeders, who have studied it deeply—the majority of whom, I fancy, believe in it implicitly.

And now let us take a review of the three-year-olds of the coming season, as far as they have hitherto shown themselves on racecourses, for they are the backbone of coming events. At a first glance we see how much more international our racing is each year becoming, for here we find French and American horses taking first places with our English and Irish-bred ones—all, it is true, from our own original stock, yet bred and reared abroad. First stands Holocauste, a grey colt by Le Sancy out of Bougie, that has won a great and deserving reputation in France, and we no longer despise French form on our racecourses. We are promised a sight of him on the Derby day, and I opine that his credentials stand second to none among all of his compeers that we could name. It is very unusual for a grey to be a first-rate racehorse, yet considering how few there are of that colour, we cannot expect to see them often in the van, and as hunters they

are so often undeniable that I should not allow this prejudice to stand against Holocauste.

The Americans have sent us over a clipper in Caiman, whose sire rejoices in the crackjaw name of Locohatahee, and probably the handicapper would place a fractional bigger weight upon him than upon our best English performer, Flying Fox, a son of Orme and Vampire; not that we are by any means inclined to throw up the sponge against our champion or his half brother Frontier, by Orme out of Quetta. Both these promising colts belong to the Duke of Westminster, and he has not for several years had such a rosy chance of winning another Derby as this year, and wiping out the disappointment which the mysterious mishap to Orme occasioned in his day. Both are good, sound, honest horses, although probably not smashers, as the saying is, and are the most likely ones to compete successfully with the mighty Frenchman. The Americans have sent us two other very useful three-year-olds in Myakka and Dominic II., both by Sensation, and of almost equal merit. Gallinule, whose abode is in the Emerald Isle, has fathered some good three-year-olds for the coming season, of which Oppressor and Baldoyle are probably the best. The latter has gone into Marsh's stable, as the property of the Duke of Devonshire, where every justice will be done him, and his career will be very interesting. Duckwing and St. Moritz, two other sons of Gallinule, may be useful in handicaps. Old Galopin, despite his 28 years, stands out well with St. Gris, a son of Isabel, Galopin Lassie, Galliot, and Guava. St. Gris will be the Rothschild representative on the Derby day, if all goes

well with him, and he is a very fine colt. Lord Edward II. is a son of Enthusiast, of Sterling descent, that has proved himself a good horse. He is not entered in the Derby, and seems likely to compete in some of the big spring handicaps, but it is asking a young horse a big question to beat older ones at that time of year at a disadvantage in the weights. If kept for the Hunt Cup, he may show to advantage.

The sons and daughters of St. Simon do not make such a bold show as usual, although there are several that must be taken note of. They are Desmond, Simon-side, Victoria May, Dismay, Gentleman of France, Manners, Boniface and St. Kenelm. Some of these were very high-priced yearlings, but they last year met their superiors in public on more than one occasion.

I fail to see a Derby winner amongst them, although prediction on such a matter is dangerous. Mark Forward, son of Rightaway, won the Champagne Stakes, at Doncaster, in good style, and is a fine colt. Amurath, a son of Janissary, began well last year, and is, without doubt, a youngster of great merit, although Trident, a son of Ocean Wave, whom I had almost forgotten to mention as another string to the Rothschild bow, is quite his equal, and is almost sure to show to advantage this season. The colt by Kendal out of Maid Marion is that horse's best representative, and made a good *début* at Doncaster, but I fail to find him in the Derby entries. There are also a batch of fillies that we ought to place next. Queen Fairy, a daughter of Oberon; Musa, a daughter of Martagon; Mazeppa, a daughter of Wolf Crag; Fascination, a daughter of Royal

Hampton; Musetta, a daughter of St. Angelo, and Santa Casa, a daughter of Bona Vista, that are all high up in point of merit for the coming season—and whilst enumerating the good fillies we must not forget Strike-a-light, Fairy Gold, School Girl and Lady Ogle, the latter a daughter of Raeburn, that took my fancy greatly as a yearling. Chittabob has a useful son in Carlin.

Melanion has three promising sons, such as Melampus, Wild Irishman and North Briton, that will uphold his name. Lourdes is responsible for a nice colt in Solennis, and Amphitheatre is a daughter of Amphion, and so is Chloris II. Bend Or is poorly represented this season except by Fairy Gold and Princess Mary, and Ugolino seems to be the best of Sir Hugo's progeny. Common cannot boast of any promising sons or daughters that have been seen in public, but Orvieto has No Trumps, Pisa and Orco, which might do him credit. Deuce of Clubs seems coming to the front with Deuce of a Daisy and Pindar. Nor ought I to have forgotten Ayrshire with Eventail, a nice filly belonging to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, whose champion Sandringham, Persimmon's brother, has yet to emerge (I trust successfully) from the dark division. There is another dark colt, about whom rumour has been busy, and that is Birkenhead, by Orme out of Tragedy, in Darling's stable.

In running through the list of our most promising three-year-olds I may have unintentionally omitted some deserving ones, but I fear a large or very promising Derby field cannot be culled therefrom. Unfortunately, Caiman is only engaged in the Two Thousand Guineas and St. Leger.

Our two-year-old sheet has yet

to be filled up, but expectations will run high when the young Isinglasses and Ravensburys appear on the scene, and the young Carbines, Trentons and Carnages will also be exceedingly interesting in their *débuts*, seeing that their performances will go far to show whether the return of these sires to the old country is likely to prove a blessing to the Turf or not.

On the spring handicaps it would ill become me to hazard an opinion, except to say that their framers have apparently done their work with the greatest care, and the puzzle set them by certain stables, who lay themselves out for this class of race and enter their whole fleet, is a very difficult one. It would appear as if Robinson's and Watson's stables commanded the situation, although Darling may have a rod in pickle in Kendal Boy, seeing how well he performed at Doncaster last year. In the Grand National, which stands out now as almost the sole mainstay to the popularity of steeplechasing, Collins and Holman seem to hold the strongest hands, unless Woods of Whatcombe has a better in his stable, in either Queen Bee or Drogheda. Holman's Zeebec, if quite right on the day, may be equal to carrying home the money of the Western shires.

We are sure to see Australian and American importations busy with the long-distance races, as they seem to outstay our home-bred champions. Let us hope, however, that this season our trainers will lay themselves out to give their horses longer distance work, instead of eternally trying them over five and six furlongs, and then assuring themselves that this is the end of their tether. It is to be feared that the coming

crop of Cup horses is not likely to be a large one, and that it is more than likely that the Ascot Cup will again be carried across the Channel. Surely the Frenchmen must appreciate "our open door" in racing—if they fail to do so in other places—or matters of commerce.

We are likely to see Tod Sloan again on our racecourses, reviving, as he must do, the controversy as to how a jockey can ride with the best advantage to his horse—for that, after all, is the first consideration—far before any advantage to himself. Sloan has thrown away the ideal beauty of horsemanship, and adopted that of a monkey in its place, and yet he has proved the truth of his system by success. The coming season may see a development of his practice, and there will be some of our best light-weights pushing their way to the front and their elders giving place to them. There will be some rising stars of great brilliancy, or I am much deceived.

It is more and more evident that each year the Turf is becoming the sport of the rich, and not that of the poor. Men may come and men may go, the South African lords and the Company-mongers have had very short reigns, the thrusters are too fast to last, and as in all else it is the steady straight-going noblemen of the land that really hold the field, and make racing what it is in England, the wonder and glory of all other sporting nations, not even excepting our American cousins, who now prefer to send their best horses over here to race, and even send them from California for sale here. Is it not, therefore, with pleasure and confidence that we look forward to "Coming Events" in 1899?

BORDERER.

March Trout.

IN these days, when everything is done upon such a large scale, it needs some apology to take for one's theme so humble a pastime as angling for brook trout. Only the other day I came across a paragraph in a daily paper, under the heading of "Angling," in which it was chronicled without comment that Mr. and Mrs. B. had enjoyed fairly good sport while fishing the Blank Water rented for the season by the former; Mr. B. having landed a salmon of prodigious weight, and Mrs. B. having, if I remember right, eclipsed the achievements of her husband.

This was all very well; but when I went on to read that "Master B. was exceptionally lucky in creeling a fish of 24lbs.," I laid down the paper in amazement and reflected, not without compassion, that the precocious youth was in a fair way to exhaust the pleasures of angling before his juvenile muscles were really fit to handle a full-sized rod! How tame after such a record must seem the daily diary of the modest sportsman in whose basket a half-pounder is a prize, and anything over three-quarters ranks as a monster, whose lucky capture merits circumstantial entry in the log-book of the weekly catch!

And yet there must be some, I am sure, who may read these lines, and will not be ashamed to admit the same delight in brook fishing to which the writer unblushingly pleads guilty.

I must avow for myself a strong admiration and love for my plucky little friend (or should one say "foe"?) the brown brook trout. Like the field and the fox in the well-known song of the

Meynell Hunt, "Though we all want to kill him, we love him."

And for pluck commend me to our little red-spotted friend of the Welsh mountain-streams. How he dashes up stream and down, and leaps in the air a foot and more out of the water to rid him of the unwelcome hook! I never caught a salmon, I must confess, but I own to a difficulty in believing that, size for size, the King of Fish can be as game an adversary as "Ye littel trout."

I remember coming across some lines in an old periodical, I think, in praise of Master Trout; most of them I forget, but the last verse ran thus:—

"So may'st thou live, O little fish,
And if some rascal for a dish
Through gluttony, vile sin!
Attempt, the wretch, to pull thee out,
God lend thee strength, thou little trout,
To pull the rascal in!"

It is illogical, I know, yet while thirsting for the blood of the first trout of the season, I run over these lines to myself and fancy I enter into the spirit of them; I know it is a real pleasure to re-consign to life and freedom those diminutive fry who are ever most ready to rise to one's fly, and are yet too small for even the brook trout angler's creel.

But I am wandering from my purpose, and prosing sadly, when it was my intent by this time to be well on my way in describing an early day's trout-fishing; no mean pastime, as those who know will bear testimony, though at the end of the day a dozen or more of silver trout will scarce turn the scale at 4lbs.

March fishing, after all, has its compensations; winds may be cold and skies bleak, there may be little temptation to linger over

one's frugal lunch, and one may miss the glorious languor of the summer day, but with luck the angler should have the first fresh rush of the water, such as rarely runs in our short-lived mountain streams in summer, and many a nook and cranny of the little stream will now be accessible to the skilful cast, where in summer a wall of rich and bending green will protect "king trout" as he feeds at peace.

To fish in March, moreover, is (for the trout fisher) to yield to the strong impulse of the "fishing fever" while it is in its first strength. Who does not know the symptoms? Wherever he may be, in form-room, on office stool, in barrack ante-room, the angler with returning spring feels the fever steal into his system. Rods are unpacked from their winter quarters, flies passed in strict review, and in spare moments maps are brought out, old angling expeditions lived over again, and endless new ones planned. Happy the man who, with the first weeks of March, can satisfy his longing by the brook side! Such was my fortune the other day, and may it soon fall to the lot of my brother anglers now tied to desks and duties!

"If the wind be in the south, it blows the bait in the fish's mouth"; but it needed but a moment outside my front door to convince me that March was true to his "north-easter" that morning. But "he that observeth the winds" in March will never fish, and there was a gleam of sun which promised an hour or two of warmth before the day was done, so a start was made without misgiving. As for equipment, give me wading kit with the lightest of nine foot rods (that of Ogden's, *yclept multum in parvo*,

could not be bettered for the purpose).

An anxious moment is that when the first glimpse of the stream can be obtained, especially when recent rain has scarcely had time to run off and let the water clear. Welcome sight! the brook is rushing and tumbling over the stones, swirling round captive logs and gnarled tree-trunks, but it bears that tinge of slaty blue which promises good sport. And now the point of start is reached, and rod and tackle eagerly prepared. There is no anxiety about the latter, no need for extra-fine invisible casts, a prey to every whirling wind. The water, still tinged with the flood of last week, will hide a stouter strand. As for flies, my trusty trio rarely fail to tempt our fish, whether the month be March or late July.

A March Brown, priceless among angler's lures, hangs as tail fly—to-day I choose one with twist of gold thread in the body; a blue dun next, and above him a gay Coch-y-bondu (to-day one with tag of gold); these are my bill-of-fare to set before our hungry little friends.

Now for the first real cast, my line already playing straight and true, wetted in the stream behind me, up-stream I start, the keen north-easter at my back my ally, at any rate, in helping out the line at every throw. A well-known pool is my first hunting-ground; before me a small bridge leading to a water-mill; through the narrow arch the stream flows strong and eddying, spreading into a calmer pool. Here in summer in the glassy water one can watch the trout lie, and drop the fly with infinite care to tempt the lazy eye. To-day nothing to be seen but a tumbling dull-grey flood; one feels quite at a loss where to try first: but now for luck!—

A cast in the stiller water near the side and so across the pool till all is covered. Ah! a sharp jerk, a too eager flick from the rod, a bright little silver body jumps into the air, only to fall, and dash off free! Anyhow, my friends are on the feed: the faithful March Brown is the fly for me! But cast after cast over the pool brings no result. I chance a throw right under the arch where the wall seems to give a little shelter from the current. Yes, a dash! and a steadier jerk! I have a nice one. Swinging down with the stream he comes, making a dash up again in the calmer water; the little rod bends, as though it held a monster: gently now! point up, as he jumps high in the air in his plucky struggles! Now exhausted he floats for a minute, my net is under him, and soon the first troutlet of the season is in my basket; a fine little fellow, maybe 5 ozs.; very "small deer" for such preparations and paraphernalia, says the salmon fisherman; but a dozen or two like him will make a dish worth painting.

Now, above the bridge where the little stream is a torrent over ledges of rock—every sheltering stone with its eddying little pool is tried; but the stream whirls the flies away so swiftly. Now I turn and draw my cast up gently under the further bank—a sudden pluck—and another little fish is being hauled in through mid-stream, so firmly hooked that, though he tosses and tumbles, he is safe. The next half-hour seems to bring nothing but small fry.

Fish after fish is returned to "live to fight another day," and but two in the basket; but my clemency will bring its reward, I trust.

It is now noon, and the sun bright and cheering, while a steep bank shelters from the cutting wind: flies are out on the water, and far up in still water I see the trout rising.

My hopes are great of a stretch of still deep water now in sight, a great haunt of the fish in summer, but so glassy then that careful fishing is needed. Shall I change my cast for one of lighter texture or risk it as it is? Let us see what I can do as I am. Along the still stretch runs a wall, with big stones at its foot just showing out of the stream, a noted haunt of trout. Here, too, in the crevice of the wall I have found the nest of the yellow wag-tail: yes, and there my friend is now, flicking his tail in welcome to me, and preening his yellow breast in the sun. He is an early visitor this year. A careful flogging of this much-prized open stretch of stream, with moderate luck, increases my basket to seven; one of them half a pound "for sure," and many smaller fry are put back. Above this point the boughs close in, and the stream swirls again over rocks; it is un-fishable in summer, but now the barer boughs tempt me to try it. This resolve leads to a half-hour's struggle with many difficulties, and the loss of my trusty March Brown: and some two or three more trout are all that I can add to my take. O.

Antony and Cleopatra.

LADY CLEOPATRA HANWELL worshipped genius. Her husband, Mr. Hanwell, generally avoided it, but as he was rich and of a complacent nature, he made no objection to his wife's lion-hunting in town as long as she made none to his fox-hunting in the country. On her part she was far from making such objection, for she was as enthusiastic about sport of every kind as about the hundred and one pursuits in which, without any remarkable talent, by dint of persistent practice she had attained a tolerable proficiency. She was tall, plain, and thin; indeed, it would be impossible for anyone to endure the exercise, mental and bodily, that she underwent and remain fat. Scandal did not know her even by name. She was a good woman, devoted to her husband and her three children.

Her latest discovery was a young actor, Mr. Antony Fitzbower, who owed his rapid rise in the profession to his own ability and his social success mainly to her patronage. He was an Irishman, and had wit enough to maintain the interest his talent had aroused, while he showed his gratitude without evincing a desire to lick the varnish from her ladyship's shoes, and refrained from exhibiting such monkey-tricks as mediocrity mounted on a pedestal would fain palm off upon its admiring patrons as the eccentricities of an uncontrollable genius. It happened, moreover, that he was the only one of a long succession of "lions" with whom Hanwell found he had anything in common, for he was passionately fond of hunting. The two fox-hunters soon became friends, and at the end of the

London season Fitzbower accepted a cordial invitation to come down whenever he could and have a day with the hounds.

November was drawing to a close before the desired opportunity presented itself, and Fitzbower found himself a welcome guest at his friend's country seat. He had looked forward to this visit with what amounted almost to a longing. The late hours and confinement, the excitement and anxiety, inseparable from the theatrical life, enhanced the joy with which he anticipated expanding his chest with unpolluted air, exposing his unpainted cheek to the eye of heaven, and exchanging the clamour of "the gods" for the music of a pack of hounds. Who that is fond of the sport, and has been forced to forego it for a season, does not long to hear the huntsman's voice, to watch the feathering hounds, to catch the sound of the holloa as it floats faintly up the wind, and to feel the bound of a mettled steed between his legs? "Hounds, gentlemen, please!"

Such were Fitzbower's anticipations!

But if he expected a complete holiday, he was mistaken, for with Lady Cleopatra there were no holidays. She took life seriously. It was a sacred trust, a gift not to be buried in a napkin, but to be employed for the improvement of mankind. Her corporeal part she left pretty much to the ordinary routine, but her intellect she regarded as a farm which she was bound by her lease to cultivate with all diligence. She was ever ploughing, harrowing, sowing, reaping, or, by way of enriching the soil, digging in cartloads of other



C. Lutyens.]

"SLOWLY BUT SURELY."

people's ideas ; while her " living soul, the beauty of the world," represented the bailiff who would be called one day to give an account of his stewardship. He, poor soul ! was thoroughly imbued with a sense of his responsibilities, and allowed himself very little relaxation. Hence Lady Cleopatra's desire to get hold of genius, to get all she could out of him, to keep the engines going at full steam and lift as many foot-pounds as possible in the brief time allotted to her. Genius, therefore, must not be idle ; there must be a constant interchange of ideas, brilliant, and above all improving, a continual whipping of the top of conversation, which, set spinning immediately after morning prayers, was never allowed to flag till it received its final titillation as her ladyship retired with her bedroom candlestick.

It was Lady Cleopatra's habit to select a topic for discussion, and that chosen upon the evening of Fitzbower's arrival was " The possibility of reforming the stage." The vicar of the parish, with whom it was a favourite theme for declamation, was invited to dinner to assist in the ventilation of the subject.

" The immorality connected with the stage," said the vicar, with great solemnity, in the course of the conversation, " is appalling !"

" I don't find it troubles me much," replied Fitzbower, with gentle irony, which was quite lost upon his hostess ; and probably on the vicar also, for they were equally unconscious that there was anything humorous in the interest they evinced at being admitted, as it were, behind the scenes, when they would have exclaimed with horror had Fitzbower proposed that they should

come into actual bodily contact with the green-room. But Fitzbower was more than amusing ; he excelled as a conversationalist, and by suggesting a word here, a thought there, a sentiment to the vicar, a practical point to his hostess, he brought them to such an admiration of their own brilliancy that when at length they retired for the night they were fully convinced that the dawn of the Reformation they had so much at heart was already near breaking. Then Fitzbower changed his coat and descended to the ordinary level of the smoking-room, where he and his host talked horse till the small hours of the morning.

Our hero slept like a child, and, like a child, arose as good-looking as he went to bed. His toilet was, nevertheless, elaborate and prolonged, so that he emerged at length in such a state of perfection as might make one wonder what his tailor's bill amounted to in the course of a year. In truth, spending a large salary presented no difficulties to a young man with his propensities. Habits of rigid economy enforced during the penurious period of his youth fell from him like the eggshell from a duckling, and released from the straitened circumstances of incubation, he launched forth with inborn confidence upon the deep waters of extravagance.

It may be fairly asked, after this allusion to the poverty of his earlier days, how he had been able to indulge in a pastime so expensive as fox-hunting ; but bearing in mind the love every Irishman has for a horse, and the sacrifices he is prepared to make for the indulgence of this natural affection, it may suffice to say that he had had opportunities and had not neglected them.

It was a fine morning, and as

none of the family had appeared, he strolled into the open, turning his steps towards the stables. The air was mild, and the trees dripping with the rain that had fallen in the night, but the scudding clouds and a stretch of blue sky to windward gave promise of a brilliant day. In the stables a tempest of hissings, sharp raps against boarded partitions, and admonitory "whoas" testified to the amount of elbow grease that was being expended upon the horses. A diligent groom, who was strapping Lady Cleopatra's favourite hunter, spared a moment to touch an obsequious forelock and got to his hissing again. A strange habit, by the by, is that hissing; some suppose it serves to keep the dust out of the man's mouth, others that it was the invention of some prehistoric head-lad, whereby he might know that his underlings were at work, against which theory may be quoted the sceptical studgroom who remarked that he would like less hissing and more work. Be that as it may, the brown mare Fitzbower was to ride shone like his new silk hat under the process. He ran his hand over her glossy skin, asked a few pertinent questions, and then, having cast his eye over Hanwell's weight-carrier and the boy's pony, obeyed the summons of the breakfast-bell and returned to the house.

He found the family in the dining-room, his host and hostess reading their letters, while a pastey-faced boy and two anæmic girls picked daintily at rich and unwholesome viands, absorbed more butter than bread and the whole of the conversation. This, however, did not affect Fitzbower, who, blessing the "potatoes-and-point" of his earlier years that had left his digestion unimpaired,

set to work to cater for an appetite which he might not have another chance of appeasing for the next ten or twelve hours. From sausages he went to kidneys, thence to lobster mayonnaise, on to a slice of ham and an egg or two, winding up with an ample supply of toast and marmalade and a slice of melon. This, with several cups of coffee, he calculated would carry him through any ordeal he was likely to have to face during the day.

They were all ready to start when Hanwell suddenly remembered that he had to write a letter which required his wife's signature.

"Help yourself to a stirrup cup, my dear fellow," he said; "you will find the chartreuse, or whatever you like, on the sideboard."

Nothing loth, Fitzbower approached the sideboard on which stood a salver with three glasses brimming over with the rich liqueur.

"Here's to the jolly old Abbot," he exclaimed; "may his shadow never grow less!" and so saying he tipped a glassful down his throat. He gasped; he shuddered.

"Boo-hoo," blubbered the pastey-faced boy, who had stood a silent witness of the deed. "Boo-hoo, he's swallowed my cod-liver-oil!"

Fitzbower gazed with amazement on the weeping hypochondriac.

"Don't stand there," he said; "making that awful noise; there's plenty more of it."

A smile of gratitude broke through the boy's tears, as with the lingering fondness that attaches to stolen fruits he slowly sipped the contents of one of the remaining glasses. Fitzbower turned away in disgust, and as he

left the room a clammy hand stole gently into his: "May I have the other one?"

"Certainly!"

The sun shone brightly, and they rode fast. It seemed to Fitzbower oppressively hot. He unbuttoned his coat, then the bottom buttons of his waistcoat, tried to get his finger inside his stock to loosen it and breathed heavily. Every now and then he shuddered, and whenever "pasty-face" on his pony caught his eye he felt sick. He longed to be alone, but there was no chance of that, for Lady Cleopatra had just started her topic for the day—"Was Shakespeare Lord Bacon?" It was a matter on which she had never bestowed a thought until she came across an article—"Shakespeare Dethroned." Since then she had been anxiously looking forward to getting Fitzbower's invaluable opinion. The opportunity had arrived and the top was set spinning. Without a pause for an answer she commenced a flagellation of questions—what did he think of the "promus argument"—the argument from words, from style, from identity of opinion, of expression—above all, from the new anagram? Was it possible that Shakespeare, with his small educational advantages, should have known so much Latin?—Where could he have come across "*honorificabilitudinitatibus*"? Of course, it would have been easy for Lord Bacon, because he was at Cambridge. Then, was it possible for Shakespeare to take what wasn't really his—to practise such a deception? Could he have kept it up? The truth surely must have come out?

The unhappy actor, oblivious of everything save his own sense of increasing discomfort, made further efforts to loosen his stock

and continued to take prolonged breaths in the hope that a plentiful supply of oxygen might act as an antidote to the poison that rankled in his vitals, but in vain; he felt he was growing pale; a sudden revulsion of melon caused him to take out his handkerchief, and he wiped the beads of perspiration from his brow. There were but two courses open to him, to acknowledge either his ignorance or his condition. He had just decided upon the latter when his interlocutor paused for a reply. She evidently expected one, and a sense of politeness induced him to make the attempt.

"Bacon" (he shuddered), "no doubt, may have been Shakespeare, but I doubt if even Shakespeare could have kept it down—I mean 'up.'"

A momentary look of astonishment came over his companion's face, and then she laughed as one who casts his wits to find the point of a joke. He made a desperate effort and laughed too, whereupon she laughed heartily, as one who has found it.

In this dilemma they were joined by another party on their way to the meet, and Fitzbower seizing the opportunity of escape, attached himself to a stolid old gentleman on a fat old horse, and remarking on the sultriness of the day and the unnecessary pace at which they were travelling, induced him to fall to the rear, so that he performed the rest of his journey without further molestation.

Upon his arrival at the meet he would have kept aloof from the crowd, but Lady Cleopatra was lying in wait to introduce him to her numerous friends.

"I do admire your acting so much, Mr. Fitzbower," gushed a lady who shall be nameless; "but I am sorry to say I cannot often

indulge in such luxuries, you know."

She was a pretty woman, and at any other time would have got a box for her pains, but, as it was, got nothing but a sickly smile from the actor as he turned away. A middle-aged gentleman immediately accosted him.

"I wonder, Mr. Fitzbower, if you have met my son; he has just gone on the stage?"

Again Fitzbower smiled and made his escape, only to fall into the clutches of a young woman who adored the theatre and everything connected with it. The hounds threw off, but she still stuck to him for, as was soon disclosed, she was the author of a melodrama in five acts, and by the time they came to the covert-side Fitzbower had promised to give her his candid opinion of it. Here he contrived at length to give his tormentor and the rest of the field the slip, and stole away by himself down a lane on the outside of a large wood into which the hounds had been thrown.

What a relief to be alone! He tore open his waistcoat, wrenched asunder his carefully-tied stock, flung his hat on to his back, and groaned aloud. How ill he felt! Every moment he hoped to feel better, and felt worse.

Now, anyone may object that a wine-glass of cod-liver-oil would not produce this effect, that the picture is overdrawn, that Fitzbower could not have been so ill from so slight a cause. Exactly. Fitzbower was not ill, but he felt ill, and only the man who, like our hero, has only felt ill once in his life, and can remember what he then felt, is a competent critic of Fitzbower's feelings on this occasion.

His mare, fortunately for him, being of a confidential nature,

beyond turning her head occasionally in the direction of the hunt, made no demur to leaving her companions, but as the reins lay loose on her neck, and she received no instructions by hand or foot from her rider, she presently came to a stand and began to browse contentedly on the dead leaves of an overhanging branch, taking no notice of the groans which now and again broke the surrounding silence. All of a sudden she cocked her ears, and poor Antony heard the hounds running. They were a long way off, and he prayed devoutly that they might not come his way. The cry ceased, and he felt thankful when the mare took to the leaves again. Some minutes had passed and once more the watchful hunter pricked her ears, and retaining a leaf that she was in the act of tearing from the branch, between her teeth, stood gazing (if a horse can gaze) straight down the lane.

Fitzbower opened his eyes and beheld a fox coming towards him. He came leisurely enough, quite unaware that he was being watched. For the moment Fitzbower almost forgot his wretchedness, but only for the moment, because Reynard coming to a halt within a few yards of him, there and then (to use an old sporting expression) unbuttoned his shirt-collar. With a groan the wretched man closed his eyes and leant his forehead against the mossy bough, envying the power with which Providence has endowed the more lowly creature. Upon the groan the fox made off, no doubt expecting that a view-holloa would soon bring the pack upon his heels, but there he was mistaken, for Antony Fitzbower, although he knew that that fox meant going, would have lost the best run the world

had ever seen—nay, the world itself—rather than draw down the hunt upon himself at such a juncture.

Minutes that seemed hours went by, and the vision of the fox had almost faded from his memory, when a hound opened in the wood. It was a doubtful note, and was not repeated, wherefore Antony hoped it had not been heard, but he waited anxiously. Presently the hound appeared on the bank, then another and another, till some half-dozen followed him into the lane. Slowly but surely they brought the line to the spot where the fox had turned, took it up the bank and on to the grass beyond—where they swept across the field with a cry that might be heard a mile away.

"Oh! here you are! I want you to tell me the English of honorificabil . . ."

Lady Cleopatra had found her lost lion, and apparently perfectly unconscious that the hounds had found and gone away, was quietly resuming the chosen topic; but a deep groan stopped her in the very middle of the anagram. For the first time she noticed his pallor and his disordered apparel.

"Oh! what has happened?" she cried in her alarm. "Are you ill? Oh! Antony, are you dying?"

"Yes; dying, Egypt, dying!" came the agonising reply, for even *in extremis* the ruling passion remained strong.

The unhappy lady, taking his reply all too literally, screamed for help, and at the same instant

the Whip came screaming down the lane.

"Help! help!" screamed she.

"For'ardaway! For'ardaway!" screeched he, and clearing the fence, sped screeching after the vanished hounds.

Lady Cleopatra wrung her hands; Antony looked this way and that, but escape was no longer possible. Up the lane, down the lane, into the lane from every direction came the horsemen, while Lady Cleopatra implored each one as he came up to fetch the doctor, for Mr. Fitzbower was dying. All in vain Antony persisted he never felt better in his life; his looks alone had betrayed him.

"What—a fall? Is he badly hurt?" asked each horseman as he pulled up, and the cry "the doctor, where's the doctor?" went from mouth to mouth. The doctor at length arrived, and, leaping from his horse, seized his patient's unwilling wrist and took out his watch. Even the horses stopped champing their bits and seemed to be listening to the tick of the chronometer.

"Angina pectoris," someone whispered, and the whisper grew into a sympathetic murmur "poor fellow, Angina pectoris!"

Then all at once arose the shrill treble of Master Hanwell, "I know what it is. He drank my cod-liver-oil instead of char-treuse!"

Mr. A. Fitzbower is now acting in the provinces under an assumed name, waiting till the cod-liver-oil story is forgotten.

F. M. LUTYENS.

The Colour of Horses.

"A good horse cannot be a bad colour," is a saying that is as old as it is illogical. Many a man has by some chance become the owner of a horse of the colour for which he perhaps had least predilection, but the excellence of that animal has caused him to take a fancy to the colour and this has led him to buy as many others as he could of this very shade. It is probably due to this that families have adopted a certain colour, at any rate for their carriage horses, till it has become historical. Suffice to instance the white horses of Hanover. Nowadays the Lonsdale chesnuts are perhaps the best known; but nearly every coaching man has his particular colour, from which he would on no account deviate.

The matching of horses by colour has always been considered an improvement, whether in an artillery team or in a troop of cavalry. And just as one occasionally sees one piebald or grey in a coach team as a counterfoil to the other colours, so the piebald or grey drum-horse or trumpeter's horse sets off the rest of the troop. In the old days of coaching the acme of style was to have an extraordinarily fast trotter of an odd colour, who would still trot when the rest of the team were galloping and so save a fine for "furious driving."

No race have paid more attention to the niceties of colour than the Arabian, and the colour most esteemed by them is black, with a star on the forehead and white spots on the feet. Next in order they prefer the dark chesnut. After these all colours are considered on an equal footing, with the exception of the piebald.

They say of the piebald, "Flee him like the pestilence, for he is own brother to the cow." The chesnut is, according to the prophet, the swiftest: but the same authority abhorred a horse that had white on all four legs. We all know the couplet—

"Three white legs, give him to your man,
Four white legs, sell him if you can."

The Arabs consider the dun, if dark with black points and black mane and tail, a thoroughly good and serviceable colour, whilst they dislike a cream with white mane and tail.

In connection with this it is interesting to notice, that in a recent debate on the question of Horse-breeding in Ireland, special commendation was given by Lord Howth to the old Irish dun breed with the black back-stripe. In the west of Ireland, this is very generally known as the Achill breed, because all the ponies bred on that island are dun-coloured. I have known a great many polo ponies and hunters of this colour, and they were all good, remarkably hardy and very intelligent.

Many people must have made use of the expression, "the Bird-catcher breed," without thinking of the origin. It is, of course, derived from the grey hairs, which look as if salt had been sprinkled on the tail.

The "sweep's hand" is another favourite expression as applied to a black patch on the quarter of a chesnut, and it is an almost unfailing sign of Blair Athol blood in chesnuts. The legend says that a sweep placed his sooty hand on the quarter of Blair Athol's sire immediately after the service of his dam.

I have often asked cavalry officers who have had experience in India of squadrons matched by colour (there is a tradition that this is forbidden on home service, and as a matter of fact it seldom gets beyond troops being matched in each squadron) whether they noticed any difference in the way they worked. Their invariable answer has been that the black and brown squadrons drilled steadiest and the chesnuts were the most unruly.

Hunting men must have noticed that the steadiest and hardest horses in the hunt are, as a rule, the browns with light-coloured muzzles and a white star on the forehead. This is said to have been the typical colour of the old English roadster.

Washy or mealy-legged horses of any colour are usually detested by horse-masters, and are known as of a "soft" colour. Science duly corroborates experience in this respect by attributing lightness of colour in the extremities to indifferent circulation of the blood and consequent weakness of constitution. The very prevalent idea that a horse which has no white about him is deficient in intelligence has probably good foundation. The Arabs attribute good luck to a white star; personally I have never heard of anyone having good luck with a stupid horse.

The South African Boer, if asked his opinion as to the best colour for a horse, will say either schimmel (grey) or rooi schimmel (red roan). The Boer's preference for these colours may very probably originate in the remarkable stamina imparted to their breed of horses by the grey Arab stallions which the officers of John Company brought to the Cape in the old days when an officer could take leave to the Cape without

diminution of Indian pay. When we consider how severely the Boers test a horse destined for their own riding, we may acknowledge that they are fully qualified to speak on the subject of stamina. A Boer will take a horse up from grass and will saddle him before dawn and ride him, without off-saddling till nightfall. This at the ordinary "trekking" pace, may mean a journey of anything from seventy to ninety miles. If the animal cannot do this, the Boer does not consider him good enough to keep for his own riding or as a shooting horse. Imagine the strategical value of a force of really good shots, so mounted, campaigning where they have a thorough knowledge of the country.

In these degenerate days those "who live at home at ease" can hardly appreciate the extraordinary value placed upon stamina by those who are compelled to "put their trust in horses."

The following story is told by the Emir Abd-el-Kader, as illustrating the Arab's belief in colour as affecting stamina:—"Ben Dyab, a renowned chief of the desert, happening one day to be pursued after a foray by the enemy, turned to his son and asked, 'What horses are in front of the enemy?' 'White horses,' replied his son. 'It is well; let us make for the sunny side, and they will melt away like butter.' Some time afterwards Ben Dyab again turned to his son and said, 'What horses are in front of the enemy?' 'Black horses,' cried his son. 'It is well; let us make for stony ground, and we shall have nothing to fear; they are the negroes of the Soudan, who cannot walk with bare feet on the flints.' He changed his course, and the black horses were speedily out-distanced. A third time Ben

Dyab asked, 'And now, what horses are in the front of the enemy?' 'Dark chesnuds and bays.' 'In that case,' exclaimed Ben Dyab, 'strike out, my chil-

dren, strike out, and give your horses the heel, for these might perchance overtake us, had we not given barley to ours all the summer through.' "

REIVER.

A Word in Season.

PHEASANT or fox? Saddle or gun?
That is the question! both give us fun.
Foxes with pheasants can live within reason,
Try for the two, and a jolly good season!

Shoot a bit early, hunt a bit late,
Give *in* a little each side, and the gate
Soon will fly open, ready to greet
Huntsman and hounds with the foxes to treat.

Let us be friendly; soon we shall find
Modus vivendi, if we've the mind.
Englishmen never can live without sport,
Making us heroes, so we've been taught.

Don't let us quarrel; he who can ride
Can't always shoot, and on t'other side
He who is ready and keener to shoot
Isn't always possessed with a leg for a boot!

Try a *word* face to face; it must surely be better
Than the curtest of notes, or the best written letter.
Talk over your troubles, and don't let a pen
Spoil sport when it *should* be a "blessing to men."

J. H. W.

Saddle Bars and Stirrups: Safety and Otherwise.

As observed in the article on "Saddles" which appeared in BAILY'S MAGAZINE for November, evidence is wanting to show that stirrups in any form were used before the opening years of the seventh century. The earliest parent of the modern stirrup, so far as old drawings enable us to judge, was a triangle of iron or brass, straight as to the sides, or "legs," to use the technical term, with a tread no wider than the legs and guiltless of "eye"; the thong by which the stirrup depended from the saddle being simply passed through the angle. In the days of heavy armour, the stirrup was a ponderous article, wide in the tread to receive the mailed foot of the horseman, shallow, and having the legs of increasing width from the point where the eye is now pierced, to the tread. Their shape suggests endeavour to protect the foot from stroke of sword or axe. The stirrup used on the hunting saddle of the middle ages was often a light ring, flattened to accommodate the sole, and so small that it must have been an easy matter to get the iron wedged home on the instep. At the beginning of the eighteenth century the hunting stirrup was made somewhat after the modern cavalry pattern, with the legs bowed outwards from the tread; at a later period this outward curve was dispensed with, and for over a hundred years the hunting stirrup has maintained very much the shape now familiar to us.

Mr. Wilton, the well-known saddler, has an exact copy in bronze of a safety stirrup which belonged to Charles Edward

Stuart (fig. 1). This is probably the first thing of the kind ever made. It is rather smaller than an ordinary hunting iron; the tread is hinged to one leg and pierced at the other end to receive the slotted extremity of the free leg, which is caught by a spring underneath. This spring is operated by a thin iron hoop

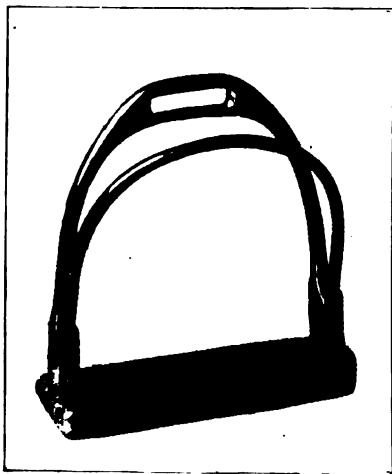


FIG. 1.—Charles Edward Stuart's Iron.

corresponding to the stirrup in size and shape; the hoop rises from the tread at an angle, and when pressed home to the stirrup, as would happen were the rider to fall and get his foot jammed, releases the spring under pressure on the tread. This contrivance was obviously invented by a practical horseman who knew, perhaps by sad experience, *how* the foot sticks in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred: an item of useful knowledge not possessed by all modern inventors. Another old safety stirrup is the "side gape"

iron (fig. 2), made at least fifty years ago; in this the central longitudinal section of the tread and one leg to within an inch or two of the eye for the leather, is in one piece, a pivot at the angle holding it to the outer portion of the tread. The pressure of the foot and a spring keep the stirrup closed; but pressure upon the pivoted leg from within opens it, releasing the imprisoned foot.

Few people know how many safety saddle bars, attachments and stirrups have been invented



FIG. 2.—Side Gape Iron.

during the last twenty or thirty years. The large majority display infinite mechanical cunning combined with large ignorance of horsemanship; but, oddly enough, a few of the least efficacious contrivances have originated in the brains of men who are known as bold and straight riders to hounds.

The aim of every inventor of saddle bars is of course to devise a contrivance that shall retain the leather safely in place while the rider is in the saddle, and shall allow the leather to escape in case of accident. The multitude of patents granted for such devices

prove the exceeding difficulty of making an attachment to fulfil these conditions; and while horsemen, regardless of inventors' feelings, continue to discover new methods of falling, there is little prospect of contriving an infallibly satisfactory saddle bar—or stirrup for that matter.

The man who invented a system of making saddle bars safe by an arrangement of bolts or pins fastened to lines which could be "gathered with the reins or attached to the person," did not know his public. Most of us would rather take our chance of being dragged than appear at the meet with two mysterious cords creeping unostentatiously from our waist-belt to the saddle bars. The plan was by no means a bad one in its practical aspect; but there was a shade too much "preparedness" about the arrangement to render it acceptable. It savours overmuch of the spirit which induced a certain aspirant to fame between the flags to weigh out on an Indian racecourse in a big turban instead of the orthodox cap. He had heard that it was "a capital thing in case of a spill."

It would be hard to say whether safety saddle bars or safety stirrups are the more numerous. For the last ten years these appliances have appeared at an average rate of about one per month, and the amount of ingenuity that has been squandered on intricate pieces of mechanism is really astonishing. Occasionally there has been a small epidemic of inventiveness; in May and June, 1883, no fewer than eight new patents for saddle bars were granted; but the fact that the unusually large number of five fatal hunting accidents had been reported in the columns of the *Field* during the season 1882-3,

may have stimulated attention to safety devices.

These safety bars and attachments vary much in the method by which their inventors strive to reach their ideal. The simplest form suitable for men's saddles, and perhaps the best known, is Weston's (fig. 3); it consists of a steel key or flap, which is passed over the saddle bar, while the buckle for the stirrup leather is hinged to it. This attachment is unlikely to be dislodged so long as the rider retains his seat, but it parts company with the saddle freely and promptly if the falling

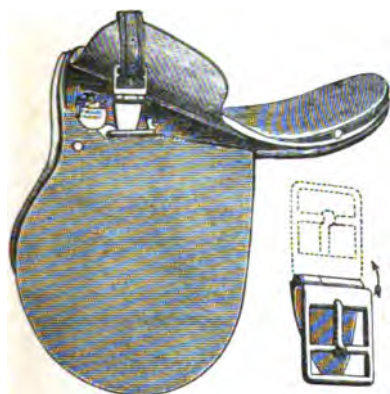


FIG. 3.—Weston's Bar and Buckle.

rider carry the stirrup over the saddle. Weston and Wilton's patent bar for side saddles is an attachment which is released only by the elevation of a lever normally kept in place by the pressure of the leg. An inventor named Lorrain patented an ingenious safety bar a few years ago. The stirrup leather hung upon an arm which was pivoted to the saddle plate at one end and supported at the other by a hook pivoted to the saddle plate; near the latter end of the arm was pivoted a small rod whose free end bore against the supporting hook; thus a backward drag on the stirrup

forced the leather against the small rod which pressed back the hook and allowed the arm to drop, freeing the leather. A subsequent patent protected an improved application of the rod. The "Cotswold" (fig. 4) is a capital invention; it is so simple that no description seems necessary.

Another clever contrivance is that patented in the names of Williams and Rose for application to side saddles. In this the secure attachment of stirrup leather to bar is made to depend on the upright position of the upper portion of the pommel which is hinged to operate the mechanism; a plate under the

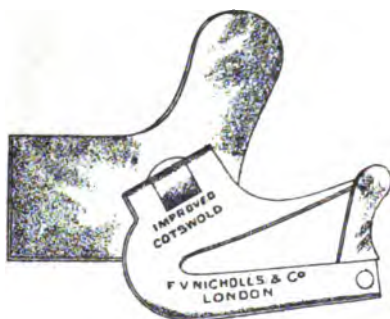


FIG. 4.—Cotswold Bar.

rider's right leg at the base of the pommel keeps the hinged portion upright and the stirrup leather secure; but if the pressure be fairly removed from this plate, as in the case of a fall, the point of the pommel turns on its hinge and releases the stirrup leather. The objection to this is that if the lady recover her seat, the leather meantime has been released.

Another bar was Martin's patent; this was a bracket hinged to the saddle plate and provided at the free end with a tiny roller to facilitate the passage of the leather over it; this, one is in-

clined to think, would be apt to part with the leather rather too readily. The "Portsmouth Hunt" saddle bar (fig. 5), invented by Messrs. Passmore and Cole, of Exeter, is a very clever contrivance. It will be seen that the bar rides loose on two steel loops fixed to the saddle plate, so that it is free to turn quite round, while to the free end of the bar an angle iron is hinged in such wise that the leather holds it in place under ordinary conditions (fig. 5a). This angle iron falls open under backward strain

or upward, the pin escapes from its groove and the spring jaws eject the stud, freeing the leather.

The specifications relating to these appliances occasionally exhibit in their wording an unconscious humour, born possibly of honest doubt. This is how a candid inventor describes his saddle bar attachment; the italics are not his:—"The arm A *may* become disengaged from the plate B, or the bar C *may* open to free the stirrup leather." What would happen if the arm A didn't become disengaged or the bar C

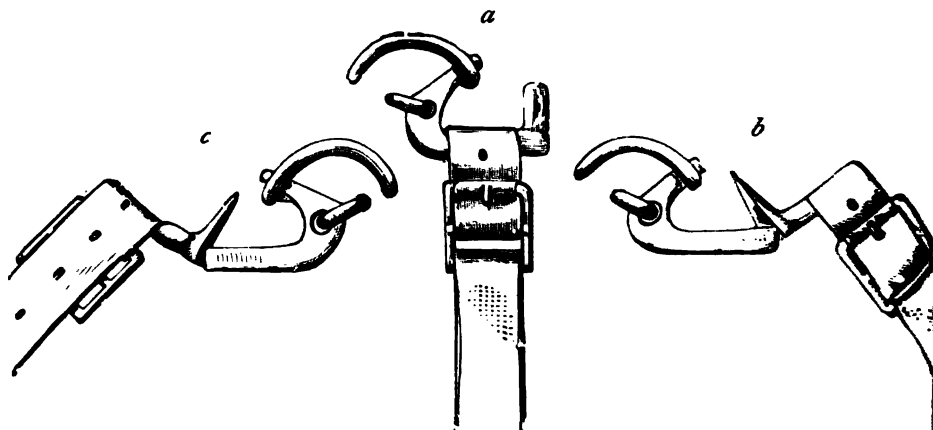


FIG. 5.—"Portsmouth Hunt" Bar.

(fig. 5b), and should the rider be thrown forward or over his horse's head, the whole bar swings round on its loops (fig. 5c), and the angle iron opens to free the leather. Harris's patent saddle-bar attachment is ingenious. The leather is buckled to a plate furnished with a grooved stud which fits between the bevelled edges of spring jaws fixed to the saddle plate; a pin on the plate which holds the leather travels in a groove on the saddle plate; in any ordinary position of the leg and foot the stirrup leather cannot become detached; but if it be pulled far backward, forward

didn't open, the patent laws do not require the cautious inventor to say.

Now let us consider a few of the more recent safety stirrups. One of the earlier modern inventions was patented in 1879. The patentee boldly cut out one leg of the iron from the tread to the eye (fig. 6). This gap precludes all possibility of dragging, but is open to the objection that it makes the stirrup very easy to lose and difficult to recover. Three modifications of this open iron have been patented: one, brought out in 1892, seeks to diminish the liability of the iron to

leave the foot by fixing to the inner side of the remaining leg a boldly curved steel spring which shoulders over the toes and reduces the space for "play." In another form, invented by Mr. Peacock in 1893, the absent leg is replaced by a stout rubber band provided with loops to embrace suitable studs near the eye and on the tread. One can quite imagine that this would put dragging out of the question, but it is rarely to be seen in the hunting field; its appearance is against it for one thing, and the



FIG. 6.—One-Legged Iron.

rubber band would be very liable to part company from the studs in tearing through a bullfinch or pressing through a narrow gap. The third modification leaves an inch of leg rising from the tread. A very simple modification of the ordinary iron was patented by Scott in 1883. In this the legs of the stirrup are loosely hinged in the middle, so that the tread hangs free; only painful practice can prove how efficacious this—or any other—safety iron may be; but it would be difficult to wedge

the foot so firmly into Scott's stirrup that dragging would be the result of a fall.

Stirrups, single, and with an inner "bow" or iron, have been made to open at every possible joint. Mikaloczy's patent is a stirrup with an inner bow which in case of accident opens the eye and leaves the iron on the foot, freed from the leather. Boul't's stirrup (1892) is so contrived that the eye is detachable and parts with the body of the iron in event of accident. Carrington's patent is more simple; the stirrup is fitted with pin and socket joint near the eye, a spring attachment to the tread serving to open the joint under strain. An inventor named Konskia must be credited with the simplest form of safety stirrup, though his is not one to which a fifteen-stone man would care to confide his weight, say in breasting a hill. It is a spring metal band of cavalry shape with ends overlapping in the tread and a spring at the eye to keep those ends in place; any abnormal strain overpowers the spring and lets out the foot through the tread. By far the largest number of "opening" stirrups depend upon a hinge at one angle of leg and tread, and an ingeniously ordered lock at the other; "abnormal strain" being the operative factor. Very many stirrups have been made with an inner bow which becomes detached from the outer iron in case of accident, or which controls an opening mechanism in the latter. The Latchford, first patented over half a century ago, is probably the one most commonly used on ladies' saddles; it belongs to the former category and as everyone knows is contrived so that the inner stirrup or bow fits the foot somewhat closely; the inner stirrup is attached to the outer

in such wise that however the rider may fall the inner bow comes clear away on the foot. Carrington's, Frost's and other patents provide for the release of an inner bow by opening the outer iron through pressure brought to bear from an abnormal direction. Cope's iron for ladies (figs. 7 & 7A) is a simple and ingenious device. The tread is hinged to one leg and the free end is locked by the inner bow to the outer leg; if the inner bow

ance to save the rider from disagreeable jars, from which we draw the pardonable inference that the inventor was not much of a horseman. The tread of this stirrup was pierced at the ends to receive the legs; the protruding portions of the legs carried on the point of each a steel spring which curved upwards to form a rest for the tread; the tread travelled freely on the lower portions of the legs and "gave"



FIG. 7.—Cope's Iron for Ladies (open.)



FIG. 7A.—Cope's Iron for Ladies (closed).

be forced backward out of the perpendicular as would happen in case of a fall, the movement opens the lock or catch and the tread opens on its hinge. The Christy stirrup (fig. 8), invented by Miss Eva Christy, speaks for itself; while the foot can be pressed well home in the cage it would be impossible to be "hung up" in it.

At least two stirrups with spring treads have been patented within recent years: the inventor of one describes it as a contriv-

under pressure of the foot. In another invention the same doubtful advantage was obtained by clothing the protruding portion of either leg with a spiral spring.

A few "step stirrups" to facilitate mounting have been invented, but do not seem to have found much favour among riders. These are much alike in their general plan, consisting of a double iron, the inner hinged at the tread to the outer, so that when opened to aid the horseman to mount the

top of the inside bow forms the tread. Experience might induce a different opinion, but on the



FIG. 8.—Christy Iron for Ladies and Children.

face of it, one cannot imagine a long-legged man requiring this assistance, while a short-legged

rider would find himself off the ground but still unable to throw his leg over the saddle.

Weird and wonderful are a few of the stirrups misdirected genius has conceived; who patent-agents shall not draw the names of the inventors from me here. But what do you think of a stirrup pivoted by the inner leg to a metal rod as substitute for a leather wing; the rod in turn is pivoted to a point hinged to the saddle? Another eccentricity is a curved guide shaped to fit the instep and attached to a stiff bar secured to the saddle; the interior of the latter frankly declares in its specification that the rider will thereby obtain a firmer seat. I hope I am not naturally cruel, but I should like to see these two inventors sentenced to ride in the stirrups of their own contrivance for one calendar month without the option of a fine. (C)

Inter-County Cricket and the County Cricket Championship.

THOUGH it is an admitted fact that the Rules for County Cricket Qualifications call for complete and drastic revision, and granting that a long-suffering cricket plébiscite owes much gratitude to Lords Harris and Hawke for their initiative in moving the M.C.C. to take the matter up, I cannot help noticing with surprise that, in the single-sightedness with which reformers have kept the great flaw in view, no one has apparently observed the "little pitted speck" of dissatisfaction which threatens to "moulder" the whole system of County Cricket and the County Cricket Championship.

It is the case of the mote and the beam again! Now, considering the natural relation that the rules for qualification bear to the whole question of County Cricket, I venture to submit that the amendment of such particulars will only result in inefficient and vexatious tinkering unless the general scheme of County Cricket and of the County Cricket Championship is first taken in hand and placed upon a thoroughly satisfactory basis. The M.C.C. has laid down that "Cricketing Counties shall be considered as belonging to First Class or not. There is no need of further sub-division," and again, the County Championship "shall be competed for by First Class Counties. *No County shall be eligible unless it shall have played at least eight*"—the italics are mine—"out-and-home matches with other counties," &c. Now, though this, at the best, extremely rough-and-ready method, was adopted only so lately as in

October, 1894, it has, I contend, already failed to give satisfaction; and whether the express stipulation of the M.C.C., as to *at least eight* matches, will be carried out, is from year to year as uncertain as is the rise and fall of the barometer from day to day.

Observe the following:—in 1895, when the rule first came into force, the full list of eight fixtures, *i.e.*, sixteen matches, was played, whereas a year later the visit of the Australian team was urged as an excuse for the necessity of reducing the number to six. The arrangements for 1897 saw the authorities placed in a peculiar quandary; one of the counties could only secure seven fixtures; it thus became, *ipso facto*, ineligible; but unless the number of seven were to receive the sanction of the M.C.C., the disqualification of this county would have involved that of some of its already accepted combatants; and with their disqualification the result would have been that not a single county would have been able to comply with the conditions of the competition; so again the rule was abrogated and the number fixed at seven. In 1898 the full programme was carried out; but the anomaly of the situation was again demonstrated at the Secretaries' Meeting in December last, when, upon the proposition being submitted that home and out fixtures with six counties should suffice for 1899, enquiry elicited the admission that all the then first class counties—with the exception of one, to which, however, another fixture was immediately offered—had arranged the necessary eight

matches; nevertheless, the motion was carried because, forsooth, the smaller number had been agreed upon when the Australian team last visited England. *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*; nor was Dr. Grace in the least immoderate in stigmatising the situation, which was, I consider, the result of a bad precedent, as a complete farce. So far, then, the Rule has been more honoured in the breach than the observance.

Now, the headship of a competition can only be decided in one of two ways, either on what are known, I believe, as the English or American principles of conducting a lawn tennis tournament. The first method, aiming only at the survival of the fittest through a series of ties to a semi-final and final rounds, would be, I assume, too cumbersome for application to the decision of a County Cricket Championship, and may therefore be at once dismissed. There is then left only the American or "All against All" principle, which works, I believe, quite satisfactorily for the award of Lord Sheffield's shield in the Inter-Colonial matches in Australia. Let us see how far it is possible for the first-class counties to engage in a competition on the basis of playing each against each and every participant.

In 1895 again, when the Championship was extended by the admission of five counties into the front rank, and the number of competitors increased from nine to fourteen, and again in 1896, notwithstanding the disturbing influence of the Australian tour, Yorkshire and Surrey alone played each of the rest of the competing counties. For 1897 Lancashire made a third party to filling the same programme; in 1898 Surrey dropped out; and

for 1899, now that the inclusion of Worcestershire brings the first-class counties up to fifteen, only Yorkshire carries out the terms of a real competition in setting itself to play the necessary 28 matches. The fact is, then, that, in what will be a five years' trial of the experiment of a County Championship, four-fifths at least of the competing counties do not fulfil the conditions of a true test of superiority. Moreover, they cannot! The strength of a chain is measured by the breaking strain of its weakest link. I have alluded to the difficulty that has been found in securing even the statutory eight fixtures; and a glance at the records of the last few years will show that, on an average, excepting the three counties named, none of the rest have played—be it a matter of finance or what not—more than a fraction over the number of fixtures required by the M.C.C. rule.

If, then, this view of a competition is accepted as correct, it naturally follows that the first, or any, class, should be defined exactly by the number of counties which are able to guarantee at or before the Annual Secretaries' Meeting that they will play each and all competitors in that class during the following season.

According to the computation given above, not more than eight leading counties would at present qualify; and though there is no doubt that the executives of other counties, in their anxiety to retain their position in the first class, would make sacrifices by adding to their present list of fixtures, I am not sure that it would not be wise to limit the first class to the seven or eight pre-eminently principal counties, and to enhance the importance of the competition by enforcing a rule that matches

between them should be played to a finish. Of course, to do this, arrangements would have to be made so that there should be no possibility of first class inter-county matches being placed in juxtaposition to, or in danger of clashing with, other first class engagements. Nor do I blink my eyes to the fact that such periods as the "weeks" in Kent and the general dovetailing provisions made for tours might be seriously disarranged by the inclusion of a fourth or fifth day for the decision of a match. However, this suggestion is by the way, and I only submit it (1) on the presumption that the County Championship is really as important as it is claimed to be, and (2) as an alternative to, or an accompaniment of, the Hon. E. V. Bligh's proposal, advocated in BAILY'S MAGAZINE in September, 1898, for lessening the number of drawn games in first class cricket by an alteration of the l.b.w. rule. Say for the moment, then, that the first division of the existing first class counties is restricted to eight.

There are still another seven to be accounted for: what is to be done with them? There are considerations of the first class batting and bowling averages to be thought of, in the former of which—taking the records of 1898—I find the first, second, fourth and tenth places, and in the latter the second, sixth and ninth places, are held by representatives of what would be, I suppose, the dispossessed counties. They should engage, of course, in a competition of their own, but under what title? I submit that they should be ranked as Division II. of the first class. Further, if the standard of first class cricket is to be measured by that of those counties at present at the bottom of the

list, there is no reason why a Division III. should not be created, if the M.C.C. Committee considered any at present "minor" counties or Second Elevens of first class counties worthy of promotion; and the only condition I would impose upon the aspirant to first class honours, besides, of course, the qualification of merit, would be his ability to set aside three days for the decision of a match.

But this brings me to the counties *not* first class. When the M.C.C. laid down the *fiat* in October, 1894, "Cricketing counties shall be considered as belonging to first class or not; there is no necessity for further subdivision," no one could have anticipated that so robust a corporation as is the Minor Counties' Association to-day would immediately rise as the result of an attempt to place County Cricket on an intelligible basis. During the same period—1895 to 1898—as many as, taking an average, eight counties have annually fulfilled the conditions of the "Minor Counties' Competition," and in addition another four counties—again taking an average—have only failed to come into line in the same rank owing to one difficulty or another in complying with the conditions imposed. The chief obstacles to the progress of such counties are two. One consists in geographical situation, counties at the extremes of the country being unable to tempt their rivals to undertake long and expensive journeys to them, and the second is the capture from them of their promising native players by the richer counties. It is hoped that the first stumbling-block has now been removed by the determination, come to in December, to include second elevens of first class counties in

the Minor Counties' Championship. The second presents more difficulty, and, as the transfer of players from one county to another more properly belongs to a dissertation upon the County Cricket qualifications, I will only mention, in passing, two suggestions that would seem to meet the case: (a) that the opportunities given to a player to transfer his services from one county to another should be restricted as much as possible, and (b) that an Inter-County Board should be instituted to regulate, upon a uniform scale, the wages to be paid to professionals in the first and other classes.

Well! including the second elevens of first class counties, I have now another group of fifteen or sixteen minor counties, to each one of which the same opportunity should, I think, be given, should a comprehensive scheme be so framed as to offer facilities in a descending ratio to the poorer counties, of assuming an acknowledged position in County Cricket. The question of expense comes in here more prominently to dominate the situation. The number of qualifying matches, and accordingly the groups of counties among which they are played, must necessarily be smaller. I have suggested the promotion of three or four to a Division III. of first class. If this were found not to be feasible, I would form the five leading minor counties into a group under the title Second

Class, Division I. Probably it would fall in more conveniently with the circumstances of other counties, as you descend the scale, if Division II. were made to consist of groups of three, ranged, not in order of merit, but, geographically, in order to facilitate means of access to one another. Let me epitomise the scheme I suggest:—

FIRST CLASS.

Division I.—Eight principal counties.

Division II.—Six or seven existing first class counties.

Division III.—Four or five counties, made up by including, perhaps one present first class county and promoting three or four minor counties.

SECOND CLASS.

Division I.—Four or five existing minor counties.

Division II.—Group A, Northern; B, Southern; C, Midland, &c., of three counties each.

Lastly, I should rely on the willingness of the Jockey Club of Cricket to add to their undertaking, "After the close of each cricket season the Committee of the M.C.C. shall decide the County Championship," the further obligation of weighing the merits of all competing counties, and of promoting them to or deposing them from the different divisions accordingly.

HON. SECRETARY COUNTY C.C.

Attractions and Advantages of Sport.

THE following is the substance of a paper on the above subject which was recently read at a social meeting:—

So many things hang on sport, individually, collectively and socially, that it is easy to believe everybody conduces towards it, and in different ways and through different channels, benefits through its enjoyments. A man comes into a county with his six or eight hunters; he has to either take or hire house for his family, stables and rooms for horses and grooms, buy his hay, oats and straw from the nearest farmer; his household expenses also are distributed amongst the local tradesmen, and during the four months of his season doubtless he enriches all of his poorer neighbours. He subscribes handsomely to the fund which is collected, in a great measure, to compensate land-holders and tenants for broken fences and other damages sustained by the galloping of horses and hounds over lands in the radius of the hunt.

Now comes Mrs. Brown Wig, who has heard a great noise in her hen-roost caused by Mr. Brush, who, scenting from afar her young poultry, has called, hoping with the help of Mrs. Brown Brush to quietly select the fattest to take home, and add to the stock there. Mrs. Brown Wig is simply furious, and writes a note to the M.F.H., who is also indignant at the outrage done to a kind neighbour, so he takes the hounds over in the direction of Mrs. Brown Wig's farm, or house, lays them on, and eventually breaks up that vile old Mr. Brush, perhaps also Mrs. Brown Brush. This piece of kindness on the part of the

M.F.H. is usually followed up at the end of the season by a cheque being sent to compensate Mrs. Wig for her losses. So, you see, the M.F.H. benefits by the information conveyed to him by Mrs. Wig, as also do all who follow the hunt, and so does Mrs. Wig in the result of the cheque: thus mutual good-will is engendered, and sport promoted and enjoyed by all; except perhaps by Mr. Brush, who by the way, has already enjoyed his share of sport at the farm-yard or hen-roost, and as all of us have our day, so he ends his by giving a good run and dying gallantly.

Then think how horses and hounds look forward to the hunting days: how many horses, through excitement, will not touch a meal on a hunting morning? See their delight when they recognise the cheery voice of their master coming to mount them; look at the fire in their eyes; see them cock their ears, and listen for the first sound of horn, or hound, and watch the noblest of animals put his heart into the break away of hounds out of covert, and then say if he too does not enjoy sport and long to be first in it! Look, too, at the faces of the field as they settle down to a gallop—all enjoyment—but one and all appreciating the same in their neighbours; watch also how a true sportsman is anxious to help his neighbour when in difficulties; how the fellowship of noble sport lifts up the mind beyond the ordinary things and ways of life; and see how many long-lived friendships have been made and continued simply from a kindred love between man and man for horse and hound.

It would be almost impossible

to draw a line showing where the advantages of true sport end and the good it does. Take the vast number of servants employed in hunting, and the enormous amount the sum total of their wages comes to during a season. Then again, the sums paid to the shoeing-smith, the saddler and the farmer—it is sport they rely upon, it is sport they all love, as witness them out at the meets on foot and on old corks. I once saw a costermonger drive to a meet a splendid team of tandem donkeys, aye, and good 'uns they were, and went well, and right royally was the driver welcomed. There is an instance of love and sport and kindness combined, proved by the good condition of the donkeys and the delight of their owner. The beautiful lines of Whyte-Melville come to my mind, showing how deeply rooted a love can be engendered between man and beast when he wrote at the death of his favourite hunter:—

“For never man had friend more enduring
to the end,
Truer mate in every turn of time and
tide.
Could I think we'd meet again, it would
lighten half my pain,
At the place where the old horse died.”

Then let us take a look in on a shooting-party as another most sociable and enjoyable, if not a profitable, class of sport. Where can you find a better welcome than in an old country house, with its hospitable and genial host and hostess? The frank friendship of men to whom you have upon your arrival, only then been introduced? This sport is no doubt the more sociable of any other, except perhaps yachting, because shooters are always within speaking distance of one another, and at luncheon time seated under a hedge with the game that has been bagged laid

out before you, and first one gun and then another, telling a story as to what he did on such and such a day, brings out the witty retort, or the hearty laugh which promotes good fellowship. Fishing is more selfish, inasmuch as two men often start out together and never meet again till their return home, when they relate—more or less truthfully—the sport they have enjoyed, for it is a strange fact that fishers are wonderful story-tellers, and they have the more licence owing to having been alone, and not having been seen in the adventures they recount. Shooters have not the same chance and perforce have to be more accurate. I have known a man shoot all day very well, and at luncheon state that few of the birds shot had been even aimed at by him, though the neighbouring guns were quite willing to allow him his share of success. This sort of shot is not seldom met, and is far and away preferable to the one who, by his hints, wishes you to believe that he has killed most of the bag. He generally gets his snub, and, by sorely-bought experience, learns better manners and becomes more truthful.

This is the social aspect of the sport of shooting. It teaches good discipline, patience, steadiness and temper. Take duck-shooting, or punting for duck—where can you find a greater trial of nerve, pluck and patience, than this sport? I have met men accustomed to tiger shooting, to elephant slaying, to stalking of every sort and kind, to salmon fishing, and to all sports and most of the excitements of the world, admit that, during the few minutes previous to drawing within shot of a vast assembly of wild fowl, with a big swivel gun cocked and ready before them as

they lay prone in the punt, their hearts beat louder than ever they did before. At such a moment an intense anxiety takes possession of the merest novice, lest the birds should fly off before he can obtain a shot. He notes every suspicious occurrence, from the warning movements of the sentinel birds to the rising of the heads of the entire company before springing aloft. He sees geese, duck, widgeon and teal, with many other birds, as he never could see them before. He perhaps experiences the fact that "there is many a slip between the cup and the lip" in fowling. The tide may meet him as he turns a corner, or a shot a long distance off come echoing over the waste ooze, and alarm the fowl as though fired purposely to do so. The wind may change or the birds see his anxious attempts to get on closer terms with them. A score of various and provoking incidents may happen to prevent his getting a shot, however well he may have earned it, or however careful his judgment and actions have been. Now what does this branch of sport mean? Why, the man who undertakes it must be a hard 'un, full of resources, pluck, and knowledge of the haunts and habits of the water-fowl he seeks; he must have a splendid good temper, and be able with a bright smile to contemplate failure in the proper spirit, or he had better stay at home.

There are very many people who write down sport as cruel, and no doubt in an unsportsman-like method of pursuing and killing game and animals, there is an unnecessary degree of pain caused through culpable ignorance. But a true sportsman is seldom guilty of undue carelessness; a good shot kills, but does

not wound; a bad shot, or a careless one, is the unsportsman-like act that wants calling over the coals. Take Her Majesty's staghounds and their quarry. People have for years been writing this grand sport down as cruel; why, the stags which are uncared are some of them friends of the hounds who hunt them, and at times have been known to jump enclosures to go to the hounds. The stag enjoys its gallop and when taken, it is carefully tended: it is very seldom, as those people think who have never seen this hunt, harried by the hounds. Sport in its true sense teaches kindness much more than cruelty. Consider the harm that would be caused by doing away with Her Majesty's stag hunt and hounds; think of the large number of men who from boyhood have been brought up to earn their living at the kennels and stables, and who, if sent adrift into the unkind and selfish world to seek a new livelihood for themselves and families, what cruelty would be the result; for these men would be brought down to a much lower social status than their studied abilities should warrant.

No! there are many so called sports which tend towards a downward path, which might well be suppressed, and are to-day allowed full swing; but to agitate against true sport or true sporting instincts would be as great a mistake to this nation as could well be conceived. The Duke of Wellington, amongst his many lieutenants, was proudest of the hard riding ones, and often stated that they made the pluckiest and most reliable officers—thus showing that the good education of the field and true sport will always, even in late life, lend to noble characters more nobility.

The scientific aspect of sport is also a grand study. Look at deer-stalking—sorry is the novice at this sport if he thinks he is going to take a rifle and get a shot at a forest stag without several years of apprenticeship. He must study the haunts and habits of his game, learn the meaning of moorland, hill and dale signs, understand the true meaning of endurance, often be able to withstand hunger and cold, learn to know every fluctuating breath of the wind and its direction over or under hill or mountain side, how best to approach his stags, and how to select the proper one to shoot. All these things are essential, and are only learnt by a man possessing a proper sense of true sport.

Thus, you see, sport genuinely carried out promotes truthfulness among other virtues. There is no more unreliable mortal than a gamekeeper or water bailiff who cannot tell the truth; he is a plague to his employer and the whole neighbourhood, continually getting himself and his master into hot water through his carelessness in statements, and oftentimes perjuring himself in the attempt to appear faithful to the interests in his charge. This sort of servant is not worth his salt, neither is he ever a true sportsman. The two great heroes, Aristides and Simon Focious, were both sportsmen, and were so scrupulous in all matters relating to truth that to believe they would not tell a falsehood even in jest. We are bound to speak truth to our neighbours, speech having been given us for no other purpose.

This reminds me of a very particular, reliable and conscientious head gamekeeper, who was a born true sportsman and truthful.

On his master's estate the death had occurred of one of the under-keepers, who was shot by a poacher. The head keeper was there in the fight, and when the prisoner was being tried for murder, the keeper was put in the witness-box by the defendant's counsel. The first question asked of him was, "Where were you when the dead man was shot?" The witness at once answered he was three yards and three quarters from where the dead man fell; he said this with a knowing look in his eyes. The judge remarked the man, and said to him, "Be careful, witness, you have been put on your oath and have stated you were three yards and three quarters from the dead man when he was shot. I will put the question to you in another way; are you positive that you were three yards and three quarters from the man who was shot when he fell to the ground—and further, why are you so positive as to the distance; please be careful?" The head keeper hesitated for some seconds, and did not answer; when up jumped defending counsel, who was an old man, and asked witness the question over again, and the judge joined in saying, "If you do not answer, I shall commit you for contempt," whereupon the keeper said, "I thought some old fool would ask me where I was, so I measured the distance and wrote it down here in my note-book." This shows the native sporting instinct and the wish to be accurate in a true sportsman.

There is a great difference between this keeper and a water head bailiff I once fished with in Ireland. He was fishing one day for pike, and had a little toy terrier bitch with him, when he caught a pike of gigantic size,

but upon bringing the fish to bank the little bitch flew at its head and broke the cast and was swallowed by the pike. The man was heart-broken, and dared not go home for fear of a wiggling from his wife for losing the pet; however, for days and nights he laid baits for that pike, and eventually caught and landed it. Then he gave it a kick which rolled it over gasping, when out of its mouth crawled the little bitch and her four puppies, who all jumped around the bailiff with the greatest glee; he sold all the pups and stuffed the pike! He honestly believed his story or dream, because he had been telling it for years to people who fished with him, and he always crossed himself when he finished the yarn. I should like to have been three yards and three quarters from that pike!

So much depends upon keepers, watchers, bailiffs and grooms that all sportsmen are really in their hands. How much honest *employés* can save for their masters is well known to those who have discharged an unsportsmanlike attendant for a true one. Everything must necessarily be left to these men; the rearing of pheasants and other game, the collection of eggs, their proper hatching, the honest buying of feed, the proper care of horses and dogs and hounds; in all these matters all depends on the carrying out faithfully of orders and the economy of fodder and food. It is not generally known that on many large shooting estates every pheasant reared by hand costs the proprietor 18s. per head, and that in the principal markets his only return is 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. per head; only this season I heard a host out shooting exclaim upon shooting a pheasant, "Up goes 18s. and down comes half-a-

crown!" When the preservation of sport costs so much in proportion, sad is the owner who has, as his helpers, servants who are unfaithful to their trust. Then look at the wreck a careless groom can cause in a stable of valuable horses by neglect and often by pilfering—all this class are worthless, and not sportsmen.

Happily, there are still given to us a thoroughbred class of helpers—these are invaluable. Men who have for generations been in the same county and often in the same families from great-grandfathers down to the present generation. These are true sportsmen, and look upon all their masters' property as their own; they are faithful in all trusted to them, and more, and are also humane and painstaking. Note one of these men in the case of horses or hounds having been injured; they will sleep at the side of the invalids, watch night and day over them, tend to their wants, and feel as anxious about them as though they were children. What promotes this? Why, the education of truthfulness, love and affection, engendered by a true love of sport from childhood, and an instinct to help others who are without it. One can always know by a horse or hound how its attendant treats it; no matter how hungry a horse or hound may be when his attendant goes to feed him, if he does not like the man, he will put back his ears or curl his lip and not touch a morsel till he is out of the box or kennel; but take the right man, the kindly-natured servant, and you will note the ears pricked at his footstep or a friendly salute from the hound; both horse and hound will begin to eat while the man's hand is among their food, thus showing the reciprocity between dumb and human nature.

There is no more enjoyable sport than that to be obtained with a good pack of otter hounds in the early mornings. The lovely valleys, the wandering rivers, and all the other beautiful country surroundings blended into an ever-changing landscape, upon which the eye is never tired of following. Watch the hounds draw a deep pool, listen to the music as they give tongue, and keep your eyes open below you for the "seal" or the "belis": then hark to the chorus when the otter is disturbed, and dives for his life, the beautiful sight as the hounds make the water foam in their frantic endeavours to work their prey towards a shallow, and wonder at the truthfulness of their music as the otter nears or

darts from them. See the anxiety of master and huntsman, and think of the many studies of nature they have mastered to command their knowledge of the otter, and its habits and haunts. You will return home comfortably tired, perhaps wet through, but full of admiration of the sport you have enjoyed, and pledging yourself to be there again some morning.

In reading this paper I have endeavoured to connect sport with all that is manly, healthy and good, and hope I have shown the spirit in which true sport should be enjoyed: the time devoted to true sport is time well spent, advantageous to oneself, one's neighbours, and one's health.

J. R. H. PIX.

"Gone Away."

I MARK him where the fence is down
From out his sheltered covert pass.
A keen-masked form of ruddy brown
That slips across the grass.

No coward haste is here displayed,
No faltering signals of alarm.
Nor consciousness of last night's raid
Up yonder at the farm.

Look, there across the brook he goes
To test the nerve of man and horse,
And bids defiance to his foes,
Who feather through the gorse.

His heart, with favouring wind, is brave
To reach that earth five miles away;
Yet he must needs be strong to save
His grey-tipped brush to-day.

For hark! the pack is giving tongue:
Was that the horn? Then off we go;
Those whom Diana loves die young,
So forrard, tally-ho!

ROBERT COLLYER.

Polo Pony Shows.

AT Dublin, Maidstone, and the Crystal Palace important polo pony shows will take place during the present year. Their object, apart from financial considerations, will be to encourage the breeding and training of high class polo ponies, to produce a friendly rivalry amongst owners of good ponies, and last but not least, certainly so far as concerns the Sister Isle, to bring sellers and buyers together. Further, classes for trained polo ponies will enable the countryman, with an eye for a horse, to fix in his mind the points and shape of the modern type of galloping polo pony, as different from the old puddling pony, on which the slow, dribbling game of twenty years ago was played, as the present game of cricket is from the tall hat pastime of our ancestors.

The value of these lessons can hardly be appreciated by the frequenter of Hurlingham and Ranelagh, whose thoughts can recur at any time to the heavy-weight ponies owned and played by, say, Sir Humphrey de Trafford, Major Fenwick, and Mr. J. Drybrough, or to the less weight-carrying but speedier type of animal affected by Messrs. Buckmaster, Freke, Walker, and others. Let the connoisseur remember that the lesson, learned at, say, the spring show, Dublin, may save many a pony from the drudgery of farm-work and the jaunting car for "the higher fields of horse enterprise."

That it is the intention to sternly repress the animal kept solely for show purposes, like the beautiful but often useless "show hunter," is more than foreshadowed by the action of the

Royal Dublin Society, who state in their prize list that in the polo pony class "speed, temper, mouth and handiness will be taken into consideration," and that ponies will be put to tests such as a trial with stick and ball, a gallop up the ground with another pony, a sharp pull up and a quick turn. The stick and ball test will be exacted in the case of "made polo ponies" only, the Royal Dublin Society being of opinion that the unskilled trainer of a polo pony, under which heading may be included any horseman (not a polo player) with hands and good temper, is more likely to do harm than good by his efforts to train the pony to stick and ball. A chance blow with the stick has spoiled many a pony; such a blow no expert would inflict, he would, on the other hand, in a couple of lessons train a pony not to fear stick or ball.

The trained pony is the same animal as the untrained with a year's play or more over his head; how he bends to the least sway of the body and keeps up to his bit whether held to it with the legs or not, how well balanced he is, he can pirouette like a *première danseuse*, and is away like a partridge. On him you could ride out a fourteen-stone hunter.

We are by no means certain that a special competition for riding out should not be introduced, at any rate, many points should be given for ability in this respect. What an advantage it would be to the show from a spectator's point of view if some eminent polo player acting as judge were to ride one of his *confrères* into the water-jump at Ballsbridge! It would create as

much enthusiasm amongst a Dublin crowd as when, at the last August Show, a running footman took a header backwards when the carriage moved on ; their delight would hardly be less than when a white-faced chestnut represented a dealer's trial of his wind by running away round one of the small rings till his

rider lost *his* wind, and finally fell off from exhaustion.

Joking apart, any buyer of polo ponies may do worse than put in a few hours leaning over the rails of the Show ring and with pencil and catalogue making a rough estimate of the exhibits as they undergo the tests at the hands of the judges.

R.

The Sportsman's Library.

"THORMANBY" is to be congratulated on having given us in his "Kings of the Hunting Field" a worthy companion volume to that excellent book "Kings of the Turf," which appeared last year and now carries its own well-deserved recommendation on the title page in the shape of "Second Edition." The author's choice of Turf celebrities was judicious, and if among his "Kings" he included a few trainers and jockeys who had been better described as ministers and knights of the racing world it were rank hypercriticism to take exception to their presence. Much that he told us of Lord George Bentinck, Admiral Rous, Sir Tatton Sykes, Mr. James Merry, Lord Hastings and other notabilities, was necessarily familiar to students of Turf history ; but the quantity of new information he had collected more than atoned for the inclusion of old.

"Kings of the Hunting Field," like its predecessor, is most enjoyable reading, though again the "fierce light that beats upon a throne" compels the author to

cover ground which has been trodden before. Let us add at once that we could not have had "Thormanby" omit a page that he has given us in his new book : of necessity the career of a hunting monarch provides less in the shape of sensation than the career of a Turf king who bought his fame by squandering his estate to the last shilling. Nevertheless, those who desire it will find sensation enough in the doings of the famous Jack Mytton. The author does not confine himself to the hunting achievements of sportsmen of a past day ; he finds place for such men as the Duke of Beaufort and Colonel Anstruther Thomson among his "kings," as well as Mr. Assheton Smith, Squire Osbaldeston, Hugo Meynell and the Rev. John Russell. The title to a crown of "The Druid" is the only one open to question ; for "Nimrod," Delmé Radcliffe and Whyte-Melville were sportsmen before they touched pen. Space forbids examination of the book at length, and we take leave of Thormanby with thanks for providing a work that is not only eminently readable and entertaining, but is useful for reference.

* "Kings of the Turf," 2nd edition, and "Kings of the Hunting Field," by "Thormanby," Hutchinson & Co.

On charity intent the House in Throgmorton Street has delivered itself of a volume of essays on sports under the editorship of Mr. W. A. Morgan.* The Stock Exchange has ever been known as the abiding place of sportsmen, and this handsome book bears witness to the multiplicity of sports on which "The House" can furnish accepted authorities. The contributors, it is true, have taken somewhat independent lines; some are reminiscent and some instructive, but every page is bright and many are racy. Two of the best sections are those on Polo and on Mountaineering. Messrs. E. B. Sheppard and Walter S. Buckmaster undertake the Polo chapter, and their joint effort is a model of its kind, well-balanced, comprehensive though concise, and, needless to say, displaying perfect mastery of the subject. The illustrations in the Polo chapter are among the best in an excellent collection. Mr. Maund's article on Mountaineering also deserves high praise. With pleasure we saw it announced a few weeks after publication that the sale of the book had produced a handsome sum for *The Referee* Children's Dinner Fund.

Mr. Arthur Gibbs is a keen sportsman who is doubtless known to many of our readers in the cricket and hunting fields. At Eton and Christ Church and afterwards for Somerset and the wandering cricket clubs he played a great amount of cricket, upon one occasion straying as far as India with one of Lord Hawke's teams, and he was at one time well known with the Heythrop and other hunts within reach of Oxford. He comes before us now as the author of "A Cotswold

Village,"* in which he describes his beautiful home in the Cotswolds, its surroundings, inhabitants, history and a great deal besides; and we have read through his book with pleasure and laid it down with the idea that when his Muse is a little less unchastened and the standard of his work is a little less uneven, he is likely to make a name with his pen.

Mr. Gibbs tells us that he has preferred to forsake the active pursuit of sport for a life of contemplation, he says, "There was a time when the chief delight of summer lay in playing cricket. . . . Now we would as soon spend the holidays in the woods and by the busy trout stream reading and taking note of the trees and the birds and the rippling of the waters as they flow onwards, ever onwards towards the sea. . . . Having spent the best years of life in the pursuit of pleasures that, however engrossing, nevertheless bore no real and lasting fruit, we finally fall back on interests that will last a life-time, perhaps an eternity. Aristotle was not far wrong when he described earthly happiness as a life of contemplation with a moderate equipment of external good fortune and prosperity. There is no book so well worthy to be studied as the book of nature, no melodies like those of the field and fallow, wood and wold and the still small voice of the busy streams labouring patiently onwards day by day." Mr. Gibbs is quite right to please himself, he must still be quite a young man, for it cannot be ten years since he was up at The House, although he admits "he is already becoming a trifle slow in

* "The House on Sport," by Members of the Stock Exchange: Gay & Polden.

* "A Cotswold Village," by J. Arthur Gibbs. Published by John Murray, Albemarle Street, London. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 10s. 6d.

the field": his admiration is unbounded for busy streams that flow onwards towards the sea, and we presume he would not have them labour patiently in any other direction. In another passage Mr. Gibbs is very frank with his readers and asks the pertinent question, "Why and wherefore do we tread the perilous paths of literature, instead of those pleasant paths by the river and through the wood?" The only answer is this, the *demon* prompts us to do these things, even as it prompted the men of old time. . . . So with an enthusiasm born of inexperience and delusive hope we embark as in a leaky and untrustworthy sailing ship built for aught we know "in the eclipse and rigged with curses dark."

Mr. Gibbs possesses many qualities which ought to point to success, two of the most important being keenness and modesty, so his ship is not so very leaky, but we must say we regard the vessel as overloaded. Four hundred and thirty pages about a Cotswold village is rather a large order if all the writing is to be good, and might well have taxed the ability of Richard Jeffries, the great master of what has by a flippant American been styled the "heather mixture school," the school to which our author's *demon* is obviously driving him to belong. Readers are likely to form their opinion of a book of this sort by reading here a little and there a little, and the author should therefore take care to offer nothing but his best.

The author of "A Cotswold Village," shows much promise both in his prose and his verses, we commend his zeal and industry, and we would recommend just a little more discrimination.

"V. B." is well qualified to

write about Monte Carlo, for he has for some time held an official appointment there, and his little book, "Ten Days at Monte Carlo at the Bank's Expense,"* is well worth reading. All the hints and information usually to be sought for in the pages of Baedeker or some other guide book, are given here by "V. B." in the interesting and chatty form of the history of an imaginary visit paid by two men to the Principality.

Bicycling plays a prominent part in the programme, and no less than nine rides in the neighbourhood are carefully and pleasantly described, and can readily be followed with the aid of a sketch map contained in the book. Information as to the various restaurants at and round Monte Carlo, with their approximate scale of charges is given; and "V. B." even goes the length of treating his readers to the secret of a complete system of which he says "should there be a few people who are obliged to remain at Monte Carlo for several months, and whom it might amuse to win a *louis* or two a day, I recommend them to try it. The numbers given herein actually did turn up at the table mentioned on ten consecutive days. There can be no fairer test for any system and I honestly believe that if a thousand people were to come down armed with sufficient capital and were to play the system to win £50 a day each, the Administration of the Casino would very soon be compelled to close their doors." If the author be justified in his estimate of his system, that alone should make the book well worth its published price of two shillings.

* "Ten Days at Monte Carlo at the Bank's Expense." Containing Hints to Visitors and a General Guide to the Neighbourhood, by "V. B." With a map. London: William Heinemann, 1898. Fancy cloth, 8vo, 2s.

Luxuries and Necessaries in Hunting Establishments.

MAJOR DE FREVILLE, who, after previous experience of mastership, has hunted the Cotswold country for half-a-dozen years, has determined to withdraw from his position. At the meeting of the hunt on the 9th of February he gave his reasons for so doing, and, at the same time, declined to reconsider his determination.

It would appear that some member or members of the hunt had suggested that the master ought to "carry on" in a more gorgeous style, and this Major de Freville very properly declined to do, except upon the condition of receiving a very much larger subscription, which he, like a good sportsman, did not desire to ask for, as, knowing the resources and wealth of the country, he no doubt thought in his own mind that the sum he received was a fair one and could not, having regard to the means of the subscribers, be much exceeded. For himself, he doubtless gave according to his means, and the sum of two thousand pounds odd (a great deal of it, about half, is in arrear) which he receives must leave him with a considerable burden on his pocket. In making his speech he expressed himself clearly at the meeting, and I would particularly draw attention to one of his expressions. As his successor, he remarked, they might find someone who would keep forty or fifty horses, put his men into leathers, and keep a valet to clean the servants' breeches, yet they might not obtain better sport as the result of their increased expenditure.

In so speaking Major de Freville, perhaps unconsciously, yet

none the less actually, started a hare which will in all probability have to be very carefully hunted in the future. Instances have unfortunately not been wanting in recent times in which members of hunts have shown signs of being desirous of emulating the earthen pots which would swim with the brazen pans. The standard of some hunts possessing an enthusiastic and wealthy master is the standard sometimes taken for all, and upon the strength of giving ten or twenty pounds to the hunt funds, men find fault, as is reported to have been the case in the Cotswold Hunt, with the style in which the master conducts the affairs of the pack.

Much that is interesting may be learned from what has gone before in the matter of hunt subscriptions, and we may perhaps begin with Northamptonshire, which from very early times has been justly esteemed as perhaps second only to Leicestershire as the head centre of fox-hunting. In that highly-favoured county strict economy in the matter of subscriptions, if not in the master's expenditure, appears to have been observed, inasmuch as in the year 1827 Mr. Chaworth Musters, at that time master of the Pytchley, threatened to resign unless the members supplied him with what we should now regard as the very modest subscription of £2,000 per annum towards expenses. Mr. Musters, though a fine sportsman, was not a very rich man, that is to say, he could not afford to carry on the famous Pytchley pack regardless of expense, yet it seems strange to us now that he should

in that fashionable country have had to beg for what is now willingly given towards the maintenance of a provincial hunt.

Just a decade ago a couple of countries were changing hands. At the close of the season 1888-9 the late Mr. Loftus Arkwright brought to a close his second period of mastership, while in the north Earl Percy had announced his intention of withdrawing from the mastership of the pack which had for some time borne his name. When new masters had to be found for these two hunts the question of subscriptions at once came to the fore. Mr. C. E. Green, who had already earned honour on the cricket field, was the selected head of the Essex Hunt, with a guaranteed subscription of £2,000 per annum, besides certain extras; while in Northumberland Mr. Walter Selby, of Biddlestone Hall, declined Earl Percy's three-days-a-week country at the by no means despicable sum of £2,300 a year. Eventually, however, Mr. Burdon Sanderson came to the fore with an offer to hunt the country twice a week for £1,400, or thrice a week for a couple of thousand. Now, roughly speaking, these estimates work out to £700 per day for as many days as hounds hunt in a week, or rather more than £300 per day in excess of what was deemed a fitting subscription for a workmanlike pack half a century ago in a good country.

Although in many fashionable countries men are backward in subscribing, the total amount raised is large, and alongside the sums now expended on maintaining a pack of hounds it is not uninteresting to compare what was accomplished in bygone times on very homœopathic sums of

money. Squire Draper, for instance, hunted three and four days a week on between two and three hundred a year. During the rule of the Andrew family the Cleveland Hunt cost but little to keep up, while the story goes that old Jack Parker, the huntsman of the Sinnington Hounds, once kept the hunt going for three years at a cost of fifteen pounds a year, in addition to an occasional present of hay and corn towards the keep of his own and the whipper-in's horse, for they had but one a-piece for two days a week.

Harking back to the words of Major de Freville at the recent Cotswold meeting, it is tolerably obvious that the keeping of a superabundance of horses and spending more on the men's rig-out would not necessarily result in the improvement of sport. Most people who have seen the Cotswold hounds during the mastership of Major de Freville will admit that on the by no means large subscription he received he turned out the hunt in most creditable style. No secret is so close as that between a horse and his rider, and what the men thought of their horses is perhaps known only to themselves and the master; but since Charles Travess, who has been for something like a quarter of a century with the pack, and his whipper-in could invariably hold their own, the conclusion to be drawn by an outsider is that they regarded themselves as well mounted.

A somewhat liberal expenditure in servants' horses is in these days a pardonable extravagance, as with a well-mounted and hard-riding field the huntsman and first whipper-in must be mounted on horses which can gallop and jump as well, at least, as those of other people. A huntsman is bound to ride up to his hounds, and he

cannot properly perform his duties if mounted on indifferent cattle. Nor again is it fair to send out a hunt staff in palpably shabby clothing. In the old days of the Bilsdale we are told that the huntsman and whipper-in had but one scarlet coat between them, and that garment was more nearly plum-coloured than red. Our ancestors, we also read, lived in breeches from Monday morning to Saturday night, and were content if they were cleaned once in seven days, while before boot-top powders and fluids of various tints were in fashion, the hunting man of the day desired no better finish for his tops than to dip the brush into the kennel copper while the beef was cooking. Dirty neck-cloths, too, were common enough in those days when plum-coloured coats and rusty hunting-caps were everyday wear. To this state of things no one would wish to go back; but as all countries are not equally wealthy, the luxuries must be cut down, just as they must be in private establishments.

The time, I believe, will come, and that not so very far in the future, when with subscriptions quite as large as they now are, much less a sum than at present will have to be spent on kennel and stable. Two horses per day for master, huntsman and first whipper-in are regarded as *de rigueur*. Garments are cast aside as soon as stained, and masters must buy some of the best hounds in the kingdom whenever they come into the market; super-excellent horses and plenty of them; hounds of the highest excellence—Mr. Austin Mackenzie's bitch pack will be taken over by Mr. Wroughton at the princely sum of three thousand guineas—and an extensive wardrobe for the men, are luxuries for which, if demanded, some one must pay,

and that some one need not be, in fact, should not be, the master of a subscription pack.

Meantime, expenses are growing in other directions. The increase of shooting tenants render it more than ever necessary for hunts to rent coverts in order to ensure the due preservation of foxes; the subdivision of countries and the consequent increase in the number of foxes within a given area means an increase in poultry claims, while huge fields inevitably lead to more frequent demands for repairs of damage; yet, so far as one can see, claims in these directions cannot always be met, nor are these items sufficiently taken into account.

The question of damage, perhaps, is hardly quite considered as it should be by subscribers to hounds. In olden times, when packs hunted over a wide area, as did the Berkeley, Badminton, Lord Yarborough's, Lord Darlington's, the Badsworth and others, farmers' holdings were necessarily visited at longer intervals than at present; but now, with the old countries cut up, not only do hounds scour their own country very frequently, but farmers holding land at the junction of two or more hunts come in for a double visitation, and we have already seen it stated in print this season that many countries are so gapped that it is possible to ride in a good run with the country greatly simplified. Although gaps are made, fences are not jumped any the more cleanly for all that, and when hedges become thoroughly broken down they take years to grow again, and pending their recuperation the farmer either mends them up with wire or unjumpable timber.

Now the moral, as it appears to me, will be that while hunts

will in the future require all the money they can get, they will find the outside expenses, so to speak, grow very largely. The cry about the old days when hunting fields were made up exclusively of landowners, farmers and their friends, is all nonsense. From the earliest times strangers flocked into eligible countries in great numbers; not, of course, by train as they do now, but on short visits, and by long hacking journeys. And how did hunting men of the old school treat the farmers? Why, by larking over their fences when going to covert, and by having a sort of steeple-chase home after hunting, things which would not be tolerated to-day for an instant. Unless I am very much mistaken, the time will come when not only masters, but members of the several hunts will have to do with fewer horses. At no very distant date one will have to serve for a day's hunting. I know a hunt in an unfashionable country which took the field on four days a week with a stud of seven horses, excluding the master's, and he did not himself hunt the hounds. The use of one horse instead of two will mean that days will be shorter, and that consequently a smaller tract of land will be hunted over, while the money thus saved will have to go to the farmer. There are already plenty of signs of at least a desire for a move in this direction, and Major de Freville did well in emphasising the fact that sport was none the better because an establishment is over-horsed and the hunt staff wear leathers.

Between four and five years ago the financial status of the Carbery Hounds in Ireland attracted a certain amount of attention. The Carbery Hunt Club held a meeting which was anything but unanimous on most

points; but on one matter they did agree—they thought that a hundred a year was too much to pay Mr. Beamish, their master, for the maintenance of the hounds for a season. The master, however, stood out for his hundred, and reminded his somewhat parsimonious subscribers that during the season 1892-3 the subscriptions amounted to £47 10s. only. It is a fact, however, that very few hunts are doing anything more than living from hand to mouth, and I have before me as I write a pile of reports of hunt meetings the majority of which state that there was a deficit of a greater or less sum, for the wiping out of which a special appeal was made. On the other hand, it would never do for a hunt to be too rich, as nothing would be better calculated to check the flow of subscriptions than the general knowledge that there was a big balance at the bank, and some funded property. It is only a couple of seasons ago that Mr. Arthur Wilson, master of the Holderness Hounds, had to complain of the falling off of supplies. He had previously threatened to resign, but consented to continue in office on £2,000 being guaranteed, and as that sum was promptly paid matters looked well; but after that season arrears again began to accumulate, and the master complained once more. It was stated that the total cost of maintaining the hunt was £4,000 per annum, but that the master was satisfied if one half of that sum were paid to him.

Of course, when such a sum as the above can be expended upon a hunt a good deal of the amount can go in matters unconnected with kennel and stable; but the question of recompense for damage is a growing one, and will

sooner or later have to be faced in a manner more business-like than has yet been the case, and for this hunting men will, in a great measure, have to thank many of their own body, many hunting being the very worst friends the sport could have. The old-fashioned farmers are disappearing like the old class of country squires, and as many of them cannot, or at least do not, hunt, they do not regard the sport in the same light as did their predecessors on the land.

It is only the other day that at the meeting of some Council or other some one gave notice of a motion that the Crown's privilege of free chase should be revived in the form of licences to ride over enclosed land, and that the money paid for these licences should be devoted to the alleviation of local taxation. The meaning, of course, is that every man who rides to hounds would have, in addition to his subscription and personal expenses, to take out a licence to hunt, just as he must take out a licence to kill game. It is a somewhat fantastic idea, but it is one of the straws indicating the direction of the wind.

If more money cannot be collected in many hunts, the several establishments will have to be maintained on a less lavish scale and more set aside for payment to occupiers of land. Within the last five-and-twenty years poultry and damage funds have had more and more demands upon them and there is no reason to suppose that they have at present reached their highest limit. Gentlemen, therefore, who, like Major de Freville's critics at Cotswold, demand that hunts should be kept up in better style, will have to remember that any such suggestions mean, as the Major pointed out, a material addition to the subscription handed over to the master.

In Mr. Meynell's time the Quorn huntsman had one horse a day, and even in succeeding masterships it was on some occasions only that he had the luxury of a second; one horse only is used by the huntsman of some hounds to-day, and it may well be that failing to collect enough money to satisfy all requirements, some similar economy may have to be resorted to again, and when one horse has done a reasonable amount of work the day's sport will come to an end.

W. C. A. B.

Sensational Ballooning.

THE melancholy catastrophe which is reported to have overtaken Herr Andrée and his companions in their foolhardy attempt to reach the North Pole recalls to my recollection a mania for sensational ballooning with which Paris was seized in 1850, together with an aerial adventure in which I most unexpectedly took part during the same period. Many of the present generation, perhaps,

never heard of Lieutenant Gale, the well-known English aeronaut, or of Monsieur Poitevin, his famous French rival, both of whom came to an untimely end like poor Mr. Walter Powell and many others in the following of their dangerous pursuit. Poitevin astonished the world with some of the most surprising ascents ever known in the history of aerostation. Residing in Paris at the

time, I was an eye-witness of those I am about to describe. The earlier ones took place at the old Hippodrome, which was situated outside the Barrière de l'Étoile, near the Arc de Triomphe, and the later ones from the Champ de Mars. From the Hippodrome Poitevin ascended on a donkey in jockey costume, and on an ostrich habited as an Arab. The ostrich was encased in a coat of leather network harness, provided with stirrups, but owing to his head being at liberty he soon became so very fractious as the balloon rose from the ground that everybody expected to see the big fellow "unship his jockey." M. Poitevin managed, however, to retain his seat until he had risen to a considerable height, when he ascended the rope ladder attached to the car of the balloon, and waving his berousse, was soon lost to sight.

Compared with the denizen of the Desert, the "Jerusalem pony," on which he made his ascent on horseback, was, in hunting *parlance*, a very "safe conveyance," as the poor beast was utterly helpless and unable to stir when once off his legs. In addition to saddle and bridle, his "trappings" consisted of a canvas hammock, which extended the entire length of his body, and as the balloon slowly rose the effect was most extraordinary. The donkey's legs hung motionless, and for the moment it seemed as if his body would be dragged clean out of his frame. It was anything but a pleasant sight, if devoid of cruelty; and Poitevin, who was attached by a stout rope beneath his arms to the car, seldom remained more than a few minutes on horseback. It is a most extraordinary circumstance in connection with all his numerous ascents that none of

the many accidents invariably associated therewith ever met with a *contretemps* in descending. Poitevin next ascended on a grey pony from the Champ de Mars, and afterwards in a horse and gig. Then he and his wife went for an aerial drive together in a mail phaeton and pair; and the sensational series terminated with the solitary ascent of Madame Poitevin, as Europa, on a bull, habited in classical mythological costume, which displayed her fine figure to great advantage. On that occasion her husband occupied a place in the car of the balloon, to which she eventually scrambled up the rope ladder! Each ascent was witnessed by enormous crowds, and on one occasion—the mail phaeton one—Louis Napoleon, then President of the Republic, was present.

If Lieutenant Gale's ascents partook less of the sensational, they were none the less foolhardy. Attached to the car of his balloon was a rope ladder fifty yards long, down which he descended, and fired off bombs, Bengal lights, and other fireworks. The effect as seen from below in the summer twilight was surprisingly beautiful; and on one occasion it was my fate, if not good fortune, to witness the display from a much more exalted sphere than I ever bargained for. The experiment was first tried with a captive balloon, of whose car I made one of the occupants with Prince Achille Murat and Sir Robert Clifton, who lived in Paris at the time. On attaining the requisite height Lieutenant Gale, who always sported his British Naval uniform, disappeared through an opening in the centre of the car, and descending the rope ladder, discharged his fireworks. The pyrotechnic display created such delightful

surprise amongst the occupants of the crowded Hippodrome that the two men in charge of the windlass let go the crank handles to join in the general enthusiasm, when, to everybody's astonishment and alarm, the remainder of the rope uncoiled with frightful rapidity, and, being inadequately secured to the drum of the windlass, our "captive" became a "free agent" in less time than it has taken me to record the occurrence. The curious part of the business was that instead of the balloon appearing to its unwilling *voyageurs* to mount higher it seemed to be quite stationary, whilst the earth sank lower and lower every second! The feelings of the occupants of the car can be better imagined than described. All three of us were perfectly ignorant of aeronautics, and knew no more which was the valve line than the proper use of it. We were quite destitute of refreshments or water, and for my own part I was in too great a funk to venture to look over the side to try and discover what had become of Lieutenant Gale. Judge, then, our mental relief when his cap suddenly made its appearance in the opening of the car, and we welcomed his burly form once more! It helped to restore confidence, if not courage, to all of us as our experienced pilot soon relieved all anxiety as to our safety, but explained that it would be far too dangerous to attempt to descend in the immediate neighbourhood of Paris.

It was a lovely summer's evening, but soon became cold enough without an overcoat, or any stimulant to sustain the warmth and cravings of the inward man; and I must confess to having strained my eyes to the utmost in the hope of discovering a favourable spot for approaching

terra firma at the earliest possible opportunity. The Seine was traceable like a silver thread, winding amongst the beautifully wooded districts through which it winds past St. Cloud, Sèvres, Marly, Meudon and St. Germain, to Poissy; and it was not until reaching the latter spot that the country became sufficiently open and suitable to attempt a descent. It was now getting dusk, moreover, and I cannot remember ever having been so hungry before or since, even whilst coursing on Beacon Hill, Stonehenge, White Horse Hill, or Kingston Warren, at the end of a fatiguing day's coursing. Poor Bob Clifton was in wonderful spirits all the journey, and, like myself, was of some little use to Lieutenant Gale in looking after the grapnel, whereas Prince Murat's enormous size necessitated perfect quiet on his part for fear of overbalancing the car. I remember clinging "like grim death" to one of the ropes connected with the hoop above, and luckily I did so, owing to the sudden and perilous lurch the car gave on the Prince's side when the grapnel suddenly fastened in one of the low withy trees that marked the boundary of the meadow near the railway-station of Verneuil on the Paris and Rouen line in which we safely descended. The course of the balloon had been followed for some distance by a lot of peasants of both sexes, who, with the railway officials, lent us every assistance to secure an easy descent, which was successfully accomplished. We were fortunate in reaching "mother earth" at no great distance from a little *cabaret* where I was well known, from having finished many a fishing excursion with a feast of exquisitely cooked gudgeon and other piscatorial spoils down the Seine from St. Germain.

“Our Van.”

Sport under National Hunt Rules.—In the number of BAILY of 1898 corresponding with this, I wrote as follows, speaking of the sport that had been witnessed from the end of the flat racing of 1897 to mid-February, 1898: “Taken as a whole the racing has been flat, stale and unprofitable. The undercurrent, the existence of which is made known by conversation, is not clean, and a general feeling prevails that things are in a bad way with racing under National Hunt rules. Every week sees some result that is an outrage upon common sense, but the National Hunt stewards do nothing on their own initiative. . . . It is not the cases of foul riding, intentional and accidental, that are complained of, but the system of trying and not trying as it suits owner, trainer, or jockey, or whoever it is that pulls the strings. The thing is seen every day, so to speak, and matters are about as bad as they can be.” I have reproduced these words of a twelvemonth since, for they express what I would say to-day, except it might be that I should use perhaps stronger terms did I write anything fresh. Things were bad enough a year ago, and during the present season they have become worse rather than better.

The National Hunt Committee is continually being called upon to “do something.” The appeal is not unreasonable; but does it occur to anyone to examine the constitution of the body to which they appeal. It will be found that the committee consists of some forty gentlemen, all of them of high standing in the racing world, and of unimpeachable integrity.

A body so numerically strong and consisting of men who either are or have been prominent owners, should be capable enough of administering the affairs of steeple-chasing and hurdle racing; but the fact is that a very large majority of them take little or absolutely no personal and practical interest in racing under National Hunt rules. The outsider would hardly credit the statement, but it is incontrovertible that of the forty odd members of the committee it is not possible to name more than half a dozen who take sustained interest in winter racing, for no one can call the running of a horse occasionally sustained interest. It is impossible to read a list of the names of those constituting the committee and not feel the greatest confidence in justice being done whenever their decision is called for; but it is equally obvious that the interests of a sport are better guarded by people intimately associated with it than by men out of touch, however worthy they may be individually. I should betray gross ignorance of prevailing opinion if I was not aware that many flat racing owners look askance at sport under National Hunt rules. If, as is very probable, any of these are to be found on the National Hunt Committee, it is only reasonable to ask them to do something to improve matters. For what other purpose is one elected a member if not to further the interests of the sport? One writes in this strain because it is one's simple duty: I wish I could say it was with any hope of inducing the National Hunt Committee to bestir itself and rescue

the sport which it is supposed to look over from the slough in which it now wallows. When we think of the thousands of Englishmen that love a good chaser (or why is the Liverpool Spring Meeting such a success?) we sadden to see the depth to which things have fallen. Is there no one with sufficient interest to do something? The longer the present state of things is allowed to continue the more difficult will it be to improve it.

Of the few promising new ones that have come at all to the front as steeplechasers Parma Violet is certainly one. This little dark brown filly out of The Sap (sire doubtful between Jacobite and The Penman) made a solitary and unsuccessful appearance at Limerick (of course she is Irish bred) in 1896, as a three-year-old. In 1897 she ran five times, winning twice; and in 1898, after winning three times out of eleven tries in Ireland, she made the *débüt* in England that is inevitable with all promising chasers at Aldershot, in November, where she won a three miles' steeplechase, and on the next day, at the same meeting, the Past and Present Military Steeplechase, with Mr. Reginald Ward on her back. At Sandown, in December, she was tried in a hurdle race; but, with her forte lying in her beautiful jumping, she did not shine at this refuge for flat race failures. Taken back to her proper sphere, she won four steeplechases in succession, these being the Stewards' Steeplechase of three miles at Lingfield, carrying 12st. 7lb.; the Clewer Steeplechase of three miles at Windsor, in which she gave Ford of Fyne 4lb. and a three lengths' beating; the Final Steeplechase of three miles at Hurst Park, carrying 12st. 7lb., and the Surbiton Steeplechase of three miles at

Hurst Park in January. Thus she won every one of the six steeplechases, each of them at three miles, for which she had run in England. The air of England, therefore, seems to suit her better even than that of her native country. The last of the six races enumerated was by far the most interesting, for in it she was meeting the redoubtable Cathal, and, what was more, was set to give him 6lb. She won very easily because, with about six furlongs to go, Cathal showed temper and refused; after which one wondered what was to happen next.

Some first appearances over hurdles of flat racers have been made, sometimes with immediate, and generally with subsequent, success. Eclipse came out unsuccessfully at Lingfield, but on the course on which she was so sensationally defeated in November by Chaleureux for the Manchester November Handicap, won easily; but the odds that were laid on her gave those who suffered in pocket in November small chance of recouping their losses.

At Gatwick, on the last day of January, we saw the dual appearance in the same hurdle race of Manifesto and Villiers. The condition of Manifesto, which was pronouncedly on the big side, suggested that he was out for an exercise canter, and he finished alongside Villiers many lengths behind the placed horses. The next appearance in a hurdle race of this pair was at Sandown, on February 10th, and we then saw something very different. Manifesto again finished close up with Villiers, but Villiers was first and Manifesto second. Villiers having won once in two years and having invariably shown the white feather when called upon to fight

out a finish, was naturally disregarded; and astonishment scarcely describes what one felt when, after Manifesto came over the last hurdle a couple of lengths in front, to see Villiers come again and win by utilising his superior speed. We often hear it said that horses will do over hurdles what they will not on the flat, and if ever there was a case that proved this, Villiers supplied it here. No one who saw him sold at Newmarket in November anticipated anything of this sort, whatever his purchaser may have done. Manifesto was much fitter than at Gatwick, and was heavily backed, but, with the Grand National six weeks away, he was of course not wound up.

The Sandown Park First Spring Meeting is the one at which many of us seem to awaken out of our winter sleep. I suppose it is because fine weather is so often experienced in the second week in February that the Sandown executive titularly forestall the arrival of spring by several weeks. Both last year and this events justified them; indeed, on the first day this year the word "summer" might have been substituted for "spring," so warm was it. After the dreary time we had passed, the first day's racing was quite invigorating, and it included, as usual, that Grand National trial, the Prince of Wales's Steeplechase of three and a half miles. The stake of 200 sovs. is scarcely what the horses are run for, or we should not see Grand National winners and other promising chasers engaged in it. The winners at Aintree that started were Drogheda and The Soarer; Manifesto and Wild Man from Borneo not starting. The promising ones were Xeebee, who had won here in such taking style in December, over the same dis-

tance, and Ambush II. Ambush II. is a four-year-old gelding by Ben Battle out of Miss Plant, bred and trained in Ireland, where he won the coveted Maiden Plate at the Kildare Hunt Meeting in April. He was purchased by the Prince of Wales, and there was something more than a fancy for him, though Xeebee it was that carried the bulk of the money. Xeebee, however, fell, getting a foot under the rail of a fence, and Ambush II., jumping beautifully, gained an easy victory. Drogheda, although not in the first three, ran a good horse, and must have satisfied his connections.

The most notable appearance over hurdles of a flat-racer has of course been that of Minstrel. He was to have run at Hurst Park, but the heavy ground was thought not to suit him. If he wanted hard going, he got it at Kempton Park, where the frost had made its mark, and horses on the spot were not started in consequence. The betting about Minstrel was of the most extraordinary description. He opened favourite for the Halliford Maiden Hurdle race, but quickly went right out, starting at 10 to 1, though much longer prices, even 20 to 1, were laid in the running. He won in the style that was to be expected of a horse of his calibre. The next week he ran in the Metropolitan Maiden Hurdle Race at Sandown, and this time there was no 10 to 1. Starting-price bookmakers were seeing to that. Such was the determination to be on that 11 to 8 was laid on; and though McNeil, another recruit to hurdle-racing, made a bold bid, Minstrel's class told. Villiers also ran, but he had already had enough of hurdle-racing, and did a determined bolt out of the course, no doubt remembering

the whips that had got him home in front of Manifesto the day before.

Hunting—The weather.—This topic continues to be as interesting and as exciting as ever. We wake in spring to go to bed in winter, or *vice-versâ*. The continued changes in the past month have been prejudicial to sport in many countries. It has often happened that no sooner have hounds begun to run at all well than a black cloud has swept over the sky, and scent has vanished in a series of squalls. Nevertheless, there have been some good runs, of which Lord Galway and the Quorn have perhaps had the best.

The Belvoir.—The sport of these hounds has been better on the Lincolnshire than the Leicestershire side. I may note that the bitch pack are generally in the first-named part of the country, all of which, be it noted, is to be commanded from the excellent town of Grantham, which, with a railway that lays itself out to act as covert hack has many of the advantages of Melton and fewer distractions from hunting. A good run, though not perhaps better than many another, was an afternoon gallop from Folkingham Gorse. This good covert (which is as the apple of their eye to the good hunting families round the pleasant neighbourhood of that small Lincolnshire town) generally holds some good wild foxes. The worst thing about Lincolnshire is that it is rather deep in wet weather and tires horses terribly, or, at all events, those with some weight to carry. The gallop to Threackingham on February 10th was good, and it was a great sight to see the rich-coloured bitch pack slipping along, but a little tantalising too. Whether the fox found that this same lady pack

were too close to him, I cannot say, but he turned rather short over the Sleaford road and tried Newton Gorse. This was no place for him and he ran on, only beating hounds near Weaver's Lodge with the help of darkness.

The Cheshire.—These hounds have had sixteen days' enforced rest, the frost having been much severer in the North than in the Midlands. Directly the passing of the frost released the pack, they began to have sport again, and Lord Enniskillen's pack particularly has been fortunate in this respect. The going was, of course, deep, but a nice run from Marshall's Gorse took place on February 8th. On the same day Sir Watkin Wynn's faithful followers underwent rather a disappointment, as though hunting was feasible at the meeting place, at the kennels the ground was so bad that Sir Watkin decided to put off the meet to the next day.

Quorn.—This pack had a great run in the last week of January, so that at last Captain Burns-Hartopp's resolute efforts to show sport have been rewarded. It was quite one of Lord Lonsdale's historic runs. Let me summarise it thus:—Welby Osier beds was the draw, which a not very large field saw with no great excitement, for the Osier beds are out of favour. Two foxes away, and hounds by good fortune chose the best and boldest of them. Hounds were scarcely settled to run when the fox was headed, but Keyte put them right in a moment. The Slag heaps once passed a run was possible, and men and women too—Lady Warwick was in front—began to ride. The pace was not extraordinary, though fast enough for most people, the deep ground being considered. Hounds kept running on, and running straight,

the line leading them directly across the middle of each field. Just as Melton Spinney came in sight hounds began to run away from the horses, and had here a clear field to the good. At the brook Keyte's horse put his foot in a hole, and brought the huntsman down. He was up in a moment, and soon—as indeed he was throughout the run—close to hounds. Only two fields of plough came in the line, but very inopportunely, thus reducing the power of the horses to keep going in a run which everyone knew was a great one. There was nothing for it but to take a pull and fall back. By this time hounds were well into the Belvoir country, and somewhere about the Freeby Wood district, but the fox never touched the coverts. Near Saxby station hounds changed, but the hunt went steadily on. Near Little Dalby was a chorus of halloas, but the pack hunted on all clear of the excited foot people. Then Keyte had his opportunity, and took it; a single holloa forward was, he thought, to be trusted, and so he lifted hounds. On better terms now with the fox, the pack quickened until the pace became very fast down the hill, and a beaten fox gave a kill to the huntsman and blood to the hounds. A very good finish, which only a few saw.

Mr. Fernie's.—This pack had brilliant spin the same day from Walton Holt, the well-known covert that lies near the boundary that divides the Pytchley and the South Quorn. The sport opened with a rattling spin over a very stiff line nearly to Kilworth Sticks. At this point the fox turned, no doubt he was headed, and came back into Mr. Fernie's own territory at a rare pace as far as Fowlsley, which was reached in forty minutes. Then hounds

hunted more slowly as the fox turned away to the Laughton hills, where the pack changed, and the best of the fun was over.

The Southwold.—No season would be complete without some account of this famous pack. The sport enjoyed by Mr. Rawnsley's followers has been, I should say, far above the average. A very fine run was the chase from Tattershall Thorpe over the fine wild country that surrounds that fixture. The hunt lasted for two hours, and the point was twelve miles. From Tattershall, hounds worked round by that infant Handley Cross Woodhall Spa. The fox had found himself, as one of the field "spotted" him as he left some plantations. Hounds were very quick to the master's horn, and started on good terms. There can be but few of my readers who would know the names of the places we passed or the coverts we skirted in that remote Lincolnshire country. Sufficient be it to say that over a very varied country of heath and wood, plough and pasture, the pack drove on, never perhaps going very fast, but always getting on and seldom wavering, much less coming to a ditch. It was Lincolnshire, therefore fences were stiff. There is always a ditch on one side of every fence, and it is generally a deep one. Long before the end came horses began to feel the distance and the deep ground, and leave perilously little margin at the ditches, yet the bitches were always flitting on. We crossed Mr. Taylor Sharpe's farm, whence so many good yearlings have come, and hounds getting their hackles up we got news as Hatton's Covert came in view—"Just afore you, and can't hardly crawl." And sure enough in the covert hounds

at him, a fine old dog fox, of good wild Lincolnshire sort. **Lord Galway's Hounds.**—If we all keep to the Midlands, the famous Grove had a great run on February 3rd. Like the Billesdon Coplow keen, the wind was so hard that Lord Galway did not give Morgan the order to draw till after twelve o'clock. At Laneham two foxes were afoot, and hounds divided. Morgan made up his mind to one and the whippers-in smartly stopped the hounds together—a very good bit of work, and which practically made a line as to suggest that he was driven out of his country, but at all events Morgan had the pleasure of seeing hounds roll him over under two hours after a twelve-mile point from where thirty started. This is the third twelve-mile point the writer has heard of since these notes were begun.

The North Cotswold.—There are few packs less known to fame, but which have done better work than the above. Since Captain Stacey took them. The meet was at Beckford Station on February 7th. After some fruitless draws the fact people kicked up an out-ry. There was scent enough to hunt, but enough to race on the level, and for them out the hounds were better selves, and seeing even on better terms with them, and before they reached Croome country, the fox was ground in. The hounds were capacious so the walls of the field will stop were so tight that some could not make a cut through.

hounds all by themselves run merrily on the line. Down hill we had to scramble, and only got to hounds, with master's wife, Mrs. Stacey, and old dog fox after an hour and half and something very like a twelve-mile point. The North Cotswold men were jubilant, they have four good runs and killed a fox in each of the Croome, Heythrop, Cotswold, and Warwickshire actually cross the border into the Warwickshire fox and the distance so small "as makes no matter," as they say in these parts.

Ireland.—The Kildare.—This pack are losing their huntsman, Frank Goodall, who retires at the close of the season. Irish weather has been much the same as ours, and frost and sleet, rain and sun have alternated, so that hunting has been somewhat uncertain and precarious, and in the Kildare we have often been for days together uncertain whether or no we can go out to hunt. My correspondent says that being still doubtful of the weather on February 4th he did not join the hounds till late and was rewarded for his prudence or pusillanimity—whichever you like to call it—by sharing in twenty minutes the best from Cooltime Covert Knockinally, where the fox was Templemore Stag hounds have faced a fence that stopped whole of the rest of the hounds all to himself. This had a fine gallop with a wired enclosure preventing the field seeing much of the but bounds ran beautifully and an hour.

greater part of the Wards, but Brindley, of the January 30th and fall, so on January 30th

whipper-in carried the horn, and **young Jim Brindley** (aged 14) acted as **whipper-in**. Hounds soon struck on the line of an outlying hind they were looking for. Anxious to take her, hounds were clapped on to her back, but an hour and a half later the hind was grazing at her ease and a weary baffled pack were trotted back to kennels. The ground was deep, and horses could do no more. It will be seen that in Ireland, as in England, the stag-hunters have not had the worst of the deal this season.

Lord Rothschild's Staghounds.

—January 19th found these hounds at Oving House, where Colonel Caulfield Pratt entertained a large field. The guarantee of that hospitality being summed up in the words of the late Hon. Robert Grimston: "Oving House is the only decent public house between Bicester and Leighton Buzzard." The new member for the division, the Hon. Walter Rothschild, M.P., was in command of his father's pack, but the responsibilities of the preliminary arrangements fell on Mr. Gerald Pratt, who acted as pilot to a hard riding field throughout the brilliant gallop which followed. The horn was carried by W. Gaskin, the first whipper-in, while those who accepted Colonel Pratt's hospitality must have been struck by the manner in which their host kept the memories of the past achievements of this beautiful pack vividly before them, by excellent portraits of their late huntsman, Fred Cox, being hung prominently to view, a pleasing tribute not only to the past history of the hunt, but to the respect and esteem with which that fine sportsman is held. The deer van had been taken to Nattermilk Hall and thus the stop found origin at that point,

hounds covering a good one of grass to Hardwick, where over the Aylesbury road in the direction of Dinton, where was on the left as the hunt entered the valley under Holford Hill. There was no question of the pace from that moment and hounds literally raced over the Cublington hill, where our leaders took in their stride the two first over being Lady Lister and Mr. Gerald Pratt. And that came a scene of commotion, and in a few minutes the stream was full of men and horses. Bearing to the left over Cublington hill, the chase swung on by Kingsbridge to the Warren Farm, Stewkley, where their deer was re-captured and the day ended. January 23rd, Watlington fields was the fixture. Mr. J. W. King the host of the day, and "a good hunt over a bad country" the verdict pronounced by those who rode the run. Going away by Masons Gorse to Winchendon, hounds crossed the Thame Valley to Dinton, and having brought a deep and godless district between that point and Kimble under immediate notice, succeeded in shutting their stag up at Halton. Monday, January 30th, found them at Pitchcott. The Hon. Walter Rothschild, M.P., held the reins of office, and uncartered his stag on the hill overlooking the Aylesbury Vale. A preliminary ring was worked out round the base of this eminence, and thus many men reserved their horses until the hunt crossed the ridge between Oving and the fixture, and sinking into the valley the fun began in earnest. Holford Hill was on the left and Lionel Gorse on the right as the hounds ran on to Hardwick, crossed the Aylesbury road to The Lillies, and leaving Weaden behind them,

caught him, a fine old dog fox, of the good wild Lincolnshire sort.

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hounds all by themselves running merrily on the line. Down the hill we had to scramble, and four only got to hounds, with the master's wife, Mrs. Stacey, not far behind, when they killed a fine old dog fox after an hour and half and something very like a twelve-mile point. The North Cotswold men were jubilant, they have had four good runs and killed a fox in each of the Croome, Heythrop, Cotswold, and Warwickshire countries; it is said they did not actually cross the border into the Warwickshire, but the fox was a Warwickshire fox and the distance so small "as makes no matter," as they say in these parts.

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whipper-in carried the horn, and young Jim Brindley (aged 14) acted as whipper-in. Hounds soon struck on the line of an outlying hind they were looking for. Anxious to take her, hounds were clapped on to her back, but an hour and a half later the hind was grazing at her ease and a weary baffled pack were trotted back to kennels. The ground was deep, and horses could do no more. It will be seen that in Ireland, as in England, the stag-hunters have not had the worst of the deal this season.

Lord Rothschild's Staghounds.

—January 19th found these hounds at Oving House, where Colonel Caulfield Pratt entertained a large field. The guarantee of that hospitality being summed up in the words of the late Hon. Robert Grimston: "Oving House is the only decent public house between Bicester and Leighton Buzzard." The new member for the division, the Hon. Walter Rothschild, M.P., was in command of his father's pack, but the responsibilities of the preliminary arrangements fell on Mr. Gerald Pratt, who acted as pilot to a hard riding field throughout the brilliant gallop which followed. The horn was carried by W. Gaskin, the first whipper-in, while those who accepted Colonel Pratt's hospitality must have been struck by the manner in which their host kept the memories of the past achievements of this beautiful pack vividly before them, by excellent portraits of their late huntsman, Fred Cox, being hung prominently to view, a pleasing tribute not only to the past history of the hunt, but to the respect and esteem with which that fine sportsman is held. The deer van had been taken to Buttermilk Hall and thus the gallop found origin at that point,

hounds covering a good line of grass to Hurdlesgrove, thence over the Aylesbury road in the direction of Dunton, which was on the left as the hunt entered the valley under Hurtwell Hill. There was no question about the pace from that moment, and hounds literally raced on to the Cublington brook, which our leaders took in their stride, the two first over being Lady Lurgan and Mr. Gerald Pratt. After that came a scene of demoralisation, and in a few minutes the stream was full of men and horses. Bearing to the left under Cublington hill, the chase swept on by Kingsbridge to the Warren Farm, Stewkley, where their deer was re-captured and the day ended. January 23rd Whitesfields was the fixture. Mr. J. W. King the host of the hour, and "a good hunt over a bad country" the verdict pronounced by those who rode the run. Going away by Masons Gorse to Winchendon, hounds crossed the Thame Valley to Dinton, and having brought a deep and gapless district between that point and Kimble under immediate notice, succeeded in shutting their stag up at Halton. Monday, January 30th, found them at Pitchcott. The Hon. Walter Rothschild, M.P., held the reins of office, and uncartered his stag on the hill overlooking the Aylesbury Vale. A preliminary ring was worked out round the base of this eminence, and thus many men reserved their horses until the hunt crossed the ridge between Oving and the fixture, and sinking into the valley the fun began in earnest. Holborn Hill was on the left and Lionel Gorse on the right as the hounds ran on to Hardwick, crossed the Aylesbury road to The Lillies, and leaving Weaden behind them,

passed Dunsham Farm to Bier-ton. Cutting the village transversely, they drove forward to Broughton, crossed the London and North-Western Railway and the canal, in which one man and a horse took an impromptu bath, and a delectable line of country was traversed to Aston Clinton. Crossing the Tring and Aylesbury road at that point, Halton was reached, and turning over a series of small enclosures at the back of Weston Turville, they ran their stag into some farm buildings in the village, where he was safely housed. Thursday, February 2nd, found the Vale in the grip of King Frost, so that the staghounds were confined to kennel, but on the 9th of the month they made ample amends for the stoppage by running completely away from their followers, and setting their stag to bay before anyone got to them. By a curious coincidence the gallop originated at Weston Turville where the preceding one had terminated, and Mr. Geoffery Gaddesden was the host of the day. The hunt went merrily as the proverbial marriage bell until the L.N.W. railway was reached below Puttenham, where it took so long to find a key and get the crossing gates open that hounds entirely slipped their followers, and the remainder of the gallop was worked out as the police have it, "from information received." A very stern chase it was as they galloped from holloa to holloa, traversed the big holding country below Wingrave, and having crossed the ridge at Helstrop to Wingbury, reached Wing village to find that their quarry had already been taken care of and was safely housed.

The Grafton.—The Grafton country has been remarkable during the month for an amount of excellent hound work, though

unfortunately Bishopp has not been quite so successful in getting blood for his hounds as he would have wished. A very choice example of their hunting prowess, however, was witnessed by those who met them at Stratford Hill on February 1st, for although the opening moments were unproductive of great results, when the day fairly began, hounds tackled to work with a will. Mr. Musgrave Hall's coverts at Foscott supplied the first fox, and Bishopp hunted him by Akeley and Leckhampstead to Wicken Wood, but gave him up before Sootfield Green was reached. Going on to Hatch Hills, hounds ran well by Stowe Ridings to Tile House, where, owing to the illness of Mr. G. Roberts, they were kept from the home coverts, and the Hon. Douglas Pennant had them taken on to Stowe Gardens. It was said that there were two brace on foot in those picturesque grounds, but at any rate, hounds settled to one at once, and after two unsuccessful attempts to get away on the Lamport side, he set out for Stowe Ridings, threaded them, and faced the open to Dadford. Hounds hunted beautifully by this village almost to the Shalstone Spinneys, but bearing to the right, just touched the Hatch Woods as they crossed the Silverstone Road, and still keeping in the open, ran nearly to Hatch Hills Wood. Completing the circle to the right, Stowe Ridings were passed as hounds ran on into Stowe Park, and they were stopped at dark at Tile House.

The Bicester.—A remarkable run of luck has followed the Bicester throughout the season, and although by no means carried out over such a vast amount of country as some of the runs in the Saturday district recorded in

these pages, the hunt which they brought off from Edgcott on January 19th is deserving of notice as an example of how a stout woodland fox may be hunted to his death given a keen, competent huntsman, hard-working whippers-in, and last, but not least, a steady, handy pack of hounds, with sufficient dash and drive in them to surmount any difficulties. Cox found his first fox in Charndon Wood, forced him over the Great Central Railway to Nole Hill, and having pushed him twice round this to the open beyond, crossed a beautiful strip of country by Doder-shall and Quainton Road to the park at Lodge Hill and rolled over in the open between Lodge Hill and the Quainton Railway at the end of two hours and twenty minutes, nearly the whole of the field being left in the woodlands and losing hounds entirely. Going on to The Grove at Wootton, a successor was soon on his legs, and hounds ran for five and forty minutes by Mercers Wood and Westcott, Gipsy Bottom being on the left as Ashendon was reached and the hill was crossed as if Chearsley were the point, but turning through Ashendon Hangers the pack drove forward to Wootton New Wood, and at the lake near Wootton House they were stopped. In spite of frost, Lord Cottenham hunted on February 2nd, when a thorough woodland day from Grendon resulted in the death of a fox at the end of five hours' arduous work—a great credit to Cox and his pack. A blinding snowstorm on February 6th militated considerably against their achieving any great success, but they made up for it amply on the following morning when they met at Middleton Stoney. The early portion of the day was spent in

Lord Jersey's park, where they rendered a good account of the foxes, then going on to Middleton Ridings hounds got on to a fox which did not deign to linger in the shelter of Lord Jersey's coverts, but going straight through crossed a deep country to Bignell, made one circuit of Mr. C. Hoare's preserves, and then, with hounds on excellent terms with him, piloted the hunt to Bucknell before he was rolled over in the open. Before Cotmore was reached another fox was in front of them, and in spite of thunder and lightning they drove him along by Bainton and Tusmore to Hardwicke Heath. Cox got a holloa forward to Shelswell, and hit off a very cold line in the park which had entirely died out before Spilsmore was reached. In that covert, however, there was a successor, and the hunt crossed to Mixbury Plantations, made one circuit of the woods, and drove forward again by the village over a good line to Fulwell and Westbury, just touching Grafton territory between that and Shalstone ere they re-crossed the boundaries again and once more reached Finmere and Mixbury. It was only darkness which saved this fox's brush when the Great Central Railway was reached a second time.

The Whaddon Chase.—The best day of the season to date with these hounds fell on Tuesday, 31st., when the Potash Drayton Parslow was the tryst, and the beautiful covert, Highhavens, the first draw. There was a large field out, but the earlier portion of the day proved so disappointing that almost everyone had turned their horses' heads homewards before the run of the day commenced. From Highhavens a fox led them merrily by Hoggaston to Dunton

Open Field and into the bottom beyond towards Creslow, where he beat Sturman and a second raid was made on Highhavens. By a strange coincidence, their second fox elected to travel over the same line, going almost field for field until he succeeded in eluding further pursuit in exactly the same place as his predecessor. Mr. Lowndes then had hounds taken on to Christmas Gorse, but for a time the only satisfaction was a short ring in the direction of Swanborne. Then another long wait at the covert, and again this customer started over the self-same line, and everyone felt convinced that it was only to be a repetition of the previous scurry. The uncertainty of the chase, however, was marked in a striking manner, for, finding the earths still closed to him, this fox set his head boldly over a country, ran the valley to Hoggston, and, passing the Guide Post and Mains Hill, piloted the hunt to Mr. Guy's thorn covert under Oving. A brace of foxes were on foot there, but Sturman got his hounds away on what was considered to be the hunted one, and crossing Butter-milk Hall farm and the Hurdles-grove bridle way, they reached the outskirts of Whitchurch. Driving forward, the bottom beyond was crossed to Creslow, and the pack skirted the Great Grounds to the osiers, turned to the left along the brook to the Littlecot Lane; then crossing at the ford, bore up hill to Cublington, and, with King's Bridge on the right, doubled back over the brook to Littlecot and Highhavens. Threading this covert, hounds ran on almost to Muresley Windmill, and with but very few followers crossed a stiff country to Swanborne ere they swung round to the left again, and, having passed through Hoggston, were stopped at dark close to Dunton.

February 11th was a day worthy of note from the fact that stout wild foxes were found, and, although the scent was by no means gaudy, hounds succeeded in crossing a fair amount of country. There was a large field out at Water Eaton, and Mr. Lowndes had hounds trotted on to the Cow Bottom Farm, where a vast amount of damage had been done by outlying foxes; the exception which proves the rule being the fact that but very few minutes elapsed before Sturman had one on foot in Nellie's Spinney. A short but cheery hunt was worked out to Stoke Hammond, where an open earth gave him shelter, and the pack were taken on to Mrs. Villiers' Gorse. It took but few minutes to find a successor, and the hunt pressed forward on the right of Newton Longville nearly to Bletchley ere they turned back to the village, where their fox was viewed creeping amongst the buildings. Getting close at him, hounds raced on to Solden, crossed the railway, and, eschewing the large Whaddon woodlands, hunted on to Great Horwood, where their fox completely ran them out of scent up wind.

Hunting in Yorkshire.—A little frost, a little snow, but the rain with us always, such has been the weather in Yorkshire during the past four weeks. But there has been a marked improvement in sport, and some really good runs have taken place. Not that there has ever been a really good scent all through, but there has been scent enough to keep the best and bravest going at times so deep and holding—indeed, it would not be too much to say, so treacherous has been the ground. There have been three or four nasty falls, which have had a more or less serious result, and it is to be regretted that three of them were

over wire. Major Dent got a bad fall over wire in Lord Middleton's country, which will probably keep him out of the saddle for the remainder of the season, and Colonel Noyes had a nasty fall with the York and Ainsty, which laid him by for a few days. Mr. Lawson Smith also got a severe shaking from a fall over wire in the York and Ainsty country. Mr. T. L. Wickham took a nasty fall on the 11th, when hunting with the York and Ainsty, and it will be some days before he is in the saddle again. His horse fell in the open when galloping, and put his knees on his rider's chest as he was getting up, displacing a rib. He is, however, doing well.

Lord Middleton's.—Some very good hunting runs have taken place with this pack during the last few weeks. On January 18th, from Thornton-le-Clay, they had a capital run; the morning was snowy, but not sufficiently so to prevent hunting, though it caused hounds to be taken to the low lying ground. They found in Hudson's Whin, and ran smartly to Willow Bridge. Then at a capital pace they left Barton-le-Willows on the left and ran on to the Scarborough railway, which they skirted, nearly to Barton Hill Station, where they bore to the left and ran past Harton to Bossall and back to Willow Bridge, whence they turned right-handed and checked immediately after crossing the York Road. It was a very fast forty minutes up to this point. Hitting off the line again, hounds hunted slowly to Bossall Wood, where they marked their fox to ground. They went on with a fresh fox to Sand Hutton, where they checked. After some time spent in casting for the fox, they hit off the line again in Buttercrambe Moor, and ran fast to Aldby Park and across

the Derwent, by Buttercrambe Thorns, leaving Bugthorpe on the left, and they gave it up near Garrowby. Fifty-five minutes.

On Wednesday, February 1st, they met at Kexby, and found in Scoreby Wood. After ringing about the wood for more than half an hour, they went away for Dunnington Hagg, through which they ran, and then they hunted slowly, leaving Dunnington on the right, over Dunnington Common, and through Langwith into Wheldrake Wood, in the York and Ainsty country, where they marked their fox to ground in the rhododendrons, after a pretty hunt of one hour forty-eight minutes. They found a second fox in the larch plantation adjoining Kexby Wood, and ran first in the direction of the Derwent. Bearing to the left, they crossed the road near Kexby and ran hard past Scoreby Wood and parallel to the river, nearly to Stamford Bridge, where the fox crossed and recrossed the river. Then leaving Stamford Bridge to the right, they ran through Buttercrambe Moor and Bossall Wood, and past Mr. Harrison's farm. Thence they ran through Hudson's Whin to Willow Bridge, where they made a sharp turn back, and marked their fox to ground on the banks of the Derwent. Time, one hour twenty-five minutes—an eight-mile point.

The York and Ainsty.—The York and Ainsty have had some very good sport of late, both on the Howden side and in the Ainsty. On January 21st they met at Wressle Castle and found in Brind Leys, running very hard for ten minutes to Taylor's Plantation, where they checked. They soon were at work again, but they could only hunt slowly by Gunby and on to Bubwith, where they were run out of scent. Forty

minutes. A second fox was found in Foggathorpe Furzes, and led hounds a merry burst of twelve minutes past Gribthorpe and on to Nut Hills, where they marked him to ground. They found again in Spaldington Fox Covert, and ran at a good pace, first pointing to Gribthorpe, but swinging to the left they ran through the Willitof Coverts, and leaving Brighton Common to the right, they ran into and through Taylor's Plantation, pointing for Sand Pits Wood, but turning to the left they ran parallel to the Spaldington Road, past the Hall and the village to Spaldington Fox Covert again, where they lost. It was a pretty ring of forty minutes, and made up an excellent and very hard day's sport.

On February 7th, the first day after the frost, they met at Ashfield. They found a twisting fox in Askham Bogs and stuck well to him for thirty-three minutes, running him a ring round by Askham Bryan and back by the Bogs nearly to Dringhouses, and across the Tadcaster Road to Knavesmere Wood and on to the racecourse, along which they ran and killed in the paddock behind the Turf Tavern at Dringhouses. They found again in Askham Whin, and ran hard for Rufforth, which was left on the right, and nearly to Hutton Thorns. Then turning to the right they ran down to Atterwith Lane, where they checked. They then hunted more slowly over the Knaresborough Railway to the Boroughbridge Lane and on to Red House Wood, where they lost their fox very suddenly.

On February 11th they met at Cavill Hall, and had the best day's sport they have had this season. They found in Cavill Wood and ran hard over Featherbed Lane to the Spaldington Road,

which they crossed, and on to Gribthorpe, which they left on the left. Bearing a little to the left, they ran past Foggathorpe House, over the Foss Dyke and the Foulness near Major Bridge, and on to Holme on Spalding Moor. Then leaving Holme Station on the left, they ran past Spen House, crossed the Everingham Road, and ran into their fox on Holme Church Hill close to the churchyard. It was a fine run of forty-five minutes, the point between six and seven miles; there were only two slight checks, and the line, though a stiff one and terribly deep, left nothing to be desired. They found a second fox in Taylor's Plantation, and ran fast, leaving Spaldington Fox Covert on the right, to Gribthorpe, pointing for the Foulness. Turning sharply to the right, they ran to Cunliffe's Plantation, where one fox went to ground. They hit on the line of another as soon as they were out of the covert, and hunted it slowly to the Rush. Here they got on terms with their fox, and ran smartly through Cunliffe's Plantation and on to Gribthorpe, whence they made a very sharp turn to the Spaldington Fox Covert, through which they ran to the end of the village, and back through the covert parallel to the Foggathorpe Lane, which they crossed midway between Spaldington and Foggathorpe. They then ran smartly to Foggathorpe Furzes, where they turned left-handed to Highfield, and skirting Gunby Wood, ran on through the Willitof Coverts, and were stopped not far from Willitof. Time, two hours fifteen minutes. They changed foxes more than once. It was a splendid day's sport, and a very severe one for horses.

The Retirement of Tom Furr.
—In the present century there

have only been two huntsmen who have been the equals of Tom Firr, John Walker, of the Fife, who is considered by Colonel Anstruther Thomson to be the best he ever knew, and William Goodall, of the Belvoir. Of this trio of great names Walker was possibly the best in the field, Goodall the best in the kennel, and Firr the best in the saddle. But all these were first-rate men in each department of their work. Two of these, Goodall, of the Belvoir and Firr, never occupied the post of first whipper-in. Both, however, served under great masters of the noble science, Firr learning much from Colonel Anstruther Thomson and Goodall from Goosey, his predecessor at Belvoir. There is to be a testimonial to Firr. If every one who has hunted with him subscribes, his future will be assured. There are two points in which Firr claims special remembrance. He served under six Masters of the Quorn, and all of them gave him their confidence and respect. Then he found the Quorn Hounds a moderate pack, and he leaves them with an established name and repute among the kennels of England.

The late Mr. C. P. Shrubb.—One more has been added to the list of masters who have died in harness, by the lamented decease of Mr. Charles Peyto Shrubb, who for eleven years had been master of the Tedworth Hounds, in succession to Mr. Vaughan Williams, who afterwards went to take over the County Galway Hounds. This, however, was not Mr. Shrubb's first experience of mastership of a pack of foxhounds, as he hunted the Burton country for three seasons between the two reigns of Mr. Wemyss, and when he broke up his establishment some of the best bitches

were bought by Lord Cork, then master of the Queen's Staghounds, to strengthen that pack. Prior to becoming M.F.H., Mr. Shrubb had enjoyed a long experience with harriers, having for some seasons hunted a pack of his own near Lymington, Hants. Then upon the retirement of Mr. Twysden he became master of the Ripley and Knaphill Harriers, which late in the season showed some good sport occasionally after the roe deer. Mr. Shrubb, who died at Merrist Wood, Worplesdon, was in the sixty-second year of his age. He hunted the Tedworth country in good style, and though he had tendered his resignation for the end of the season, it will not be easy to fill his place.

Sir John Amory's Staghounds.—The incident which occurred the other day while these hounds were hunting through Lord Carnarvon's park was most unfortunate. They had a capital run after a stout hind, which started a number of other red deer. The hunted animal and the fresh deer ran together into Lord Carnarvon's park, where the older hounds stuck to their proper line; but the sight of a herd of fallow deer was too much for some of the less experienced members of the pack, who promptly killed no fewer than seventeen before they could be driven off. Lord Carnarvon will, of course, be extremely sorry for what has happened; but perhaps no one will feel more annoyed than Sir John Amory and Mr. Ian Amory. The matter, however, could not have been prevented by any possible means.

Three Outlying Deer.—Lord Ribblesdale, in that very amusing book of his on "The Queen's Hounds," let us into several secrets of the sport of stag-

hunting and hints that he had no aversion from a comfortably established outlyer. Nevertheless, four seasons is a long holiday for a stag. This period has been enjoyed by a deer enlarged by the K.D.Gs. before their regimental hounds in Norfolk, only to be taken by the 7th Hussars on January 23rd of this year. This good deer defied the huntsman of The Black Horse on several occasions. The 7th Hussars had to ride hard for twenty miles before they got their quarry. On the 27th, however, they uncartered an untried hind which successfully eluded them and was left out after a very severe run, so they are no gainers. The second case was with Mr. Greene's hounds. After a fair morning's sport, the master got "Khabar" of one of his outlying hinds. In a small covert near Rougham they found her, and with every hound speaking to the line, drove her out. The run was fair steeplechasing for an hour, and panting horses and riders were scattered all along the line of the chase, but the scent served throughout, hounds were never far from their deer, and she was finally captured in Bardwell Village. This was a great week for the staghounds, for on the Thursday the Ripley and Knaphill Harriers, a sporting little pack which hunt part of the wild country round Guildford and Godalming, went to look for an out-lyer near Lord Pirbright's house. Hounds soon struck the line, and for five hours and forty minutes held to the line, travelling over thirty miles and being beaten by darkness at last, when Mr. Echlin (the master) had to give her up. Those who know the country, rough and wild as it is in parts and noted for its strappy fences, will not undervalue the performance of these game little hounds,

which, by the way, are a very neat pack of Dwarf fox-hounds.

Resignation of Major de Freville.—It is much to be hoped that the people who have given it as their opinion that Major de Freville might improve upon his manner of keeping up the Cotswold Hounds are large subscribers. However, their criticism has only had the disastrous effect of causing the master to announce his resignation; nor could he be induced to alter his mind, and one is glad to learn that at present there is no chance of his giving way unless he is provided with a much amplified subscription. It is a fitting protest against the fussiness of some people who fancy that they are justified to whole management of a hunt to which possibly they gave but a nominal sum. The Major has had the Cotswold country for six years, and during that time has succeeded in pleasing quite as many people as a master can hope to please. Mr. Elwes, the chairman of the meeting, who spoke with a forty years' knowledge of the hunt, praised the Major's services and said that no one could have shown better sport; the farmers are exceedingly partial to him, and so are the field as a rule. Good and experienced masters are not so plentiful now that hunts can afford to let them go too easily, and it must be rather annoying to a master who does his best, to be criticised by someone who never had any experience of the difficulties of carrying on a hunt. The Major's services have been so much appreciated, however, that he is to be presented with a testimonial, and £90 was promised in the room before the meeting broke up.

Other Changes.—Mr. Portman is already weary of the

difficulties of the Taunton Vale. Lord Southampton, the well-known No. 2 of the Freebooter team, is chosen as master of the Woodland Pytchley. Every reader of BAILY knows that he has been a most successful deputy-master of the Warwickshire. This last-named pack have had a series of misfortunes. The doctors have finally forbidden Lord Willoughby to hunt hounds himself. Jem Cooper, K.H., the second of the name who has won credit in the annals of hunting, is on the shelf with an injury to his back, which has interrupted a hitherto successful career as huntsman. Yeo, from the Shropshire, takes his place at Kineton. Bonner, of the Meynell, has resigned the horn, and wishes for a new place. Walter Keyte has been appointed huntsman of the Quorn, he, like his predecessor, having never served as first whipper-in. Mr. Hargreaves is resigning the Cat-tistock and Captain Harrison the East Galway.

Poultry.—This is a threatening question in some hunts, indeed it seems likely to be almost as serious as wire or pheasants. The attention of the writer has been called to some very minatory letters in a contemporary dealing with poultry, on the subject of hunting, and advocating certain methods of trapping foxes. Both the methods suggested are likely to bring trouble on those who practise them, but it is the spirit which is serious. In some districts poultry farming and poultry fancying are become common interests. No matter how often our friend Mr. Tegetmeier demonstrates the hopelessness of making hen-farming pay, still the will-o'-the-wisp attracts. The blame of failure is laid on foxes, or anything indeed except the inherent difficulties of the work. The case

of the fancier is more serious, because to hunt secretaries a hen is a hen, and nothing more, and the uninitiated do not know the gulf which separates the useless bird which will not lay and which you cannot fatten, from the useful, necessary, barn-door bird. The price of the fancy bird is estimated in guineas, the latter in shillings. Yet facts are facts, and I am afraid we must take cognizance of the existence of fancy poultry. What is suggested here is that in these exceptional cases the birds should be valued by a competent person *before* each season and their loss made good on a fairly liberal scale when the hunt secretary pays out his poultry fund. If it be said that this is laying a new burden on the funds of the hunt, we cannot deny it, but it must be faced. On the other hand, a fair valuation of the poultry in each division of the hunt *while they are alive* would probably be an invaluable guide to the just apportionment of compensation. Nothing does so much harm as paying too little for poultry, unless it be paying too much.

Polo—The New Wimbledon Club.—With Lord Harrington as president and Mr. T. B. Drybrough as manager, not to speak of good stabling, and last, but not least, a good ground, 300 yards by 170, this club ought to be a success. At all events, the management mean to start early and to have a match in the first week in April if the weather permits. A Woolwich team is to play a team of the club. This club should relieve the pressure on the Senior Club grounds. Will Mr. Drybrough kindly consider the question of supplying a practice ground for members? The V.D. puts forward this petition at the instance of several polo players

assembled in the Midlands at a well-known polo player's house.

The London Polo Club.—This is a bold attempt by the Crystal Palace Company to make polo a popular game, and has the advantage of Captain F. Herbert as adviser and manager. There is to be a first-rate polo ground, a grand pony show in connection with the club, and members are, if they wish it, to have ponies hired out to them at certain charges by the management. So far as these latter have been published, they seem rather high, but in other respects the scheme appears to be well thought out and practical, and there is no doubt a sufficiency of capital behind the promoters. There is also a scheme for undertaking the importation of ponies. If this is done with American ponies, on a sufficient scale and with good judgment it might succeed, though the V.D. has no great faith in the profit to be made on such schemes.

Prize List for Polo Ponies at the Dublin Spring Show.—It has always been a favourite idea of the V.D.'s that the spring was the time for a successful Polo Pony Show. The Royal Dublin Society have published a prize list for polo ponies for their show on April 18th, 19th, 20th and 21st. This is an opportunity which buyers from England are not likely to miss, and a great gathering of polo players may be expected. There is, after all, nothing like a good Irish pony, and it may be anticipated that this show will be as great a rendezvous for buyers and sellers of ponies as the autumn show is for those interested in hunters. The official measurer will be present, and there will be an auction after the show. The classes are No. 77 for made polo ponies, and

98 for likely ponies. There will be four prizes in each class of £15, £10, £5 and £3 respectively. The finished article and the raw material will each be tested in such a way as to show their fitness for the game. The tests in each case to be such as an experienced player would ask: 1st, for a pony for immediate use, 2nd, for one to be trained and brought forward hereafter. There is no doubt that this idea will catch on, and that the show will have, as we wish it, every success.

Death of George Davidson.—Derbyshire County Cricket has sustained a very severe loss by the death of George Davidson, one of the very best all-round cricketers of the day. He fell a victim to pneumonia supervening upon influenza, and passed away on February 8th, at the early age of thirty-two, almost before his friends had realised that his condition was critical.

With the exception of his colleague Storer, George Davidson was probably the best all-round cricketer that the Peak Country has produced. He made his first appearance for Derbyshire in 1886, when he played at Lord's against the Marylebone Club, and his fast bowling was successful to the extent of five wickets at a cost of thirty-seven runs, whilst with the bat he was unlucky enough to be run out when he had scored but nine runs. Steady improvement in both batting and bowling brought Davidson to the top of the tree in 1895, when he accomplished the feat of scoring 1,296 runs and taking 138 wickets in first-class cricket; up to that time the incomparable W. G. Grace, Mr. C. T. Studd and Wilfred Flowers had been the only men to get 1,000 runs and 100 wickets in the same season, although in the last year or two, owing to the

greatly increased amount of first-class cricket played, many cricketers have attained this distinction.

In 1896 Davidson again scored over 1,000 runs, including a score of 274 made at Manchester against Lancashire, which ranks as the highest innings ever played for Derbyshire; but he fell just ten short of his hundred wickets in 1896. Last season, when he was showing as good form as ever, he was kept out of the cricket-field towards the end of the season by an accident, and although he insisted upon playing for the benefit of Walter Sugg in the historic match at Chesterfield against Yorkshire, when Brown and Tunnicliffe made their record stand for the first wicket, he broke down badly in trying to bowl the first over, and never bowled again.

George Davidson was a short, powerful fellow, a most accurate fast bowler with a high action and a curious crooked run; he was a sound and painstaking batsman and a quick and reliable field; he always played keenly and worked hard, and his loss will be severely felt both by his county and the Marylebone Club.

Sport at the Universities.—Once again has the Blue Fever attacked us, and once again are all sorts and conditions of athletes looking forward to the big sequence of Inter-Varsity contests shortly to be decided. First and foremost, interest is general for the Boat Race; and already up-to-date public opinion has conclusively settled that this year's race should afford the aquatic tussle of the century. We agree; and unhesitatingly dub the crews beautifully matched; in short, as we write, there is very little in it between them, even in form. They entered into strict training on Ash-Wednesday, as usual, seated thus:—

OXFORD.

- *(Bow) R. O. Pitman (Eton & New).
- 2. J. A. Tinne (Eton & University).
- 3. C. E. Johnston (Eton & New).
- 4. H. J. Hale (Eton & Balliol).
- 5. A. H. Steel (Rugby & Balliol).
- *6. F. W. Warre (Eton & Balliol).
- *7. A. T. Herbert (Bedford & Balliol).
- *(Str.) H. Gold (Eton & Magdalen).
- (Cox.) G. S. MacLagan (Eton & Magdalen).

CAMBRIDGE.

- (Bow) W. H. Chapman (Eton & Third Trinity).
- *2. W. B. Rennie (Giggleswick & Emmanuel).
- *3. W. Dudley-Ward (Eton & Third Trinity).
- 4. J. E. Payne (Eastbourne & Peterhouse).
- *5. R. B. Etherington-Smith, (Repton & First Trinity).
- 6. R. H. Sanderson (Harrow & First Trinity).
- *7. C. J. D. Goldie (Eton & Third Trinity).
- (Str.) J. H. Gibbon (Eton & Third Trinity).
- (Cox.) G. A. Lloyd (Eton and Third Trinity).
- * Old Blues.

For once in a way both crews have enjoyed immunity from the manifold ills these representative eights seem heir to, and everything has been pretty fair sailing *ab initio*. As the result, improvement in rowing has been steady and continued, and they should reach tidal waters quite the best combinations of recent years. Sympathy is universal for Cambridge, and it says much for them that they came forward with a challenge as a matter of course after nine successive defeats. Whether they will win, however, is quite another story, and (frankly speaking) we doubt it. There is no gainsaying that the Cantabs are altogether "classier" than the 1898 crew, and row in a better and easier style than any of the last three Light Blue crews, at least. They sit up to their work, and swing, to wit, which could hardly be said of recent eights from the Cam. In watermanship also they are superior to last year's crew, and they are unmistakeably speedy. We have seen them go very fast on frequent occasions of late. All the same, the whole merit of a crew depends upon the last refined touches—the delicate manipulation which eludes any of the rough tests which we can apply. For

instance, if one man's oar strikes the water an inch further than another's it makes a difference which may determine a race. If another allows the rest of the crew to anticipate him by an imperceptible fraction of a second, he may shirk half his labour. A gain of a inch in a stroke would win the University race by many lengths. Hence the distinction between a winning and a losing crew altogether depends upon this last refinement or polish in the individual oarsmen and the skill with which the crews are combined. Now Oxford are quite as uniformly powerful as last year, they swing very steadily, reach out well, and (above all) row their stroke hard through to the finish with excellent leg-work. At this stage the Cantabs compare very unfavourably with them in this direction. In these days of long slides, it is simply imperative to hold the stroke hard through to the finish with legs as well as arms, and in this point they are deficient by comparison with their rivals. Mr. Fletcher may work wonders with his men during the next fortnight—given improvement thus wise—Gibbon and *confrères* will prove formidable rivals indeed. Fain would we see them win, but all sentiment must go by the board when serious criticism is to the fore. Reluctantly—very reluctantly, we allow—we feel constrained on present form to predict the tenth successive victory of Oxford. Of the "Lents" and "Torpids" racing we must speak next month.

Next in importance to the Boat Race, and quite as much of a national function, is the athletic meeting at Queen's Club on March 24th. Both teams have shown their hands, and we fancy Oxford will repeat their recent victories. The Dark Blues should

win the "Hundred," Hurdles, High Jump, Long Jump, and the Light Blues the "Quarter," Half-Mile, Mile, and Weight. Both the Hammer and Three Miles are very open events, unless J. M. Fremantle turns out for Oxford again for the last-named, in which case he should win easily, Oxford should also win the Boxing and Fencing contests—a sabre tussle will be included this year—to be decided on March 9th at Cambridge. In both departments the exposition should be right above the average. On current form, Cambridge are likely to excel at chess, and it is noteworthy that shortly afterwards the Sister Universities will contend with the American Universities in a cable chess match. It would be idle to affect profundity on the issue of this match, for obvious reasons. We also fancy Cambridge for the golf match, to be played over the Sandwich Links on March 28th, but Oxford should win both the billiards and racquets competitions fairly easily. R. E. Foster is available for the latter, and is in tremendous form already. So much for coming events.

The Inter-Varsity Association Match attracted a very large and fashionable crowd to Queen's Club on February 18th last; Cambridge—as we predicted last month—winning easily by 3 goals to 2. Other events of importance since our last have been few and far between, an interregnum of practice and preparation having taken place. We regret to say that Ichabod! must be spoken of the once-famous Cottenham steeple chases at Cambridge. The attendance was small, the turn-outs very few and far between, and the racing—well, tame will about express it. The President of the University Drag, Mr. J. F. Ramden, won four out of the eight

events, but the University Whip fell to Mr. G. C. Buxton's Xerxes (owner up). Both the Cottenham Cup and the Open Steeplechase were won by Mr. H. A. Cheape's Village Belle.

Golf.—The very wet weather has resulted in a great deal of harm to inland greens. In the case of many hard-working men, one or more games at golf per week are regarded as essential to their general well-being, and they take them whether the day be wet or fine, and no matter what may be the condition of their accustomed links, and though this systematic but reckless play has little injurious effect upon seaside links, it plays the deuce with inland courses when they get saturated with moisture, or worse still after a thaw. There are many green-keepers who would fain, in the interests of play during the rest of the year, see their ground closed during these very wet months at the beginning and end of the year, for very often the damage done then is irreparable.

The club-house of the Royal and Ancient Club at St. Andrews is undergoing a process of extension. The work is estimated to cost £3,000, so that it must be of no mean character. One cannot help feeling some apprehension lest the additions mar the present architectural beauty of the building or the famous view of which it is the centre.

There is a subject engaging the attention of a good many clubs at present, and that is the differential treatment of members in the matter of annual subscription. The expense of maintaining private links, especially in cases where the soil is heavy and there is a strong growth of grass, and where artificial bunkers require frequent renovation, is a very

serious affair, and it is small wonder that many committees should be looking about for additional sources of income in order to bring out a balance on the right side of the accounts. In several cases the expedient has been resorted to of charging new members a higher annual subscription than that of the others, and the former not unnaturally object. The ground they take is that all members of a club should be treated alike once they have been admitted to full membership, just as the advantages they derive are identical, and they point out that not infrequently the entrance fee they have paid was much larger in amount than that of very many of their fellow members. By way of illustrating this, the case of the Tooting Bec Club occurs to me, in which the original members paid no entrance fee at all, while members joining now, or who have joined during the last three or four years, paid fifteen guineas. The annual subscription of the Tooting Bec Club is the same for everybody, so that there is no grievance there, but accepting the case for the purpose of argument, it certainly would seem to be a hardship that a member who has paid fifteen guineas should be called upon to contribute a larger subscription each year than one who has paid no entrance fee at all. Obviously the juster plan would be, if the money is required, to increase the annual subscription all round.

"Addenda to Northamptonshire in 1827, '28 and '29."—In the lines under this heading in last month's issue (pages 119 and 120) one or two misprints occurred. The reference in the second stanza was to the "Rector of Ecton," not "Eton," as printed, and the second line in the last stanza save one should have read

"George Elwes, a *gemman* all over, comes out."

Hunting Accident with the Essex Hounds.—While hunting on Friday, the 17th inst., from Stebbing, Bran End, Mrs. Douglas Crossman, one of the most prominent and regular lady followers of the hunt, met with a serious accident. It was caused by a

foxhound crossing between the legs of the gentleman's horse just in front, bringing down both horses and riders. Mr. Martin Burls luckily escaped with a severe bruising, but the lady, whose thigh was broken, had to be conveyed to the Saracen's Head at Dunmow, where it is feared she must remain for some weeks.

Sporting Intelligence.

[During January—February, 1899.]

ANGLING on the Helmsdale commenced on January 16th, and some good fish have been taken. In two days Mr. J. Rutherford has caught a couple of 25lbs. and 20lbs.

The Tay season opened on January 16th, and one day Mr. Praed got five salmon of 25lbs., 22lbs., 14lbs., 14lbs., and 13lbs. In Loch Tay, on January 25th, Mr. D. Carson had a fine fish of 34lbs., and Mr. Green secured one weighing 20lbs.

Captain Smythe, son of Sir Walter Smythe, of Acton Burnell Hall, Salop, met with a serious accident whilst hunting with the Shropshire Hounds on January 20th, at Pimhill, near Shrewsbury. He was thrown from his horse, and the animal kicked him on the forehead, inflicting a deep gash just above the eyes.

Mr. Thomas Arthur Lyon, who was for a number of years joint master of the Dumfriesshire Hounds, died on January 20th at his residence in Elliceville, Dumfries, aged sixty-one years.

The death of the sixth Earl Poulet occurred on January 22nd at Queen's Gate, London, in the seventy-second year of his age. The deceased nobleman was a first-class horseman and well-known as a gentleman rider; he registered his colours in 1864, on succeeding to the title. As Captain Poulet, the late earl hunted the Hambledon Hounds for some years from 1858.

Ten hounds belonging to the Holderness Hunt were poisoned on January 23rd, during a run near Hull, by eating rabbits charged with strychnine, which had been laid for vermin. Seven died almost at once, and three others were placed in great danger.

On January 23rd the Pytchley Hounds met at Holcot, and after starting several

foxes in Broughton Covert without success, a stout one was found in Moulton Spinneys, and was killed after a smart run, in the churchyard at Pitsford.

An old Nottingham professional cricketer, Edwin Mills, died on January 26th at his residence near Nottingham in his forty-second year. Mills was a good left-handed bowler, who played for his county until 1881, and afterwards qualified for Surrey.

M. Henri Say, a prominent member of the French Turf, died on January 27th, aged forty-four years. M. Say purchased The Bard in 1886, and the price was stated to be 10,000 guineas.

An announcement of the death of the well-known steeplechase horse, Father O'Flynn, was made on January 28th. Sired by Retreat, dam Kathleen, a half-bred mare, Father O'Flynn was fourteen years old. His greatest success was the Grand National of 1892, when he was ridden by the late Roddy Owen, and although he ran in the four following years, he was unplaced, except in 1896, when he obtained second place, ridden by his then owner, Mr. Cecil Grenfell.

A prominent French breeder of blood-horses, the Marquis Maison, died on January 29th, in his sixty-ninth year.

While out with the Old Berkshire Hounds on January 30th, E. Robson, the trainer, of Wantage, met with a bad accident. His horse reared, and unseating him, kicked him on the head.

The Earl of Harrington's hounds ran a great risk of destruction on January 30th. While following their fox over the railway line, one hound was knocked down by the engine, but was not injured; later the fox recrossed the line, and a number of hounds jumped on to the rails, where there was a

deep cutting, and were stunned; trains approached in each direction, but fortunately both were pulled up without injuring the hounds.

The *World* of February 1st announces the death of Mr. Thomas Eades Walker, some time of Studley Castle, Warwickshire. Mr. Walker was well known on the Turf some years since.

The death occurred, during the week ending February 4th, of Colonel the Hon. W. Forbes, at his residence near the Curragh Camp. Colonel Forbes, who owned a pack of harriers, was at one time in the Grenadier Guards.

Mr. Charles Simpson Trail, the well-known racing official, died at his residence at Wraysbury on February 8th, after a long illness, at the age of sixty-three years.

Sir John Heathcote-Amory's staghounds met on February 8th in the Dulverton district, when a remarkable incident occurred; after hunting and killing their hind in Pixton Park, the pack set upon the tame deer which browse in the park, and before the huntsman or any of the field came up, they had killed seventeen of the Earl of Carnarvon's deer.

Mr. Henry Jones, better known as "Cavendish," the great authority on cards, died at his residence in London on February 10th, in his sixty-eighth year. In addition to his published works, Mr. Jones was for many years a contributor to the *Field*.

While hunting with the Meath Hounds on February 10th, Mr. Gerald Cadogan sustained a broken collar bone.

Mr. E. Mills, Burnham, Bucks, says the *Field*, February 11th, has just sold his three Airedale terriers, Clonmel Marvel, Sensation, and Veracity for the record price of £650, the purchaser being Mr. E. Oldham, of New York.

A famous wrestler and ex-champion of England, Thomas Longmire, died on February 11th at Troutbeck, aged seventy-five years. For many years he officiated as judge at the Grasmere sports.

A bad hunting accident occurred on February 13th with the Albrighton hounds. Mr. James Kirkby, of The Orange, Trescott, near Wolverhampton, was taking a fence in a crowd when both horse and rider fell. Mr. Kirkby received a terrible blow from the horse's hoof, fracturing the skull, and was conveyed to the Infirmary Hospital in a very serious condition.

When out hunting with the North Staffordshire Hounds on February 13th during a run from Chapel Wood, Doddington, Major Godson sustained a nasty

accident. His horse slipped on the exposed roots of a tree and fell, throwing the Major violently against a tree and causing concussion of the brain.

The Southwold Hounds are reported to have had a remarkable run on February 15th, after meeting at Revesby. Finding in Shire Wood, they ran through Moorby, Claxby, Winceby, Harrington, Portney, and Sutterton, making a sixteen-mile point on a burning scent and going extremely fast, none of the field lasting with them. Whether they killed their fox or not is uncertain.

The Right Hon. Sir Joseph William Chitty, a Lord Justice of the Court of Appeal, died on February 15th in his 71st year, at his London residence. The deceased judge was captain of the Eton Cricket Eleven in 1847, and played for Oxford in the Varsity Match in 1848 and 1849, but he was better known as an oarsman, and stroked the winning Oxford crew in 1852. For many years Sir Joseph Chitty acted as umpire in the annual Oxford and Cambridge boat race.

Amandier, by Lavaret dam Aveline, was destroyed on February 15th, after an accident in a hurdle race at Auteuil. Bred by the Baron de Rothschild in France, and foaled 1888, Amandier was a well-known performer in this country for several years, winning the Royal Hunt Cup in 1893, the Great Eastern Railway Handicap at Newmarket in 1894 and 1895, and the Whitsuntide Handicap at Hurst Park in 1897, besides the Fitzwilliam Stakes at Doncaster the same year.

A meeting of the Albrighton Hunt was held at Wolverhampton on February 15th, when Mr. J. C. Munro, who is retiring from the East Sussex Hunt, was unanimously elected to succeed Captain Foster as master. It was also decided to present Captain Foster with his portrait painted in oils.

L. E. Myers, the well-known runner, died in America on February 15th.

At a meeting of the followers of the Woodland Pytchley Hounds, held at Kettering on February 17th, it was decided to present a testimonial to Mr. Austin Mackenzie, the retiring master. The presentation is to take the form of a portrait of Mr. Mackenzie with some favourite hounds.

A very good bag of woodcock was obtained by Sir Charles Barrington and party, shooting one day at Glenstal, co. Limerick, when one hundred and six were killed.

Lord Ardilaun's shooting-party at Ashford, co. Galway, including the Earl of Bandon, Viscount Monck, Lord Castle-

town, Colonel the Hon. Robert Dillon, Major Acland-Hood, Mr. Leigh, and Mr. Francis Turnly, secured 400 woodcock, besides other game.

The death of Captain William Wykeham Holloway took place in Devonshire in his eighty-first year. Captain Holloway for many years managed Plymouth Races, and he was able to say that he was present at Ascot Races when ten years of age, and had only missed one meeting since.

A stained glass window, subscribed for by upwards of one hundred contributors, has been placed in the church of Martin Hussingtree as a memorial of the late Captain J. O. Trotter. A tablet beneath the window is the gift of the Earl of Dudley, and bears this inscription:—"This Window is placed here by the Hunting Men of Worcestershire and others to the Memory of John Oswald Trotter, late of the 5th Dragoon Guards, and Field Master of the Worcestershire Hounds from 1896 to 1898. Born January 17th, 1849. Died February 21st, 1898."

The Hon. George Lambton, while playing golf at Ascott, the residence of Mr. Leopold Rothschild, had the bad fortune to slip and sprain the muscles of his right knee.

The death of the famous brood mare Angelica, the property of the Duke of Westminster, is announced. By Galopin, dam St. Angela, Angelica was bred by the late Prince Bathany in 1879. Her most celebrated offspring was Orme. She also bred Blue-green, four other colts and four fillies.

The *Shrewsbury Chronicle* is answerable for the relation of a somewhat singular hunting incident. One of the United Hunt hounds escaping the other day near Shrewsbury, overtook a fox in Powis Castle Park, seized him by the neck, and after a short struggle, left him on the ground for dead. The hound then proceeded to walk away, whereupon the fox jumped up and leaped on the dog's back. The two had a free fight, but eventually the fox found safety in flight.

Mr. Richard Burke, Master of the Tipperary Foxhounds, has been presented with a very handsome album containing photographs of about a hundred ladies and gentlemen of the Tipperary Hunt. A melancholy interest attaches to this presentation, inasmuch as it was originally intended for Mrs. Burke, whose untimely death a short time ago was widely mourned.

TURF.

HURST PARK CLUB.—JANUARY STEEPLECHASES.

January 20th.—The Middlesex Handicap Steeplechase of 125 sovs.; second receives 20 sovs.; two miles.

Mr. T. A. Motion's ch. m. Summer Lightning, by Blitz—Deception, aged, 10st. 12lb. (inc. 7lb. ex.)

E. Driscoll 1

Sir Peter Walker's Mush, 5 yrs., 10st. Oates 2

Lord Cowley's ch. g. Chair of Kildare, aged, 11st. 10lb.

Owner 3

5 to 4 on Summer Lightning.

January 21st.—The New Year Handicap Hurdle Race Plate of 135 sovs.; second receives 10 sovs.; two miles.

Lord Cowley's b. c. Harvesting, by Bartizan—Harvest Moon, 4 yrs., 11st. 4lb. Owner 1

Lord Cowley's c. h. Pardalo, aged, 12st. 7lb. Owner 2

Mr. Priaulx's ch. h. Grimpso, aged, 12st. 2lb. Morrell 3

2 to 1 agst. Harvesting.

GATWICK.—SECOND JANUARY MEETING.

January 31st.—The Maiden Hurdle Race of 192 sovs.; two miles.

Mr. C. A. Mills' ch. c. New Jersey, by Tristram—Silver Blue, 4 yrs., 10st. 5lb. Escort 1

Lord Rossmore's Mrs. Heigho, 4 yrs., 10st. 5lb. H. Sydney 2

Mr. T. E. Liddiard's br. c. Lord Bruce, 4 yrs., 10st. Stainton 3

2 to 1 agst. New Jersey.

The Holmwood Steeplechase (Handicap) of 175 sovs.; two miles.

Mr. J. Phelan's ch. m. Sweet Charlotte, by Baliol—Mill Pond, aged, 12st. 5lb. O'Brien 1

Mr. A. Gorham's b. or br. h. Carrington, aged, 12st. 10lb.

Piggott 2

Mr. C. A. Brown's ch. h. Barsac, aged, 10st. 4lb.

Mr. M. B. Bletsoe 3

7 to 2 agst. Sweet Charlotte.

February 1st.—The February Steeplechase (Handicap) of 176 sovs.; three miles.

Mr. A. Gorham's b. h. Misanthropist, by Ascetic—Miss Fanny, aged, 10st. 3lb. Piggott 1

Mr. C. G. M. Adam's ch. m.
 Fairy Queen II., aged, 10st.
 7lb. O'Brien 2
 Mr. W. C. Keeping's bl. m.
 Bugle, aged, 10st. 6lb.
 Kavanagh 3
 6 to 4 agst. Misanthropist.

KEMPTON PARK.—FEBRUARY STEEPLECHASES.

February 3rd.—The Littleton Steeplechase
 of 147 sovs.; two miles.

Mr. J. Phelan's ch. m. Sweet
 Charlotte, by Baliol—Mill Pond,
 aged, 12st. 11lb. O'Brien 1
 Mr. T. Sherwood's Yedo, 5 yrs.,
 11st. 4lb. Palmer 0
 100 to 8 on Sweet Charlotte.

The Kempton Park Hurdle Handicap
 of 175 sovs.; second receives 20
 sovs.; two miles.

Mr. C. Russell's bl. m. Dusky
 Queen, by Lord Gough or Con-
 queror—Weather Glass, aged,
 11st. 3lb. W. Taylor 1
 Mr. B. S. Cooper's bl. or br. m.
 Winter, 5 yrs., 10st. 5lb.
 Stainton 2
 Mr. L. Byron Peters' br. g. Upper
 Cut, 5 yrs., 10st. 10lb.
 A. Nightingall 3
 10 to 1 agst. Dusky Queen.

NOTTINGHAM.—FEBRUARY MEETING.

February 7th.—The Nottinghamshire Hand-
 icap Steeplechase of 348 sovs.;
 two miles.

Mr. W. Barnett's b. m. Mrs.
 Grundy, by Tyrant—Jennie
 Cameron, 6 yrs., 11st. 4lb.
 Clack 1
 Lord Cowley's b. h. Morell,
 aged, 12st. 7lb. Owner 2
 Mr. Priaulx's ch. g. Grimpo, aged,
 11st. 3lb. Morrell 3
 3 to 1 agst. Mrs. Grundy.

SANDOWN PARK CLUB.—FIRST SPRING MEETING.

February 10th.—The Prince of Wales'
 Steeplechase (Handicap) of 182
 sovs.; three miles and a half.

Mr. G. W. Lushington's br. g.
 Ambush II., by Ben Battle—
 Miss Plant, 5 yrs., 10st. 7lb.
 Anthony 1
 Mr. H. Escott's b. g. Longchalks,
 5 yrs., 9st. 7lb. Trickle 2
 Mr. Audley Blyth's b. c. Elliman,
 aged, 11st. E. Driscoll 3
 7 to 2 agst. Ambush II.

The St. James's Steeplechase of 213
 sovs.; two miles.

Lord Cowley's ch. g. Chief of Mil-
 dars, by Baliol—Mill Pond, aged,
 12st. 11lb. O'Brien 1
 Mr. J. A. Russell's ch. g. Chief
 of Mildars, aged, 12st. 11lb. O'Brien 2
 Mr. J. A. Russell's ch. g. Chief
 of Mildars, aged, 12st. 11lb. O'Brien 3
 5 to 4 agst. Chief of Mildars.

February 11th.—The First Spring Hand-
 icap Hurdle Race of 100 sovs.;
 two miles and eight furlongs.

Mr. H. J. Russell's ch. m. Baliol,
 by Baliol—Mill Pond, aged,
 12st. 11lb. O'Brien 1
 Mr. H. J. Russell's ch. m. Baliol,
 by Baliol—Mill Pond, aged,
 12st. 11lb. O'Brien 2
 Mr. J. A. Russell's ch. g. Chief
 of Mildars, aged, 12st. 11lb. O'Brien 3
 10 to 1 agst. Baliol.

The February 12th Hurdle Steeple-
 chase of 100 sovs.; two miles.

Mr. H. J. Russell's ch. m. Baliol,
 by Baliol—Mill Pond, aged,
 12st. 11lb. O'Brien 1
 Mr. C. A. M. Russell's ch. m.
 Jersey, aged, 12st. O'Brien 2
 Major Russell's ch. m. Baliol,
 by Baliol—Mill Pond, aged,
 12st. 11lb. O'Brien 3
 10 to 1 agst. Baliol.

MANCHESTER.—FEBRUARY MEETING.

February 14th.—The Manchester Hand-
 icap Steeplechase of 194 sovs.; two
 miles and a half.

Captain R. W. Russell's ch. m.
 Lord Cowley's ch. g. Chief of Mil-
 dars, aged, 12st. 11lb. O'Brien 1
 Mr. H. J. Russell's ch. m. Baliol,
 by Baliol—Mill Pond, aged,
 12st. 11lb. O'Brien 2
 Mr. A. Russell's ch. m. Baliol,
 by Baliol—Mill Pond, aged,
 12st. 11lb. O'Brien 3
 8 to 1 agst. Lord Cowley.

February 15th.—The February Park
 Handicap Steeplechase of 157 sovs.;
 two miles.

Mr. H. G. L. Russell's ch. m.
 by Baliol—Mill Pond, aged,
 12st. 11lb. O'Brien 1
 Mr. J. H. Russell's ch. m. Baliol,
 by Baliol—Mill Pond, aged,
 12st. 11lb. O'Brien 2
 Mr. A. Russell's ch. m. Baliol,
 by Baliol—Mill Pond, aged,
 12st. 11lb. O'Brien 3
 6 to 1 agst. Baliol.

FOOTBALL.

January 21st.—At Longton, Old Corin-
 thians (winners) v. Clapton (final of
 London Charity Cup), latter won
 by 2 goals to 1.

January 21st.—At Morley, Yorkshire v. Cheshire, former won by 1 goal 7 tries to 0.*

January 21st.—At Blackheath, Blackheath v. Richmond, former won by 5 points to 3.*

January 25th.—At Cambridge, the University v. Croydon, former won by 3 goals 1 try to 0.*

January 25th.—At Crystal Palace, North v. South (trial game), former won by 3 goals to 1.†

January 25th.—At Oxford, the University v. Oxfordshire, former won by 3 goals to 2.†

January 25th.—At Cambridge, the University v. Kensington, former won by 2 goals 1 try to 1 try.*

January 25th.—At Portsmouth, Hampshire v. Kent, latter won by 1 goal 1 try to 0.*

January 25th.—At Southall, Middlesex v. Sussex, former won by 3 goals to 1.†

January 25th.—At Bath, Somerset v. Middlesex, latter won by 14 points to 3.*

February 4th.—At Dublin, England v. Ireland, latter won by 6 points (1 penalty goal and 1 try) to 0.*

February 4th.—At Queen's Club, Corinthians v. Southampton, drawn, no score.†

February 8th.—At Oxford, the University v. Coventry, former won by 2 goals 4 tries to 0.*

February 8th.—At Cambridge, the University v. Casuals, former won by 5 goals to 3.†

February 8th.—At Richmond, Middlesex v. Hampshire, former won by 2 goals 4 tries to 0.*

February 8th.—At Bristol, Gloucestershire v. Devonshire, former won by 9 goals to 1.†

February 9th.—At Queen's Club, Oxford University v. London, latter won by 2 goals to 1.†

February 10th.—At Cambridge, the University v. Millwall Athletic, former won by 1 goal to 0.†

February 11th.—At Oxford, the University v. Croydon, former won by 1 goal 1 try to 0.*

February 11th.—At Oxford, the University v. Old Westminsters, former won by 6 goals to 1.†

February 11th.—At Cambridge, the University v. Blackheath, latter won by 6 points to 5.*

February 11th.—At Carlisle, Cumberland v. Northumberland, latter won by 2 goals 4 tries to 1 goal 1 try.*

February 11th.—At Queen's Club, Corinthians v. Aston Villa, drawn, 1 goal each.†

February 15th.—At Guildford, Surrey v. Bedfordshire, former won by 4 goals to 1.†

February 15th.—At Crystal Palace, Surrey v. Somerset, former won by 14 points to 8.*

February 15th.—At Blackheath, Barbarians v. Stade Francais, former won by 33 points to 0.*

February 15th.—At Plymouth, Devonshire v. Kent, former won by 2 tries to 0.*

* Under Rugby Rules.

† Under Association Rules.

HOCKEY.

January 2nd.—At Bromley, Kent v. Gloucestershire, former won by 4 goals to 0.

January 25th.—At Kersal, North v. Midlands, former won by 3 goals to 1.

January 26th.—At Ludlow, Shropshire v. Warwickshire, latter won by 5 goals to 1.

February 3rd.—At Wimbledon, Surrey v. Lancashire, former won by 1 goal to 0.

February 4th.—At Surbiton, Middlesex v. Lancashire, former won by 2 goals to 0.

February 8th.—At Richmond, Middlesex v. Cheshire, former won by 3 goals to 0.

February 9th.—At Surbiton, Surrey v. Cheshire, former won by 8 goals to 0.

February 15th.—At Bromley, Kent v. Middlesex, former won by 4 goals to 0.

SHOOTING.

January 20th.—Mr. James Bashford won the Gold Medal and divided first and second money in the Grande Poule d'Essai at Monte Carlo.

January 21st.—Mr. Witting won the Medal in the Prix d'Overture at Monte Carlo.

January 21st.—M. Moncorgé won the Grand Prix du Casino at Monte Carlo.

BILLIARDS.

February 15th.—At Oxford, the University Challenge Cue, R. Andrews (Ball 500, A. H. Vickers (St. John's) 160.

February 16th.—At Cambridge, the University Challenge Cue, M. W. M. (Trinity) 400, W. J. Chate (Caius) 160.

CRICKET.

February 16th.—At Johannesburg, Leinster v. Hawke's Eleven v. South Africa, former won by 32 runs.

February 7th.—At Johannesburg, Leinster v. Hawke's Eleven v. the Transvaal, former won by an innings and 10 runs.

E. BROWN & SON'S

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BAILY'S MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS and PASTIMES

APRIL, 1899.

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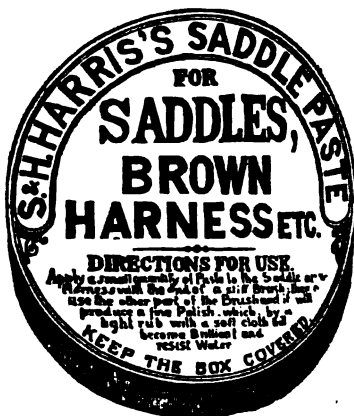


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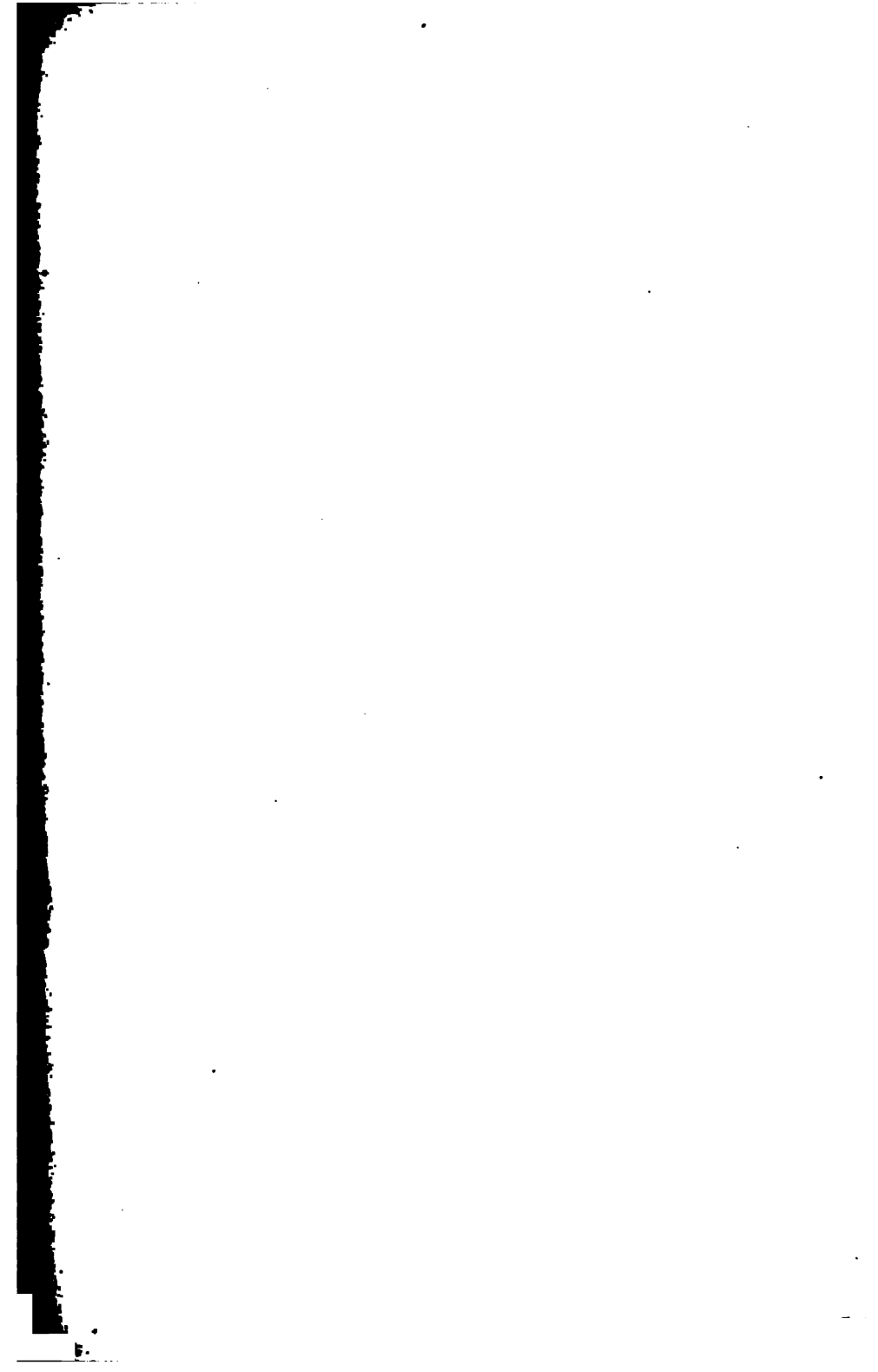
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WITH

Steel Engraved Portrait of MR. FRANK BIBBY.

By WILLIAM CHILDE, ESQ., BEWDLEY BRIDGE and KINLET HALL.

Mr. Frank Bibby.

Subject of our biography is a son of the late Mr. James Bibby, of Hardwick, Salop, who was High Sheriff of the county in 1882, and whose name will ever be commemorated with the transatlantic shipping industry of Liverpool. He was long partner in the White Star Company, which has vied with the Cunard Company so successfully in catering for our voyagers. In addition he founded the Bibby line

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stone estate, whereon stood the mansion of Hardwicke Grange, about six miles from Shrewsbury, and subsequently added to it in 1883 the adjoining Sansaw Hall property, which nestles under the Grinshill. From thenceforward the squirearchy of Shropshire has been enriched by the open-handed generosity of a wealthy Liverpool gentleman, who thus made his adopted county a happy home.

Mr. Frank Bibby, who succeeded his father about three years back, was born in 1850, and educated at Eton. He was intended for the Army, but ill health at the time thwarted his hopes in that direction, and necessitated a prolonged yachting tour of seven or eight years, which thoroughly restored his health. Since his return home he has thoroughly devoted himself to sport, more especially hunting. In addition to his days with the Shropshire, a Whitchurch Saturday with Sir Watkin generally has found him present, always mounted on the best of hunters, and enjoying sport to the utmost. Nor did he spare himself from harness, as for many years he has acted as secretary for the North Shropshire side of the country in superintending the covert and poultry funds.

On the resignation of Captain Henry Lonsdale from the mastership of the Shropshire country at the end of last season, he at once came forward to assist in carrying on the sport, and by inducing Mr. Rowland Hunt, of Borealon, to give up the mastership of the Wheatland, return to his own district and share the duties of the mastership, he won by acclamation

the approval of this sporting county. Not only this, but he resisted the temptation of asking for any subscription, and offered, if necessary, to build new kennels. The old four days a week was thus happily maintained, although outside a radius of six miles south of Shrewsbury the country has been temporarily given up to the Wheatland and United Hunts. Thus Shropshire has secured the services of one of our leading and most popular gentleman huntsmen, in combination with a most popular and generous, as well as wealthy squire.

It would be superfluous to add that success in their joint efforts has already been assured, and let us hope will long be maintained. Mr. Frank Bibby is not without his love for a bit of cross-country work, and owns a few chasers under the guidance of Mr. Lord Phillips, in Pembrokeshire; with Terpischoe II. he has already seen his colours to the fore. He was elected last spring a member of the National Hunt Committee, and is not likely to be long a merely ornamental member of that useful body.

Mr. Frank Bibby married, in 1890, Edith Mary, the daughter of General Sir Stanley Clarke, Equerry to the Prince of Wales, a lady who has won her way into Shropshire hearts as befits her position in every way.

It should be mentioned that the late Mr. J. J. Bibby left four daughters, one of whom remains single, and is an excellent sports woman. One is the wife of Colonel Baldock, so well known as a Meltonian. The other two are now the widows of the late Colonel Battye and Mr. Wormall.

The Hunting Season.

A RETROSPECT.

THESE days of bright sunshine, white frost, and drying winds which usher in dear old gusty March, tell us only too plainly that our hunting pleasures are well-nigh over for this spring, and ere these pages see the light our trysting places will be confined to the hills and the woodlands, and even there the fact that there must be a care for the vixens, takes the keen edge off our hunting appetites. In fact, long before the advent of spring flowers, and their popularly believed interference with scent, our parched surface both of grass and plough has shortened the season, and hastened its closing days.

And what of its record? What will history say of it? And will its chroniclers be in agreement? To answer the last question first, I think we shall all agree that there has hardly been a season within living memory in which frost has played its marring part to a less degree. Fog, wind and storm have far more to answer for. These disturbing elements have really never been totally strangers to us in the hunting field since the end of November, and their necessary accompaniment—a low barometer, has all too often adversely affected scent. Had it not been for the fact that the season opened in an exceptional drought, and that the thirsty land took a long time to replenish itself and its springs, we should have been plunging in deep mud at Christmas. As it was, we were not destined to be sorely tried by the deep ground until the middle of January, and then "February fill ditch" amply kept up its ancient reputation, so

that hunting in the low countries became a trouble and a burden on our hunters not lightly to be borne.

Continuous as has been the season, it will hardly bear recording as a brilliant one. A low barometer seldom aids scent, and this barrier has been most pronounced, especially since Christmas. And, unfortunately, in most counties foxes, owing to the curtailment of cub-hunting in the drought, had hardly learnt their business until after November; yet notwithstanding all these drawbacks, an unusual number of hunting days have been recorded, and to judge by the numbers participating in the sport, never has it more abundantly flourished.

Would that we could say that the curse of mange was an evil of the past. It is not easily eradicated. The Bramham are still suffering severely from it, and the Quorn in some places have felt it badly, while in other countries it has certainly not been so great a trouble as of late. The question seems to me to be, "Have we not too many earths? Many of them artificial ones, which foxes frequent much more than is good for them?" Congregating in these often, after being hunted, tends to unhealthiness of skin, and engender mange, as well as to propagate it. No doubt turned-down cubs badly fed have originated the disease, and overcrowded drains and earths have disseminated it. The nature of the animal has curiously helped to spread it, because the diseased animals have wandered away from one place to another, and carried contamina-

tion with them into countries where mange was formerly unknown, and the indigenous fox is as healthy as healthy could be. I have seen a notable instance of this this year. Quite amongst the hills I came on a fox that looked for all the world like a dwarfed lion, and I could not believe it was a fox until he turned round to look at me. His body from his shoulders to the tip of his brush was entirely bare of hair, whilst his neck and shoulders were well covered with fur, which had the appearance of a mane. He certainly looked the quaintest creature possible, and hounds almost refused to own his scent. They could not hunt him a bit, even on heath.

We have to be thankful that no human life, as far as I am aware, has been sacrificed this season to the fell demon barbed wire. Of accidents owing to it there have been many, and serious ones, and some good hunters have fallen victims. It is not my character, as your readers must know ere this, to be hopeless; but in this matter my spirits as regards provincial countries outside the shires are quite at zero. Of course money will remove mountains, and where rich hunts can enforce the maintenance of free hunting and the pulling down of wire by paying all the expenses connected with it, things will continue to be prosperous; but where rich men and women turn their backs on hunting, and where the popularity of hunting is not entirely in the ascendant, wire bids fair to be like the octopus, and to veritably squeeze the life out of true sport. In the spread of wire, I consider that landlords are every wit as much to blame as tenants—in fact, more so, because in the majority of instances they have had the power to check it, but

have not done so. Many an occupier can be won over, but landlords are harder to deal with. In a railway-carriage the other day I was much amused by a conversation between two farmers, neither of whom knew me, although I had the advantage of them in knowing their farms and the circumstances of which they spoke. "How do you manage about your wire?" said one. "Oh," replied the other, "I have a bit adjoining the road, and they don't bother me about that. Have you got any?" "Yes, plenty, and our late master came to me one Sunday, and says he, 'Williams, that wire of yours makes me unhappy—will you let me pull it down?' 'With pleasure,' says I. 'But how about putting it up again in the spring? Will you do that for me as well?' At which he looks at me with a smile, and says, 'Do you know, Williams, I don't like putting up wire, it goes against my very flesh and blood, but I'll see about it.' So down came my wire, and then there came a brace of pheasants, and another Sunday call from the master, and telling me all about the sport, and I could not find it in my heart to ask him to put up the wire again for me. So I did it myself in the summer. And now we have a new master, and he has never given me a call, or sent me any game, and there is the wire up now, right through the winter."

Surely this is an object lesson, true to life, and one that shows how absolutely a master must devote his spare hours to the task of propitiating the farmers, if he is to succeed. The first master to whom that farmer alluded had worked systematically, as I knew in the cause, and had succeeded in well-nigh extirpating wire from the country, and has to begin again

the same way in his new country, while the noxious weed will grow again in his old country.

The fact, however, is that not only as regards wire, but also as to tenants' damages, payment for coverts, keepers, and earth-stoppers, the cost of hunting is becoming a serious matter, and it is useless to try to argue that it can be successfully carried on without these sinews of war. Men and women who hunt (and thank God their name is legion) must take this to heart, and not look black at the energetic secretary when he appeals for increased subscriptions. If only good coverts were rented in the centre of every country, and thus rescued from the dominion of the shooting tenant, what a godsend to hunting would it be! No murdered vixens or wired-in cubs—those sure precursors of mange—would be in evidence. What would have been the fate of the favourite Tuesday country of the York and Ainsty had not the foresight of Mr. Lycett Green been proved by his renting Askam Bog and Whin, where calls of once a week, and sometimes twice a day, are never made in vain, while with the exception of Rufforth Whin, all other coverts hereabouts have failed them. An old fox-hunter once said truly in emphatic terms that foxes did not require preserving—what they wanted was to be let alone, when not hunted.

Truly the labours of M.F.H.'s and their aids in office are neither few nor light. Witness the vacant thrones that are announced: The Woodland Pychley, the Bicester, East Sussex, the Ledbury, New Forest, the Albrighton, the Taunton Vale, and the Tedworth, the last owing to the death of Mr. Shrubbs, a genuine sportsman of an almost

bygone type, and a lover of good racing. That all these vacant masterships will be speedily refilled there can be no doubt, for the majority of them are in desirable countries, where the sinews of war are by no means wanting, and we trust that the new men, whoever they may be, will uphold the sport in its best attributes. Let them set to work to face their enemies, wire and mange. To play an even game with the shooting tenants, and not allow the quality of their foxes to be sacrificed to numbers. Let them always remember that one good genuine fox is worth ten bad ones. I could not close an article on this subject without an allusion to the retirement of Tom Firr, of the Quorn, whom we cannot be wrong in estimating as the premier huntsman of to-day. He has received many panegyrics, and we will not compete in this line here, except to say how thoroughly he deserves what will be, without doubt, a bumper testimonial. Not only in the field was he ever master of the situation, quiet, determined, and decisive, but equally so in the kennels. Never shall I forget his quiet remark to me three or four seasons ago. "They keep on coming after me, those Captains, fresh ones and fresh ones, and never think of my hounds, while I have to think of both. It is a bit tiring sometimes." If a tithe of those brilliant men who have for the last twenty years followed Tom Firr and his horn, will remember that in his retirement he deserves their aid to happiness during his remaining years, what a fund will be raised for him! It is my firm belief that this great huntsman, who never for a moment forgot his position, either in the field or out of it, would have taken a high place in whatever

role of life he had been cast in. "Fit to be a Prime Minister," I once heard it said of him, when he had delivered himself of his

opinions at a puppy walkers' dinner, in his usual quiet yet masterful way.

BORDERER.

"The Flying Childe."

"'Ere Blue-cap and Wanton taught foxhounds to scurry
With music in plenty, oh, where was the hurry,
When each nag wore a crupper, each squire a pigtail,
And our toast, the Brown Forest, was drunk in brown ale?"

—*Old Hunting Song.*

"It is a natural inference," remarks "Cecil" in his *Records of the Chase*, "that where the state of a country is adapted and inviting for sport, the inhabitants should be distinguished for their sporting proclivities; by habit, sporting becoming an acquirement, metaphorically, indigenous to the soil." And, as our anonymous author so intended it, the foregoing statement is peculiarly applicable to the fair county of Shropshire, which may justly boast of being the native land of a greater number of sportsmen of high caste and repute than any other county of equal magnitude. Indeed, where fox-hunting is concerned, the list is of surpassing brilliance, including as it does the names of Jack Mytton, the "Squire of Halston"; Mr. John Corbet, father of the Warwickshire Hounds; Squire Leche; George Forester, the "Willey Squire," together with his cousin and heir, the first Lord Forester, of Leicestershire fame; Sir Richard Puleston; the second Earl of Kilmorey, —who must not, however, be confounded with his successor, who, to keep out the hounds, which formed his particular aversion, had his fine park at Shavington surrounded by a great

brick wall; Mr. Pelham, of Cound, and last, but not least, Mr. William Childe, of Kinlet, whose exploits are to form the subject of this paper. All of these are names which will never be forgotten by the sporting world, while again, among Salopian huntsmen, Mr. Corbet's Will Barrow, Squire Forester's Tom Moody, Mr. Assheton Smith's George Carter, Joseph Maiden—who served in turn with the Surrey Union, Warwickshire, Cheshire, and North Staffordshire packs—and George Mountford, of the Quorn, are those singling themselves out for special mention. Truly a galaxy of Nimrods, and as one inscribes each name the temptation to descant at length upon the bearer's career proves well-nigh irresistible.

The anecdote of that of Messrs. Corbet and Mytton respectively is, of course, fairly familiar; theirs are biographies which, from the sporting point of view, at least, have been well attended to. The many amusing eccentricities of Mr. Pelham, however, whose pleasure it was to attire his hunt-servants in white, pipeclayed hunt coats, and to relieve the tedium of off-days by stone-breaking on the



WILLIAM CHILDE, ESQ.

*From the original at Kinlet, after a photograph lent by his great-granddaughter,
Harriet Childe-Pemberton. Engraved on wood by F. Babbage.*



country roads, would require a separate article to do them justice.

Shavington knows the house of Kilmorey no longer ; many years ago it became the property of the late Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale, but the wall, which cost an enormous sum to build, still remains a standing witness to the foible of the original owners' solitary non-hunting representative. The story goes, that hardly was it finished before his lordship came to the conclusion that in erecting it he had been guilty of a very foolish and unsportsmanlike act, but the trustees declined to allow more money to be spent in pulling down portions of it, and there it stands at the present day.

Lastly, before plunging *in medias res*, we cannot refrain from mention of Maiden's peculiar accident, which for several years incapacitated him from the active pursuit of his calling. This versatile huntsman was in the act of taking a piece of flesh from the boiler, when the fork slipped, and he fell into the boiling broth, so dreadfully scalding his legs and thighs that a long time necessarily elapsed before he was again seen in the saddle.

To come to our muttons, it is probable that the majority of hunting men will remember that "Nimrod" in *The Chase, the Turf, and the Road*, states:—"It was due to Mr. Childe, of Kinlet Hall—a sportsman of the highest order and a great personal friend of Mr. Meynell—that hard riding, or we should rather say, quick riding to hounds, which has ever since been practised, was first brought into vogue." This Mr. Childe is said, in short, to have first set the example, quickly followed by the leading characters of the Quorn Hunt, of riding "straight," as it has now come to be termed, a system which was

destined to completely alter the character of the English fox-hunter, changing him from the pig-tailed squire, with his massive horse, into the elegantly appointed horseman, mounted upon a trained thoroughbred hunter, ranging in value from five hundred to one thousand guineas. In Leicestershire, whither he had migrated, Mr. Childe was the first to give the *quietus* to "creeping," and what became the rule in that crack county soon extended to others. Indeed, it is not too much to say that but for the influence exercised by his example and leadership, the Billesdon Coplow run would never have tempted its chronicler to embark upon the "dangerous ocean of rhyme," or the latter to have found an imitator in Goulburn, who similarly described the famous Epwell run, with Mr. John Corbet's "trojans"—the Stratford Hounds—of November 14th, 1807.

Mr. Childe was the eldest son of Charles Baldwyn, Esq., of Aqualate, Staffordshire, by his wife Catherine, daughter and heiress of William Childe, of Kinlet Hall, Shropshire. He was born in 1756, and on the death of his mother in 1770 inherited the Kinlet estates, assuming in consequence the surname and arms of Childe. Kinlet is a place of which the owner may well be proud, both on account of its natural beauties and its ancestral associations. The oak woods in the park are the finest in Shropshire, while there are few parks in England which can be compared with it for the size of particular trees or the extent of the woodlands. The house itself is a large, plain, red-brick building, of the date 1727, with stone coigns and facings, erected near the site of an older mansion.

The manor of Kinlet, now the residence of our hero's great-grandson, Captain Charles Baldwin Childe, is one of the few Shropshire estates that has been held together from the eleventh to the nineteenth century, and which, though often passing through the female line, yet has always passed by descent and not by sale.

Salop—this lady's mother having been a Mytton of Halston. The bride, however, was older than the bridegroom, and family tradition records the fact that it was not long before the young couple discovered that they possessed but few tastes in common. Mr. Childe, from being brought up as a country squire of the good old-fashioned school, was keenly



KINLET HOUSE AND PARK.

In contradistinction to the typical matrimonial chart of the last two generations of our landed aristocracy, Mr. Childe early sought and found a wife. On November 20th, 1775, being then in his twentieth year, he had occasion to solicit the good offices of the parson of Gretna Green in contracting a runaway match, of the most approved romantic order, with Annabella, second daughter and co-heiress of Sir Charlton Leighton, third baronet, of Watlesborough, co.

interested in agricultural and other matters kindred to the care and maintenance of a large estate, and was naturally devoted to all field sports, whereas Mrs. Childe found the country dull, infinitely preferring the gaiety of a London season, and the dancing and card parties which the fashionable spas then offered their frequenters during the winter months. Each, therefore, where social relaxation was concerned, soon came to take a separate path, and while Mr. Childe was farming and hunting

over his remote Shropshire estates, his wife was more often away in town, or staying at Bath and Tunbridge. But the country around Kinlet is not by any means that which such an ardent follower of the chase as Mr. Childe could have desired, so acting upon the suggestion of his friend Mr. Meynell, our Salopian squire, somewhere about the year 1780, shut up his ancestral mansion for the hunting season, and shifted his quarters to Melton, there to prove his mettle amid very different surroundings.

The Quorn Hounds had not long been settled in their new kennels at Quorn Hall when this new stranger appeared upon the scene, but his first season with them had barely commenced ere the famous master bitterly regretted the advice that had brought his young friend thither.

As men then rode across country, even in what were already termed the "flying counties," the system was to take timber with a standing jump; in fact, all leaps with a care and deliberation quite unknown to those who now follow hounds, be it in the mildest and most unpretentious manner. Mr. Childe, however, was a man of indomitable pluck and nerve, and it was with an entire absence of foolhardiness or bruising that he electrified his compeers by inaugurating the principle of riding straight, and taking his obstacles as he found them, at a good pace. It is said that Mr. Meynell remonstrated, first with oaths and then with piteous entreaties, at this surprising innovation, but the latter was contagious, especially with the younger men, among whom were Tom Cholmondeley, afterwards the first Lord Delamere; Cecil Forester, George Villiers, fifth Earl of Jersey; the third Duke of Dorset, and his

cousin, Lord Charles Sackville-Germain; Mr. Masters, Mr. Orbe Hunter, and Lord Belgrave.

This brilliant band, then comprising the "cream of Leicestershire," hailed the new style of riding with delight and their pilot's exploits with adulation. At a hunt supper at Melton, after a particularly good day's sport, he was by them christened "The Flying Childe," which happy piece of nomenclature stuck to its recipient not only throughout the zenith of his Leicestershire career, but during his lifetime. To explain, however, the aversion and alarm with which Mr. Meynell regarded his friend's example, it should be remembered that it was then the fashion to take the field with an enormously large pack, as many as fifty couples of hounds being often brought out, to throw only a few couples into the covert to be drawn, while the remainder of the pack would be kept under control in an adjoining field until the fox had broken, when they were cheered on to join the advance guard in the chase. This was Mr. Meynell's system, but with an emulous band of riders eagerly awaiting Mr. Childe's signal—

"All determined to ride—each resolv'd to be first,
But to get a good start over-cager and jealous,
Two-thirds, at the least, and these very fine fellows,
So crowded and hustled, and jostled, and cross'd,
That they rode the wrong way; and at starting were lost."

Jack Raven, the famous huntsman, soon began to find that his whilom supernumeraries ran serious risks from the hoofs of the fretting squadron, and that with the method of slow hunting the danger was even greater once hounds were running. Accordingly, there was nothing left for

him but to get his hounds to run faster, hence Mr. Childe's unfamiliar and dashing style of horsemanship came to be responsible for yet another striking revolution in the general characteristics of the hunting field.

Unfortunately, owing to the scanty data available, it is impossible for us to furnish any details of the best runs in which Mr. Childe took part. It is certain, though, that he hunted regularly with the Quorn for nearly twenty seasons, but, before the close of the century, had withdrawn from Leicestershire, unable any longer to hold his own among his younger pupils. The historical Billesdon Coplow run took place on February 24th, 1800—the last year of Mr. Meynell's mastership—but a scrutiny of Robert Lowth's spirited stanzas reveals the fact that Mr. Childe was not numbered among the stoutest who "now slacken'd and panted" over its 28-mile point. There is, though, one couplet that refers to the fame of the field's ex-leader, for among the men and horses enumerated we read that it was here—

"Where 'the Dun' prov'd so stout, in a
scamper so wild,
Till now he had only been rode by 'a
Childe."

"The Dun," of course, must have been Mr. Childe's property; in fact, the context suggests that the latter could have only quite recently departed from Melton, and thus by an irony of fate have missed the best run of this or any other season. In his palmy days in Leicestershire, however, Mr. Childe was better carried across country by a thoroughbred Arab than any English hunter. This famous Arab had been sent home to England in 1776, by Lord Pigott, of Patshul, the Governor-

General of Madras, and had been purchased by a Captain Speke, who was then quartered at Kidderminster. Speke rode the Arab for one season with the harriers of Mr. John Knight, in the West Worcestershire country, but on being ordered to India sold him to his kinsman, Mr. Childe, for £25. The horse was so small—he stood less than fifteen hands—that the latter bought him for a hack, but on accidentally discovering his qualities as a jumper and galloper transferred him to Melton, where he subsequently became the leading horse in most of the famous runs of that era so celebrated in the annals of English fox-hunting. It has been erroneously stated that the little grey was christened "Skim," from the speed with which he skimmed across country when going was heaviest. His correct name, however, was "Slim"—a contraction of "Selim."

A few words now about Mr. Childe's personal characteristics. The time in which he flourished was a period when the landed aristocracy had an illimitable capacity for hard drinking, but "the Flying Childe" always remained a remarkably temperate man. In order to preserve his sobriety, without giving offence to the rollicking members who assembled at the Melton hunt suppers, he secretly contrived to have a small tub placed at his feet under the table, and when he had drunk what he considered his proper allowance would quietly empty his glass into the tub, unnoticed by his more excited companions, who remained entirely ignorant of the device. But if the darling of the Quorn stood out from his contemporaries as being neither a hard-drinker nor gambler, yet like most Salopian squires, he was dearly fond of a



BEWDLEY BRIDGE.



sporting wager, and it was a wager which caused him to accomplish what was undoubtedly an exceptionally fine piece of endurance and horsemanship combined. Up till then an ancestor of his friend, Mr. John Corbet, of Sundorne, had been considered the pride of Shropshire where speculation might be concerned, having wagered, so it is said, eight thousand pounds that he possessed the handsomest calf of any gentleman in the kingdom; and there is a picture at Sundorne Castle depicting this individual showing off his leg to the admiring circle of judges who have just proclaimed him the winner.

Mr. Childe's bet, however, was of a very different character, since he wagered certain of his hunting friends that he would ride from London to Kinlet, a distance of some one hundred and seventy miles, in twelve hours. This challenge caused considerable stir in the sporting world, and one fine spring morning in the early "eighties"—for the exact date of the exploit is lacking—the rider started from London shortly after four o'clock, and dismounted at Kinlet as the Hall clock was striking four that same afternoon. He galloped the whole way, having, of course, relays of fresh horses awaiting him on the road. Time did not permit of him pausing to take food or drink, but as an insurance against thirst he carried a cherrystone in his mouth, and this served its purpose so well that he reached his destination without the slightest appearance of fatigue. The last stage of his journey was attended by a remarkable incident. On arriving at Bewdley, six miles from home, the rider found to his consternation that the central arch of the bridge crossing the Severn at that point had given way, owing to an

exceptionally high flood, leaving a breach in the roadway of some feet in width. Nothing daunted, and having no time to waste, he turned his horse round and put him at it. The animal cleared the gap with a scramble, and thus secured to his plucky rider the wager which would otherwise have been lost at the eleventh hour owing to this most unforeseen of accidents. Remembering the fuss that was made some few years ago about the Austro-Prussian long-distance military ride, it is interesting to recall this feat of endurance in man, if not in beast, as performed by an English country gentleman towards the close of the last century. Assuredly it is fully equal to anything accomplished by the Austrian and Prussian cavalry officers—in their international contest that took place in the autumn of 1892.

It must not be supposed, however, that when Mr. Childe retired from Leicestershire and permanently settled down at Kinlet he abjured the sport which had brought his name into such repute. In his own corner of the county he immediately established himself master of a new pack, which must have hunted over a very considerable portion of what is now the Ludlow country. Compared to the Leicestershire vales, the rough, undrained surface of the land around Bewdley presents the most complete contrast possible to imagine, while to mention two of the formidable obstacles which it contains, there is the Titterstone Cleve Hill, scattered all over with huge masses of granite, and the Wyre Forest, to take hounds into which is to expect never to see them again. Despite such drawbacks, hedging him on either side, Mr. Childe's new pack found plenty of sport,

and it was their master who inaugurated the first efficacious method of hunting the Clee Hills, where there formerly existed any number of foxes, having their runs under the granite boulders. Seeing it was utterly impossible to stop these earths, the owner of Kinlet hit upon the expedient of having fires lit along the hills at the time Reynard is supposed to be abroad for food, in order to cut off his retreat at daybreak; and then in the morning, but at a much earlier hour than that at which the present generation of hunting men are accustomed to meet, some grand sport would ensue. And as the significance of these fires grew to be more fully realised, they became the signal for hundreds of the quarrymen and miners, working in the locality, to assemble and follow the hounds on foot; in fact, the hunting of the Clee Hills eventually assumed the proportions of a Shropshire carnival, and as such endured to a comparatively recent date. Neither did Mr. Childe forget his old Leicestershire friends; many of these used to journey down to partake of his hospitality at Kinlet, and to put in a few days' sport over this very rough country; while occasionally the host would take his guests over to Willey, where his neighbour, Squire Forester, kept Tom Moody's memory green by treating them all to a repetition of a favourite prank on the part of his old huntsman, namely, a run by moonlight.

For nearly a quarter of a century did Mr. Childe pursue the useful and peaceful life of an English country gentleman, earning, moreover, something wider than local renown as a skilful agriculturist, together with the esteem of all classes, as a good sportsman, a kind landlord, and

a staunch and true friend to rich and poor alike. He died on February 3rd, 1824, in Wigmore Street, London, after a short illness of eight days, and his remains were conveyed to Kinlet for interment in the family vault; his loss being universally deplored throughout his own and neighbouring counties.

Within the limits of this paper, it would be impossible to adequately describe the remarkable changes in the hunting-field for which "the Flying Childe's" inspiration was responsible. They may, however, be epitomised in one sentence, viz., that his innovation of fast riding, soon attended by the corollary—fast hunting, was the true genesis of fox-hunting, as it is now known, with its hard riding, its luxury, its numerous refinements. Still the evolution was but a gradual one: since its progress had to depend to a great extent upon the marked improvement that subsequently took place in the surface-condition of the best hunting countries. As Mr. Childe found the latter, the pace at which he went—the best possible pace in the circumstances—would in comparison with that attained by our modern first-flight men present no closer similitude than that attained by the crack stage-coaches of seventy years ago and the fastest express trains of to-day. Finally, it may be asked whether Mr. Childe's startling innovation led to any fatal accidents in the field. As far as can be gathered, none of those included in the band of hard-riding exquisites whom we have already enumerated, and who by their haste to follow "the Flying Childe's" lead had so quickly caused Mr. Meynell to cease fighting against the inevitable, broke his neck, or even seriously injured himself by essaying the

new style of riding to hounds. It is said, though—but we cannot vouch for the accuracy of the statement—that it was owing to a foolhardy attempt to act up to the fashionable Leicestershire pattern that the fourth Duke of Dorset was killed by a fall from his horse while hunting with Lord Powerscourt's hounds near Dublin in the year 1815. This unfortunate young nobleman, then only in his twenty-first year, had been a great admirer of his pre-

decessor's exploits with the Quorn during Mr. Childe's career, and while on a visit to his mother (who had married Charles, Lord Whitworth, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland), was intent on showing-off in a country totally unsuited to hard-riding when the fatal fall occurred. On the side of the hill, overlooking Loughlinstown, is a pyramidal pillar, erected to his memory ; but it would be hard to blame Mr. Childe for this very indirect catastrophe.

H. G. ARCHER.

After Twenty-three Years.*

MEMOR ATQUE VALE.

CAN twenty-three seasons have vanished

Since we waited upon the hill side,
All eager for Orvis' horn notes,

To set us all off on the ride ?

Can it be ? That we then were unwilling

From the stiffest "laid" binders to swerve ;

And that now we are fogies, grey-headed,

And painfully conscious of "nerve" ?

And that those who were then in their nurseries

Are thrusters and first-flighters now,

Who look on us cautious old buffers

With lofty disdain on their brow ?

No matter. We *have* lived. We galloped,

And went straightish, too, in our day,

And the day has now come for the others ;

Well, we wish them "God speed" on their way.

They ride, o'er the very same fences,

Those children, that now are grown men ;

May the joy of each run's emulation

Be theirs, as *we* measured it then.

But the Scythe-bearer passes on calmly,

With level, unwearying stride,

With his scythe anon cutting off from us

Some comrade of many a ride,

And the swathes fall the closer and thicker,

The farther we get from that day

When, on Ettington hill-side we waited,

For "for'ard, hoick for'ard away !"

* Referring to an account I wrote of a run with the Warwickshire hounds in January, 1876. It is in Vol. I. of the Warwickshire Hunt Book.

There was one*—and to know was to love her ;
 So gentle, so kindly, and sweet.
 She rode through that run to the finish—
 Dear lady, methinks 'tis but meet
 That the Bard that told then of your riding,
 This homage should lay at your shrine ;
 But the pen falters strangely in writing,
 While kind words and actions entwine
 With memories of sport and of pleasure—
 So gentle, so brave, to the last—
 Oh, sad ! 'Tis but memory only,
 Her life and its brightness are past.

The Master,† who kept us in order—
 Sir Charles,‡ he went well on a grey—
 Of the eight we told off at the finish,
 But three go§ a-hunting to-day.
 So be it. We cry "vivebamus!"
 We've all had our share of the fun—
 And Memory, kind Memory, enshrines us
 Full many a good sporting run—
 And even the Scythe-bearer striding,
 And laying his swathes thick and flat,
 While he leaves us uncut and ungarnered,
 Can never deprive us of *that*.

And the horses we've loved and have ridden !
 Dear Burton, so brave and so bold,
 And Sheila, the easy and gentle,
 And Bowler, as good as bright gold.
 Black Bess, and black Midnight, and Dreamer,
 (P'rhaps he was the best of the lot),
 Mikado, and hot-headed Birthday,
 Poor Sportsman, who had to be shot.
 Dear horses, true comrades, that shared in—
 Nay, rather that *made* all our sport—
 Each and all shall I ever remember,
 Be the time that is left long or short.
 And the day has arrived to write Vale ;
 How hard it is, no one can tell,
 And the lip and the eyelid are quivering,
 Farewell to foxhunting—Farewell !

HARRY L.

* The late Lady Willoughby de Broke.

† The late Henry Spencer Lucy, then Master.

‡ The late Sir Charles Mordaunt.

§ Lord Willoughby de Broke. Alas ! under doctor's orders, unable to carry the horn. Charles Orvis lately taking duty *vice* Jim Cooper, incapacitated by a fall. It puts the clock back twenty years to hear his voice again. And, up to the present time, myself.—H. L.

The Death of Marshal Ney.

THERE was no more gallant and soldierly figure among the great men of the Napoleonic era than Marshal Ney. He was one of that galaxy of warriors who were produced by Carnot's administration of the French war department under the First Republic, and of them all none was more brilliant than he in his services to his country. From Hohenlinden to Waterloo, he took a foremost place in every battle that was fought by the Republic, the Consulate and the Empire against the forces of combined Europe. He trod a victor on many fields, he took his part in some terrible disasters, but in every scene he was a hero. In victories it was to him that his general and his comrades owed much of their success. In disaster no fault could ever be attributed to his conduct and it was to him that the Army of France ever looked for superhuman efforts to stem the current of misfortune, nor ever looked in vain. The chronicle of his great deeds is part of the world's history at an eventful period, but few people know much about the manner of his death. We know that he was condemned to execution for treason to the Bourbon King, and many of us have looked, not unmoved, at Gérôme's famous picture of the last scene, the lifeless figure lying prone in the Avenue d'Observatoire, while the firing party stand almost aghast at having cut short the life of such a man; but it is only in very recent years that full particulars have been given to the world of his arrest, his judgment and his latest hours.

After the disastrous campaign in France in 1814, in which, if all had fought as well as he, it is not

improbable that his master, Napoleon, would have successfully defended his throne, Marshal Ney was perhaps the one of all his generals who most strongly insisted on the abdication of the great conqueror. In doing this, it is not just to say that he was influenced by selfish motives. He recognised how desperate was the military situation, in the face of the overwhelming hostile armies then in France, and how much the sympathy of the people was alienated from the Empire; and in a letter to Talleyrand he explained that, "in order to spare our dear country the misery of civil war, it was the duty of Frenchmen to embrace the cause of the old line of Kings."

Among many other great functionaries who had served Napoleon, Ney swore allegiance to Louis XVIII., and thoroughly recognised the new order of things. He had been placed in command of the left wing of the Royal army with his head-quarters at Besançon, and when the news came that the exile of Elba had disembarked at Porto Ferrajo he was summoned to the Tuileries. In kissing the King's hand he said, "Sire, I hope to be able to bring him (Napoleon) back in an iron cage." When he arrived at Besançon, his loyalty was still firm, though he was moved by Napoleon's proclamation. "The King ought thus to write," said he. "It is thus that one speaks to soldiers and stirs their feelings." And then, carried away by the brilliant success of his old master's march, he repeated the famous expression, "The eagle with the national colours will fly from steeple to steeple till it rests on the towers of Notre Dame." Well disposed to Louis as he

might however be, he had very small means at his disposal. He had only about 6,000 men with whom to check Napoleon at the head of 14,000. He was left, too, entirely unsupported by the presence of any of the Bourbon House or even of any of its strongest adherents.

There was no one to counteract the charm of Napoleon's presence in the country. The King had failed to gain the affections of the people. In his exile he had "learned nothing and forgotten nothing." The Royal Princes had neither courage, energy, or influence. The Monarchy pusillanimously played its game, and took no active measures to organise its own defence. Ney's own advanced guard went over to the Emperor in a body, and he found himself unable to resist the invader, unable to maintain the power of a King who was preparing to run away, unable to save France from civil war except by accepting the present apparent will of the army and the people. Napoleon clenched the matter and dissolved at once all his old marshal's scruples by writing him a friendly letter, giving him orders as if he was already an adherent, and saying, "I will receive you as on the day following the battle of Moscow." Ney gave way to overmastering conditions. His promises to the King vanished before the idea that, if he kept them, he would give the signal for a struggle between Frenchmen and Frenchmen, and he threw in his lot with the man whom he had formerly served so well. He joined Napoleon, was received as if nothing had happened to disturb their mutual trust and friendship, and during the Hundred Days was again the trusted Paladin of the Imperial army.

We need not here tell of the

prodigies of valour performed by Ney in the short campaign in Belgium, during which he more than maintained his old reputation as "the bravest among the brave"; how at Waterloo, in leading the successive grand attacks by which Napoleon vainly strove to shatter the English line, he had five horses killed under him and his clothes were riddled with bullets, and how to the last he fought as man has seldom fought before. Let us accompany him to Paris whither he followed his defeated master. Now, as under all circumstances, his first thought was for France. An attempt was made in the Chamber of Peers to minimise the results of the late struggle and to provide for carrying on the war. Ney claimed the right to speak and, pointing out how hopeless was the situation, he emphatically and successfully showed that the most patriotic course was to make the best terms possible with a too powerful enemy.

A general amnesty was proclaimed by the Allied Sovereigns to the partizans of Napoleon, but with the second restoration of the Bourbons this was ignored and a list of persons to be tried by courts martial for military treason, or by the civil power for political offences, was drawn up by Fouché, who had become Minister of Police. At the head of the category of proscribed appeared the name of Marshal Ney. Even yet the Government was in so uncertain a condition that arrests could not quickly be made and all the threatened persons had an ample opportunity of leaving the kingdom. Certainly no special measures were taken to secure Ney, and it was not till some days later that he was arrested in Auvergne. It may well be believed that the Bourbons, vindictive as they

might be, felt somewhat nervous and uneasy at the idea of proceeding against him.

A court martial was ordered to assemble for the trial of the great man, accused of having taken an active part in the events of the Hundred Days, and Marshal Moncey was appointed President. This marshal, however, declined the duty, really because he was unwilling to sit in judgment on an old brother in arms, but alleging, as his ostensible reason, that there was some old-standing personal animosity between him and the prisoner. For this unwillingness to carry out Fouché's policy the Minister of Police procured that Moncey was himself condemned to six months' seclusion in a fortress with loss of pay and suspension of rank. Another court martial was convened and, loath though officers were to undertake such a distasteful duty, the example of Moncey secured that there were no refusals. It was thus constituted:—

President.

Marshal Jourdan.

Members.

Marshal Masséna.

Marshal Augereau.

Marshal Mortier.

Lieut.-General Count Gazan.

Lieut.-General Count Claparède.

Lieut.-General Count Villate.

and it assembled on November 9th.

There can be little doubt that if this court martial had carried out the trial, Ney would have been acquitted. The four marshals and two of the generals had been implicated more or less in hostility to the King, and were nearly, if not quite, as culpable as Ney himself. To the astonishment of everybody, however, Ney, on the advice of his counsel, pleaded that the court martial was incompetent to try him, be-

cause the title of a Marshal of France was not a rank in the army alone, but a dignity in the country, and, as holding that position, he could only be tried by the Chamber of Peers. To Ney's sad misfortune, the plea was allowed, for Count Claparède afterwards said that the majority of the court martial had made up their minds to an acquittal. It is nearly certain that Fouché, who wished to destroy Ney, had foreseen this and had arranged his plans so that his victim should come before a tribunal where his conviction was certain. In our own day we have seen the trial of another Marshal of France, Bazaine, by a court martial, and, though we believe there was no alteration of the law, there was then no question of its competence to deal with the matter before it.

The trial proceeded then before the Chamber of Peers and it was conducted with infinite disregard of legal forms. The Chamber refused to discuss the amnesty noted above, which had been proclaimed to all Napoleon's adherents, and in virtue of which Louis XVIII. had regained his capital without continued fierce fighting; it voted in an irregular way and it carried on its proceedings with indecent haste. Ney once again had an opportunity of showing his love for France and his pride in calling himself a Frenchman. His advocate, as a last resource, had brought forward the plea that he could not now be legally tried in France, because, by a recent treaty, the town in which he was born had been separated from the country. The marshal spurned the idea, "A loyal Frenchman he had always been and a Frenchman he would die."

It was a foregone conclusion. Marshal Ney was found guilty

and condemned to be executed on the following morning; a strong recommendation to the Royal mercy had been sent in by some of the Peers who sat in the trial, but so quickly was the sentence carried out that it never reached the Monarch, though it is doubtful whether he would have found it in his heart to give it any attention, unless some other influence had been brought to bear. While the trial was going on, Madame Ney was going from one to the other of all the ministers of foreign powers, imploring them to intervene to save her husband. Especially she visited the Duke of Wellington and conjured him to insist on the compliance with the amnesty signed by his name. Wellington remained coldly deaf to her prayers and refused to interfere. He said "that he was not justified in interfering, because the King had never ratified the convention of July 3rd and because the stipulation to which she referred expressed an amnesty on the part of the great powers only towards all Frenchmen, as regarded their conduct and political opinions." That the Duke, who was then all-powerful, did nothing to save the life of Ney has always been a blot on his great career. He might well have done so, for it had never entered into the mind of anybody that the amnesty did not bind the King. It was proclaimed in his interest, it smoothed his path in returning to the throne, and whether he had ratified it or not, he was in Royal honour bound to observe it minutely. And mercy extended to a hero like Ney, who had always been an honourable enemy, would have been received with the greatest satisfaction among the allied troops then occupying France.

The people, who most bitterly sought his destruction, were min-

isters like Fouché and Talleyrand, whose moral and political tergiversations had been so selfish, numerous and perfidious, and the Royalist officers with which the French army was now filled, who, having had no part in the military glories of the past twenty years were jealous of the Empire's great soldiers, the men who had proved that courage, military capacity and power of leadership were to be found in the lower classes quite as often as among the bearers of the noblest names of France. At a great dinner given by the Captain of the Duc de Berri's guards, while the trial of Ney was going on, there were present many foreigners besides officers of the new *régime*. Some of these Frenchmen had made very abusive and ungenerous remarks about the unfortunate marshal's character and career, much to the disgust of the foreigners. At last these could stand the tone of conversation no longer, and one of them, a Russian, addressing himself to the most violent speaker, said: "I do not know, sir, where you were in 1812, but I can answer for it that you were not with the French army in Russia, for otherwise you would not speak thus of the most marvellous man in that army, of which the *débris* were saved by his heroic courage alone: the man to whom forty thousand of your gallant soldiers perhaps owe their lives. He there gained, in the highest degree, the esteem and admiration of the enemies who fought against him."

We have said that the trial of Marshal Ney was conducted with indecent haste, and the execution of the sentence was equally indecently hurried on. It seemed as if some personal animosity urged to its completion the terrible catastrophe, so as to obviate any chance of influence being em-

ployed to procure mercy or of such a popular demonstration being made in Ney's favour as would make it impossible to carry out the sentence of death. And of this animosity there could be no doubt on the part of Fouché and Talleyrand and perhaps the King himself. Napoleon had been sent to a living death at St. Helena and, having managed to secure one of his best lieutenants as a victim, they did not intend to allow the prey to escape from their grasp.

Ney was condemned to death by the Chamber of Peers on December 7th, and orders were immediately given that the sentence should be carried out on the following morning. The Count Rochecouart, Commandant de Place at Paris, was directed to take over the custody of the prisoner, who was lodged at the Luxembourg Palace, and very detailed instructions were given to him as to providing for the marshal's safe keeping and almost complete seclusion. By order of the King, Ney was to be allowed interviews with three persons only, his wife, his notary, and his confessor. Rochecouart was a Royalist officer who, during Napoleon's reign, had served with credit in the Russian army. He was a gentleman and soldier in feeling, and though he carried out his orders strictly, he performed a duty most painful and distasteful to himself, with all sympathy and consideration for the doomed man. When he entered the room where Ney was confined, in order to read the letter telling him with what persons interviews were allowed, he found the Marshal guarded by two horse grenadiers of the guard. After the Royal instructions had been read, Ney said "I will first confer with my notary, afterwards I will see my wife and children ;

as to a confessor, let me be left quiet ; I have no need of the priesthood." At these last words one of the two grenadiers stood up and said "You are wrong, marshal," then, showing his arm covered with the chevrons of long service, he added "I am not as illustrious as you, but I, too, am an old soldier. Well, I have never gone under fire so boldly as when I have first recommended my soul to God." These words, pronounced by the gigantic grenadier in an agitated and solemn voice, appeared to make a deep impression on the marshal, who, going up to the man, patted him on the shoulder and said with feeling, "Perhaps you are right, *mon brave* : it is good advice that you give." He then asked what priest could be summoned, and when he was told that he was now in the parish of the curé of Saint Sulpice, he said "Beg him to come ; I will see him after my wife." The old soldier's advice had been heard.

The interview with the notary was short, and it is probable that Ney had long before given to him all necessary instructions. Then Madame Ney and his three children were brought to him and they remained more than an hour. Rochecouart had the good feeling to move the two sentries outside the room while his family was with the man so soon to be taken from them. Ney himself was obliged to end the heartrending scene, and could only prevail upon his wife to go by promising to see her again. Alas ! He knew well that they would meet on earth no more.

Then came the curé, who also remained for an hour, and promised to return before the fatal moment arrived. The night was now far advanced and Marshal Ney threw himself, dressed as he was, upon

his bed and fell into a tranquil sleep. Surely no one ever more calmly and composedly awaited the coming of a cruel death.

The selection of an officer to command the firing party was a matter of anxiety to Rochechouart. It was no light matter to be the executioner of so important a man, and the duty demanded a coolness and firmness that could not everywhere be found. The choice fell upon the chef de battalion Saint Bias, a Piedmontese by birth, and it was felt to be well that a man who was not a Frenchman should have to do that which no Frenchman could do without acutest pain and sorrow. The firing party itself was to be made up of four sergeants, four corporals, and four privates of the veteran battalion, and they were to be formed into two ranks for their terrible task. The hour for the execution was named as nine in the morning, too early for an undesirably large crowd of spectators to be attracted, and yet sufficiently late to ensure that a certain number would be on the ground.

About a quarter past eight in the morning of December 8th the curé of Saint Sulpice returned and was requested to announce to Ney that his last hour was come. As soon as he entered the room the marshal sprang up, saying, "Ah, monsieur le curé, I understand you. I am quite ready." He knelt, received absolution and then descended the stairs with unmoved bearing, in strong contrast to the priest, who was trembling with the emotion that he felt at a time so full of sorrow. At the Luxembourg gate a common *fiacre* was ready to convey him to his place of death, and as he issued into the gloom of an inclement December morning, he said smilingly, "What a disagreeable day!" Then, turning to the curé, who

had stood aside to allow him first to enter the carriage, "Get in, monsieur le curé, very soon it will be I who will pass in front of you." Two officers of gendarmerie accompanied him, and, surrounded by a strong escort, the *fiacre* moved slowly away. It was an intense relief to the officers who were on duty, that he did not appear in uniform, but wore civilian's clothes without decorations; no man could have had the hardihood to degrade "the bravest among the brave" by tearing off buttons, epaulettes and marks of glorious service, and yet such would have been the demand of the law.

It had been expected by everyone that the execution would take place on the plain of Grenelle, where military capital punishments were generally carried out; but the police had heard that there would probably be an attempt at a rescue. At the last moment therefore, orders arrived that Marshal Ney was to be shot in the Avenue de l'Observatoire, a few hundred yards only from the Luxembourg. When the *cortège* halted, after passing over this short distance, Ney was astonished and said, "What! arrived already?" The carriage door was opened and he stepped out. He refused to kneel or allow his eyes to be bandaged, and asked Commandant Saint Bias to point out to him where he should stand. He walked steadily to the spot and faced the men of the peloton who were formed up with their muskets at the "ready." Then standing in a noble, calm, and dignified attitude, without the smallest taint of bravado, he took off his hat, and in the moment before the signal to fire was given, he cried, "Frenchmen! I protest against my sentence. My honour——" His words were cut

short by the volley and he fell—struck dead. A long roll on the drums and a cry of “Vive le Roi!” from the troops on parade closed the grimly dismal ceremony.

A death so dignified, so calmly and bravely met failed not to make a deep impression on the spectators. Rochechouart turned to the Colonel of Grenadiers beside him, who with him deplored the fate of France's bravest son, and said, “There, my friend, there is an example to teach us how to die!”

That Ney's execution was looked upon with horror by the allied Sovereigns is certain and if time had been given it is more than probable that they would have effectively remonstrated against it. No one heard of it with more sorrow than the noble-minded Alexander of Russia, and this he showed in a very marked way. It came to his ears that a certain general in his service, of Dutch extraction, had keenly followed the trial and had allowed his curiosity to carry him so far as to lead him to be present in the Avenue de l'Observatoire. The Emperor sent for the man and said, “Give thanks to God that you are not a Russian, for, if you had been, I would at once have reduced you to a private soldier. You are a foreigner. I expel you from my service. At once take

off the Russian uniform whose honour you have compromised, and never again set foot in Russia.”

And even the Bourbons came to feel sorrow for their merciless severity, when, after a time, they realised what manner of man he was that they had taken from France. At the time of his death, Ney's name was a proverb in the army, and some of the people knew him for such a hero as any nation should be proud to claim, but in those days, when there were few newspapers, few letters and few means of communication, military renown and the glory of patriotic service did not spread far, and the Bourbons who had been out of France for many years had probably but a vague notion of the great deeds that had made the French nation so long supreme in continental Europe. Ségur was the first historian to chronicle, some few years later, the great wars in full, and this he did with a brilliancy and eloquence that have seldom been equalled. It is said that the Dauphiness, when in his pages she read the story of Ney's conduct during the retreat from Moscow, cried out, “Good God! Why were we ignorant of all this! What heroism! Why did not Monsieur de Ségur publish his book sooner? He would have saved the life of Marshal Ney!”

C. STEIN.

At the Wall.

ALL is over. Bear him slowly ;

Gently lift the lifeless clay :

Tread the spot of turf, as holy,

Where a soul has passed away—

Here to-day.

Press the sods to green, where reddened

Hoof-prints scarred upon the course ;

Each sharp sign to dim and deaden,

Where they struck with maddened force ;

Man and horse.

Loose the girth and strip the bridle
Lightly from the fallen steed :
They may rot and moulder idle
Now, for these that have no need
Of their speed.

Question we not mutely, dumbly,
Eye to eye thus. All is said ;
All that may be. Only humbly
Bend with bared and reverent head
O'er the dead.

Draw the cap of earth-stained crimson—
Hiding pain and passion's trace—
O'er those features, where the dim sun
Seems to leave a tired grace
In their place.

Tenderly, while daylight lingers,
Place the whip he plied in vain
By that hand, whose clenching fingers
Close on trigger, foil or rein
Not again.

Him the bugle's clear *reveille*
Shall not hasten nor deter ;
Clash of sword and noise of *mêlée*,
Clang of stirrup, ring of spur,
Shall not stir.

Stilled for him the wild view-holloa ;
Neigh of horse and cry of hound :
Trumpet-call we cheer and follow,
Shall not break the slumber sound
He has found.

Heaving sea his heart shall gladden
Nevermore ; nor kiss of spray
Flush the cheek, the pulses madden,
As the cutter cleaves her way
O'er the bay.

Sweet remembrance of light laughter,
Mirth and music, song and wine,
Lighted lamp and starlight after,
Youth and hope and bold design
Here recline.

Leaves he friend or foe or lover ?
Not for us to penetrate :
This we know, the daisies cover
Tears and laughter, love and hate,
Soon or late.

Comrades mine and his, who share in
Joys of pastime perilous,
War and love and toil,—say wherein
Is Fate sterner, ending thus—
Or to us ?

Englishwomen and their Sports and Games.

PART II.

DAME BERNERS AND "THE BOKE OF ST. ALBANS."

At the close of my first article I promised to say a few words this month about Dame Juliana Berners, who compiled our earliest printed book on Hawking, Hunting, and Heraldry. This volume is divided into four parts, and each part or essay has the spirit of feudalism in a very peculiar and rare degree. The language, the phraseology, the style, is uniform in its peculiarities, showing that the subject-matter of the whole book passed through the alembic of the same compiler's mind. This is important, because some theorists of our time have said that Dame Juliana wrote merely the twenty-three pages of verse on the art of hunting. Sir Walter Scott knew better.

My authoress lived in the fifteenth century, and the family to which she belonged had three surnames—a small number in those days. Wynkyn de Worde, who printed the "Boke of St. Albans," had more than twice as many; and in times very much later than his, when Milton was spelling dog with two g's, Herrick's name was written also Hearicke, Heyricke, Erick, and Eyrick. In like manner, the family of Berners had its own innocent and useless *aliases*, Barnes and Bernes. It was an Essex family, having its seat at Roding Berners, where its feudal authority extended over several estates, one of which was called the Manor of *Berneston*, and thus we may suppose that the names Bernes and Berners had a territorial origin. Out of this family, in after years, came the well-known Lord Barnes or Ber-

ners, who translated Froissart's *Chronicles*; he died in 1533.

When we meet with Juliana for the first time, she is introduced to us as Dam Julyans Barnes. It is a curious name, very tempting to anyone who would condemn its owner to "dust and damned oblivion." We find it in the original edition of the "Boke of St. Albans" (1486), at the end of the rhymed treatise on the chase:—

"Explicit Dam Julyans Barnes in her boke of Huntynge."

But I shall be told, perhaps, that the word Dam, a relic of the thirteenth century, was probably a misprint for either Dan or Dom., as gentlemen in the fifteenth century did not employ it when speaking of a lady. This thought may have occurred to the first readers of the book, for the volume issued from the press in St. Alban's Abbey, where a monk named Julyans Barnes would have been known as Dom. Julyans Barnes. For this reason, and no other, I wish to draw particular attention to the following line, which occurs in the book's second edition, printed at Westminster in 1496:—

"Explicit DAME Julyans Bernes doctryne in her boke of Huntynge."

This change in the colophon was made by Wynkyn de Worde, Caxton's successor in house and business, and a contemporary of the Dame's earliest biographer, John Bale, Bishop of Ossory, who was born at Cove, in Suffolk, when the "Boke of St. Albans" was only nine years old. Bale's

account of Juliana is written in Latin; translated it runs thus:—

"She was an illustrious lady, abundantly gifted, and charming in the elegance of her mien. Among the many solaces of human life she held the sports of the field in the highest estimation. This heroic woman saw that they were exercises for noble men after wars, after the administration of justice and the concerns of State. She had heard, perhaps, that Ulysses instituted such diversions after the conquest of Troy, and that they received Plato's commendation, as the sources of renewed enjoyment to those who suffered, either from domestic calamities or the scars of war. These arts, therefore, this ingenious woman was desirous to convey in her writings, as the first elements of nobility, believing that brave young men of honour would cultivate them to guard against vain sloth She wrote in her native tongue on the Art of Hawking, on the Art of Hunting, on the Laws of Arms; and she is said to have put forth a small work on fishing. She was alive in the year of our Lord 1460, in the reign of Henry VI."

The small work on fishing mentioned by Bale appeared in the second edition of the "*Boke of St. Albans*." From it I have taken the quaint woodcut which adds so much interest to this article. It is a fine treatise, a worthy forerunner of the "*Compleat Angler*;" and we know that Walton got many hints from its pages. That Bale's contemporaries should have given it to Dame Juliana does not surprise me in the least, for the essay is nothing if not womanly in its tone of thought. We no longer feel that Juliana is writing at second-hand for men,

taking her subject matter from such old manuscripts as the "*Venerie de Twecy*" of the time of Edward II. The sport of which she speaks now is her own favourite sport, and she says:—"Me were loath to write more than I know and have proved." Only fishing with an angle suits her, "for all other manners of fishing are laborious and grievous, often making folks full wet and cold, which many times hath been cause of great infirmities." There are many passages of a piece with this, all marked by a timorousness which no Englishman of the warlike fifteenth century would have dared to express. And there are touches of womanly sympathy, and the Dame is very ill at ease whenever her subject brings her in contact with a man's handicraft, as in the making of a rod. Can we wonder, then, that Bale's contemporaries should have given the treatise to Dame Juliana?

For the rest, Bale is a good witness. He lived when the "*Boke of St. Albans*" was new and very popular; he had nothing to gain by telling lies about the authoress, and his testimony cannot be shaken.

Bale died in 1563, just twelve years before the birth of the Dame's second biographer. I am referring to William Burton (1575-1645), the historian of Leicestershire, and the elder brother of Robert Burton, whose "*Anatomy of Melancholy*" was a friend to Milton, and to Dr. Johnson, to Byron, to Charles Lamb. Both brothers were interested in Juliana Berners, for Robert employed her words when he wished to do justice to the lesser joys of angling. As for William, his remarks on Juliana's life and parentage were found in his own copy of the *Boke of St. Albans*. Here they are:—

"This booke was made by the Lady Julian Berners, daughter of Sir James Berners, of Berners Roding, in Essex, knight, and sister to Richard Lord Berners. She was Lady Prioress of Sop-

Burton would deceive himself wittingly. His aim was to remind himself of certain things relating to the first authoress born and bred in England, whose volume had been re-published at



WOODCUT FROM DAME BERNERS' "TREATISE ON FISHING WITH AN ANGLE."

well, a nunnery neere St. Albons, in wch Abby of St. Albons this was printed 1486, 2 H. 7. She was living 1460, 39 H. 6, according to John Bale."

There is no hesitation in this note, and we cannot suppose that

least fifteen times, not to speak of eleven separate reprints of the fishing treatise. It is true that Bale, who was Burton's predecessor, spoke neither of Sir James Berners nor of Sopwell Nunnery. Much has been made of this fact

by several writers of to-day. Yet we, who know so little about Shakspeare's personal history, cannot possibly regard Bale's silence as a proof of Burton's untrustworthiness. As well might we say that Juliana was a founding, because Bale said nothing about her parents.

The truth is that Bale merely followed the bent of his mind, and, being a thorough-going moralist, he devoted four-fifths of his remarks to Juliana's estimate of the moral value of field sports to men. As for Burton, he "was one whose natural geny" led him "to the studies of heraldry . . . and genealogies" (Wood, *Ath. Oxon.*, vol. ii.); and thus we know why his thoughts were given to Juliana's parentage. In his time, moreover, several offshoots of the Berners family were still living, so we cannot say that Burton had no means of ascertaining whether the authoress belonged to the same feudal house that gave England an excellent translator of Froissart.

The rest of Burton's note reminds me that some critics of our time have refused to enter a nunnery with Dame Berners. For my part, I go where common-sense leads me. A prioress, I admit, does not fascinate me at all, her nature seems so cloistral, a mere petrification of prayers said mechanically; and hence I should like to get my heroine out of Sopwell. This would be to me a pleasant exploit in biographical knight-errantry. But although I have tried my best to make it a real exploit, all my "Museum headaches" have been borne without recompense. They haven't won for me even a life-ticket of admittance to the reading room. Their only result is my firm belief that the evidence of William Burton is unassailable.

The records of Sopwell were so dispersed when the religious houses were pillaged, that very little is to be learnt about the prioresses who ruled over the convent.

There is a gap in the enumeration even of those who reigned during the fifteenth century. Letitia Wyttenham was prioress from the sixth of Henry IV. (1405) to 1426. Four years later, in 1430, Matilda de Flamstead died, aged 81 and 8 weeks. Thence we jump at a bound to the year 1481, when Joan Chappelle was deposed. We know not when Joan was elected, but it has been contended, more or less expressly, that she held office from 1430 to 1481, simply because she was set aside on account of her age.

This argument, however, is very weak, since the honour of governing a mediæval convent was not infrequently conferred on the aged. For instance, a year before Joan Chappelle lost her dignity, a prioress was deposed in the Hospital of St. Mary des Prez, another convent at St. Albans; and this prioress, the Lady Elizabeth Baroune, had reigned only ten years. The reason given drew attention to her "old age," to "the infirmities of her body," and to their "inconveniences." So, on the 4th April, 1480, Alice Wafer took her place, but only to make way the same year for Christina Basset, whose authority, in 1489, passed into the hands of Elena Germyn. With these examples of short reigns before us, we cannot assume that Joan Chappelle's term of office lasted fifty-one years, bridging the gap between 1430 and 1481.

I feel, then, that Burton's testimony is not damaged by the imperfect knowledge we have of the history of Sopwell in the fifteenth

century; and it is partly for this reason, and partly because old Chauncy, in his "Hertfordshire," gives what seems to be independent evidence to the same effect, that I place Dame Berners among the predecessors of Joan Chappelle.

Yet a convent does seem a queer place of retreat for our Di Vernon of the pen. We wonder why she took the veil, becoming as one dead to her own kinsfolk. Had she no feudal ambitions—no desire to be mentioned by the heralds, no wish to become the mother of brave young soldiers? These questions are best answered by considering the sorrows that fell upon her family. Sir James Berners, favourite of Richard II., was beheaded in 1308 as a supposed enemy to the public weal. It was thus that Juliana lost her father. As to her mother, she soon married again, taking for her second husband Sir Roger Clarendon, knight, a natural son of Edward, Prince of Wales. When Juliana thought of all this, had she not some excuse for thinking that true happiness was to be found more easily in a convent than in a world where political strife ran riot everywhere, slaying fathers and dethroning a king?

Here, however, one more question arises. Could a nun be a sportswoman? She could certainly fish, for the discipline of fast days and the necessity of keeping the "stew" well stocked were matters of important consideration; and a sparkling little stream, the Ver, running almost at the foot of Sopwell Nunnery, was gay with the plash of trout. As the convent was subject to the Abbey of St. Alban, the rougher sports of the field may have been forbidden; for I find that one abbot protested against

such sports, telling the prior and the brethren at Redburne that they were not to hunt, and that they must immediately give up the exercise of jumping their neighbours' hedges. I do not think, however, that Juliana Berners had any wish to become "a sporting parson in petticoats." She was a timid woman, as her treatise on fishing tells us. But, like all women, she believed that men and boys should be brave, and we have learnt from Bale how anxious she was to guard the youth of England from "vain sloth." This is why she wrote on hawking and hunting, and other subjects of worldly interest in the Scriptorium of a mediæval convent.

We know already that Juliana was alive in 1460. The date of her birth is not known. But let us suppose that she was born in 1377, eleven years before her father's disgrace and execution. Richard II. had just come to the throne. Keep this fact in your mind, and think of all the national events that happened during our heroine's long life. You will think of Richard II.'s reign, then of Henry IV.'s; you will next call up to recollection the heroic days of Agincourt; then come the wondrous achievements of the Maid of Orleans; and onwards your thoughts go till they reach the 22nd of May, 1455, when the nuns in Sopwell heard the Yorkists and Lancastrians meet in their first crash of battle. It is thus that Juliana's life should be clothed and charmed with a thousand interests, all varied.

I cannot leave my subject without saying a few words to Mr. Bernard Quaritch, who has long been trying to prove that Juliana Berners is unworthy of any attention. You will find his remarks in his "General Catalogue,"

vol. ii., p. 840. Mr. Quaritch has a theory in his mind, and is free to unfold it in the way which seems best to him. He begins by saying that the rhymed treatise on the chase is written in the form of a lesson, in the course of which a dame speaks to her pupils very endearingly, calling them her "sonnys" and her "lief chyldre." Well, who were these children? Was the treatise put together that gentlewomen might teach their sons the art and language of hunting, to be ignorant of which was to be without one of the distinguishing marks of good birth and good breeding? Mr. Quaritch thinks not. The verses were written, says he, "not for scions of the aristocracy, but for simple foresters who aided in the chase," and whose proper school (mark this!) was active experience in the fields and forests. Then Mr. Quaritch continues thus:—

"We may go much further, and question the very existence of the lady, except as a personification of the *Domus Juliani*, or St. Julian's Hospital near St. Alban's. Her book is the Barnes' book of Hunting . . . and is simply a work of rhymed instructions from a supposed schoolmistress (Dame) to her *Barns*, or school-children . . ."

Now, as the chase was put under the protection of St. Hubert, and not under that of St. Julian, we naturally ask ourselves why the *Domus Juliani* should have been a sporting school for simple foresters. With this question in mind, we go in search of information, and we soon learn from Cussan, Newcome, Dugdale, and the records of St. Alban's Abbey, that the *Domus Juliani* was—a leper hospital! Yes, and it was a small monastery as well, since no fewer than five priests attended

to the needs of six leprous brothers. Such was its character throughout the whole of Juliana's life; it never became a school. No "supposed schoolmistress" ever taught there, and its lepers and its priests were not "simple foresters who aided in the chase." Nevertheless, we can all admire the unexpected notion, so Gilbertian in its whimsicality, that an age of ignorance and of terrible civil war encouraged a kind of sporting college for rude yeomen. We may yet be told that the fifteenth century, in addition to having studious simple foresters who could not read, had also its gallant Peace Society and its anti-vaccinationists.

Here I bring this short paper to a close. Owing to the limits of my space—and no one can plant a thorn-bush in a thimble—I have left many things unsaid, but it will give me pleasure to reply to any questions addressed to me by post. Every sportsman, again, should study the reprints of Juliana's writings that Mr. Elliot Stock published in 1880 and 1881. These reprints, I regret to say, are nothing more than reproductions in facsimile, so that their obsolete forms of spelling, like the blurred print and the punctuation, are very troublesome to ninety-nine persons in a hundred. Still more important is the fact that the reprint of 1881 contains some misleading prefatory chapters, in which the late Mr. William Blades still lives to theorise at random, filling his poor paragraphs with absurd dogmatisms, provable misstatements, and self-contradictory sentences. What we need, therefore, is a new and modernised edition of the "Boke of St. Albans," edited carefully and with sympathy. Meanwhile, however, we must struggle through the reprints we

have, remembering always that Haselwood's (1810) is by far the best; and let it never be forgotten that Dame Berners, like her great contemporary, Christine de Pisan, compiled noble essays, essays full

of life, that would be read with interest hundreds of years after the fierce midwifery of civil war had brought forth a better type of civilisation.

WALTER SHAW SPARROW.

The Preservation of African Game.

THE statement made in Parliament by the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, that it is proposed to hold in the spring an International Conference to consider what steps can be taken to prevent the extinction of rare animals and birds in Africa, has been welcomed by sportsmen and naturalists alike. The preservation of the remnant of those species which have been hunted to the verge of extermination is a subject which has occupied the attention of many who are interested in African sport. In 1895, Major A. St. H. Gibbons, who is now exploring the watersheds of the Zambesi and Congo, organised a scheme with the object of conserving certain species of game in South Africa by means of an extensive enclosed park. A committee was formed to work out the details, a grant of land was promised by Mr. Cecil Rhodes, and everything promised well for the establishment of the preserve, when disturbances in the new country compelled the shelving of the scheme which, for various unavoidable reasons, has not yet been revived.

It is perhaps well that the plans of the "South Africa Game Preservation Society" should have been thus set aside. It proposed to do for a limited area what the true interests of sport and zoology require should be

done for the whole continent; and while its direct purpose of preserving rare antelope and other species within a fenced park of some 100,000 acres, more or less, would doubtless have succeeded, it is open to question whether it would have been financially possible for a private corporation to carry out the scheme on a self-supporting basis. The task of preserving from extinction the remains of persecuted species is one that properly devolves upon Governments, and in this case can only be carried out by the combined action of the Powers which hold a stake in the country. The local authorities in the British Central and British East African Protectorates took measures in 1897 to check the slaughter of certain species by a system of shooting licences: in either Protectorate slaughter of the elephant, giraffe and rhinoceros, and in the first-named the gnu, was prohibited to all save holders of a licence costing £25. In British Central Africa (Nyassaland) this licence makes the purchaser free of all shooting grounds, and allows him to kill all game, save on specified reserves or sanctuaries; in British East Africa it gives him the right to kill two of each of the three species named, and that within twelve months only of the date upon the licence.

How the licence system has

answered we do not know, nor can we hope to be able to form any opinion of its efficacy on the strength of about eighteen months' practical working. Such regulations are easier to frame than to carry into effect, and it is obvious that to unscrupulous men evasion is not difficult in a wild country where officials, whose presence might be a deterrent, are few and far between.

It is the elephant whose preservation is the first anxiety of those interested in African fauna, and in his case there is something less of difficulty than is presented by other species whose slaughter involves no pecuniary profit. If the International Conference decide to give universal application to the clauses now embodied in the Game Regulations of British East Africa, they will take a step in the right direction. Mindful of the fact that ninety-five elephants out of a hundred are killed for ivory, the framers of those regulations forbade the killing of cow elephants altogether, and made all cow ivory and tusks weighing under ten pounds liable to confiscation. The experienced man can make a very tolerable guess at sight concerning the weight of the tusks carried by an elephant within sporting range, and the knowledge that cow ivory and small tusks are unmarketable, would go far to protect females and immature males from the rifles of the ivory-hunting majority.

The task of preserving other species is one of greater difficulty, and if seriously taken in hand it would seem that the only feasible method is adoption of the system of Reserves. In British East Africa the whole of the Kenia district, save for a radius of ten miles round the station at Kikuyu is reserved; in British Central Africa two extensive tracts, one

between the Shiré and Ruwenzori rivers, and the other on Lake Chilwa, are reserved. The value of the "sanctuary" thus closed to all shooting has been well shown by the fact that the "Elephant Marsh Reserve" on the Shiré became again the resort of a herd after the tract was closed to sportsmen, whereas no wild elephant had been known in the locality for eight years preceding.

If we take it for granted that the "sanctuary" system is the only one from which any tangible results can be expected, we face a new difficulty. Happily there is ample space in Africa, north of the Zambesi at all events, for colonial expansion and the reservation of suitable tracts of country for game; but it goes without saying that as the country becomes settled and more populous, the interests of game and cultivation must clash. We had an example of this only last year in South Africa. For many years past there had existed near Durban the one small solitary herd of hippopotami which, saving a few in Zululand, represented the species in South Africa. This herd, since 1891, had been preserved, as it deserved to be, in the interests of zoological science, but as time went on, the lands in the vicinity were taken up by capitalists, and brought under cultivation. The sugar plantations, however, marched with the River Umgeni, in a lagoon of which that herd of hippopotami flourished. The sea cows found out the plantations, and learned that sugar cane was good. A dozen hippos in a single night, as can well be imagined, wreak havoc over a large area. The owners of the plantation could not maintain a Government herd of hippos at their own expense, and they petitioned for the erec-

tion of a fence, to keep off the marauders they might not shoot. The Government lent ear to the petition, found that a hippo-proof fence would cost £750 of the public money, and sorrowfully refused the outlay. The authorities then found themselves confronted with the inevitable question:— Shall we sacrifice these planters, payers of taxes, employers of labour, pioneers of civilisation and commerce, or must we sacrifice our cherished hippopotami, the last living relics of the times that have been? There could be but one answer, and early in 1898 the herd was exterminated.

The sad case of the Natal hippos shows the difficulty of developing a new country and of preserving its distinctive fauna at one and the same time. The latter must give way, and the only feasible method of contenting the claims of zoology is by maintaining representatives of the species in large captivity. How long a species like the hippo or rhinoceros might endure under such conditions it is hard to suggest: the numbers must necessarily be restricted, and we know that when a species is reduced below a certain numerical strength extinction follows in obedience to the workings of a natural law. Nevertheless the evil day may be postponed by the timely establishment of game parks, reserves or sanctuaries, as you please to call them, on a large scale in judiciously chosen districts. That the areas for reservation must be selected with peculiar care will be apparent from the number and variety of species it may be considered desirable to protect. This is the list of game included in Schedule II. of the British Central African Game Regulations; the first four species may be shot only by the holder of the £25 licence; for the

others a £3 licence only is required.

Elephant, rhinoceros, giraffe, gnu or wildebeest, zebra, wart-hog, bush-pig and buffalo; *antelope*:—eland, koodoo, sitatunga, inyala, bush-buck, duiker, oribi, Sharpe's antelope, kleinspringer, reed buck, pookoo, Senga pookoo, lechwe, Crawshay's cobus, waterbuck, impala, hartebeest, tsesébe, sable and roan antelope.

Major Gibbon's scheme, contemplating a fenced park, did not touch such heavy game as elephant, rhino and buffalo; his list of antelope numbered thirty-one species, including all of those in the foregoing list which are found south of the Zambesi.

Assuming, therefore, that a reserve in any part of the Continent must provide suitable quarters for between twenty and thirty species of game, many of them differing widely from others in their way of life and choice of habitat, it will be admitted that the ideal tract required as a sanctuary is not to be found everywhere. It must embrace every variety of country from stone kopje to marsh-land; meadow, bush, park, heavy jungle and hill and vale. The essentials are only to be found by chance within an area of reasonable dimensions, and where found must be appropriated at once with the natural stock of game. The demarcation of such proclaimed reserves would be a simple matter so far as law-abiding European sportsmen are concerned: small boundary pillars placed at intervals would suffice to warn these, but the enterprise of less reputable white hunters and natives could only be checked by the attachment of a staff of native boundary riders whose business would be to keep trespassers out and game, as far as might be, in. Where the chosen sanctuary were furnished with natural boundaries in the shape of streams—like "the Elephant Marsh" in British Central Africa, which lies in the fork of

Shiré and its confluent the Ruo river—the work of guarding the game would be immensely simplified. In less favoured sanctuaries it might be found advantageous to create all round the reserve proper a “neutral belt” of perhaps three miles in width, whereon neither shooting nor cultivation should be permitted. In the absence of fencing, which is impossible on the score of expense, and not wholly desirable as calculated to keep out welcome refugees from persecution, this neutral zone would serve a valuable purpose in keeping zoological and agricultural interests literally apart. It will be many generations ere the value of land in regions where game is now plentiful reaches a level which would render the liberal allotment of lands for this purpose a matter for consideration from the economic standpoint, and it would be well to establish the Reserves while the needful space may be had for the taking. What the International Conference would have to do were the Reserve system adopted is to agree concerning the species to be preserved in various localities, and to agree that any Reserve, by whatever Power created, is to be respected by the subjects of all.

That the Game Park system answers its purpose of preserving from extinction animals that would otherwise have perished from the face of the earth, we have abundant proof in the United States. In the Yellowstone Park, Wyoming, we have a splendid example of the game preserve on a gigantic scale. True, the administration of the Park is not perfect, and every Fall sees poachers at work among the bison still to be found there; but as a game reserve, the tract so wisely set aside by the States Legislature is admirably chosen, affording lands of every

description required by the animals inhabiting it. In a valley in Western Montana, the late Mr. Charles Allard, in 1879, located a herd of bison, now said to number 250 individuals, and, therefore, the largest in existence. This herd serves our purpose as an illustration of the comparatively restricted unfenced park. The spot was evidently well selected, for the herd has now been in existence for twenty years, and there appears to be no difficulty in keeping the bison within the desired limits. In New Hampshire, Mr. Austin Corbin, some years ago, established a park of 26,000 acres, which he fenced with barbed wire, and stocked with bison, moose, and other game. This park has been in existence, we believe, for some ten years, and in this area—small by comparison with the tracts desirable for preservation in Africa—the several species confined breed freely and thrive.

If it were possible to achieve the end desired by regulations limiting the number of head any traveller or sportsman might kill in a specified time, that unquestionably would be the simplest method of saving the threatened species of African game from extermination; but he were sanguine who believed that fear of fine would stay pressure of finger on trigger when a good trophy offered, or when followers clamoured for meat, and there was nobody within, it might be, a month's march to “tell.” Laws that cannot be enforced are worse than useless, and we firmly believe that if the “vanishing fauna” of Africa are to be saved, their salvation is to be found in reserves which can be guarded, and not through regulations which cannot be enforced.

C.

Some Breeding-Stud Reminiscences.

FROM the tables of their memory, many of those, no doubt, who have bred thoroughbred stock would like to wipe away sundry "trivial fond records," while others, though they may have achieved no pecuniary success, look back with pleasure upon the hours spent in pursuit of their hobby, for to anyone with the taste for it, and the patience requisite, nothing is more fascinating than the rearing of live stock, and the production of the thoroughbred horse stands out as one of the enterprises undertaken by many of our greatest men.

The first volume of the "General Stud Book" gives us some idea of the extent to which racehorse breeding was carried out in quite early days, and it will be noticed that, so far as identification is possible, the breeders were already in possession of acres more or less broad before they ever entertained the idea of breeding a blood horse; there are comparatively few instances of early breeding studs, using the word in a wide sense, having been established on hired premises, while the establishment of a stud farm for the purposes of breeding to sell never entered the head of any ancient sportsmen. They bred to race, though, of course, as we know, a good many horses were sold into other hands.

The eccentric Mr. Panton, who spent a long life in racing at Newmarket, and in keeping a pack of foxhounds which hunted the surrounding country, had a breeding stud on his property prior to 1756, in which year he bred Julia, by Blank, in whose veins ran the very best blood of the time, and this mare, when she was seven years old, was sold to

the Duke of Grafton, and joined his stud at Euston Hall. Among Julia's progeny was a filly named Promise, and from Promise came Prunella, Highflyer being the sire, and Prunella bred no fewer than eleven good horses, to which names were given by the Duke which all began with the letter "P," and the purchase of Julia turned out the most fortunate for the Duke of Grafton, who made something like £100,000 by the family. The Euston stud was for a long time in existence. At Eaton Hall, too, the breeding of the racehorse has been carried on through a long series of years, and there was reared Touchstone, a horse considered by John Scott to be a very difficult horse to train because he was so subject to bad bilious attacks.

From 1839 to 1860 inclusive, Touchstone got 219 colts and 196 fillies, a total of 415, which gives an average of about twenty foals a year. He commenced his stud career in 1839 at Moor Park, near Rickmansworth, one of the Marquis of Westminster's seats, where he was advertised to cover forty mares besides his owner's at thirty guineas each, the same fee as that asked for Bay Middleton, and this sum was surpassed only by the fifty guineas of Emilius. At Moor Park Touchstone remained until after the season of 1842, when he joined Pantaloon at Eaton Hall, and just afterwards his fee was raised to forty guineas, and it was the highest in the stud; but owing to the indifferent success that attended his stock in 1845, his fee was in 1846 reduced to thirty guineas, the original amount. From 1841 to 1860 inclusive, Touchstone got 323 winners, who won 702½ races

of the value of £215,792. The Derby was won thrice by his sons, Cotherstone, Orlando and Surplice, and four times by his grandsons, Teddington, West Australian, Beadsman and Musjid; his daughter Mendicant won the Oaks, as did his granddaughters Iris and Marchioness, while the St. Leger fell half-a-dozen times to members of his family—his daughter Blue Bonnet, his sons Surplice and Newminster, his grand-daughter Imperieuse, and his grandsons West Australian and Gamester.

Another notable private breeding stud was that of Mr. Watt, of Bishop Burton, whose death in 1855 followed quickly on that of Richard Tilburn, Sir Henry Boynton, who more than half a century before led "Mrs. Thornton's" mare to the post in her race against Mr. Flint.

Mr. Watt began racing and breeding early in the century (about 1804), and for upwards of forty-five years his harlequin colours were tolerably familiar on northern racecourses, but his most successful period was between 1813 and 1833. When Mr. Watt first raced against the Prince of Wales, Lord Fitzwilliam, the Duke of Hamilton, Lord Strathmore, and others of the day, Sir Peter was at the top of the list of sires. In 1812 Mr. Watt purchased from Mr. Hewett his stud, which contained Mandane, Manuella, Altisidora, Petuaria, &c., for a large sum.

Blacklock, too, belonged to Mr. Watt. His dam was bought by Mr. More, of York, for the ridiculous sum of three sovereigns, and her colt Blacklock was sold to Mr. Watt for 400 guineas. When his skeleton came to be preserved it was seen that he had not the best of forelegs, but the framework was preserved at

Bishop Burton, together with sundry Gold Cups and other trophies won by the horse. Blacklock, who died suddenly in 1831, was hated by Dr. Shorthouse, but his blood has done no little good to racehorses in general, and in 1813 he brought out the famous Tramp, which he bred in 1810, while Altisidora who, if not supreme on the Turf, turned out a very valuable brood mare; and in many ways the Bishop Burton stud was a notable collection, and a complete history of it would be, to a very great extent, the history of Yorkshire racing, for Mr. Watt seldom raced away from his native county until quite in his later years, when he had a horse or two trained at Newmarket, while at Epsom he started one horse only during his somewhat lengthy Turf career.

Mr. Jaques possessed—he inherited part of it—a very large private stud, which first came into being under his father, who bought the Easby property from the Cuthbert Johnson family, in 1816, at the price of £45,000, more than double the price given for it in 1788. Easby was a place of much historic interest, and when bought was not tithe free, from an understanding that the title deeds had gone to France at the time of the Revolution; but Lord Tenterden's Act made it tithe free, because no claimant appeared to make good his title within three years of the claiming thereof. Mr. Jaques, senior, began racing with the century, his first brood mare being the Star mare, the dam of Agatha, whose first foal was Frailty, who was the dam of Cyprian, who figures in not a few pictures. Colocynth was another of Mr. Jaques's mares, and she having a deformed foot, used to wear an

iron patten to support her ankle, and wearing this contrivance she won at Catterick, in 1842, the only race for which she ever started.

At the death of Mr. Jaques, senior, the property passed into the possession of his son, and he began breeding with Galena and Burletta, Semiseria being one of the first horses he raced in his own name. The first named was at the stud for upwards of twenty years, and was destroyed in 1849, her chief produce having been St. Martin, Galen, Advice, Playfellow and Playmate. Burletta, who was at the stud for about fifteen years, was shot in 1857. Both mares, together with their mother, Comedy, were buried in West Wood, where also lies Nickname, dam of Castanette (Fandango's dam). Nickname's career at the stud was characterised by so many unusual incidents that even at this lapse of time it may be worth calling to mind.

Lord Chesterfield had Nickname for four years, during which period her first foal broke its leg, in the second year the mare missed to Don John, and in the fourth year her filly died when no more than twelve days old. How often it is that when one man sells a brood mare or a horse in training which has proved unsuccessful, the tide turns! It was so to a certain extent, in Nickname's case. After her four years of failure with Lord Chesterfield she went to Lord Zetland, and threw Castanette in her first year with him; she slipped her foal in the second year; lost her third foal at two days old, and produced Augur in her fourth, and then it was that Mr. Jaques bought her; but her run of ill luck continued, as in her first two years with Mr. Jaques she was barren and lost a foal, and then

she produced Astrologus, Augury, and Massacre.

Mr. Jaques was just on the border line of breeders. He preferred to have his horses trained to run yet at irregular intervals he had sales of his yearlings, while he disposed of a number by private contract. At one sale John Gully bid 900 guineas for Chantrey, by Touchstone—Burletta, but the reserve being 1,000 guineas, Chantrey did not change hands; but he generally secured fair prices. Altogether, though, Mr. Jaques was distinctly unlucky in his ventures on the Turf, though he bred so largely, and apparently with such excellent judgment. When Birdcatcher's popularity was at its height, Mr. Jaques had upwards of seventy mares at Easby in a single season, and all who visited the stud farm were struck on seeing how buildings of all kinds were made to answer the purpose of stabling. On the farm stood an old tithe barn, with its original lofty roof, in an excellent state of preservation, and this was so altered that six mares were accommodated, while there was also a foaling box, and up above, rooms for Massie, the stud groom.

Did space permit, it would be an easy enough task to relate many ups and downs of the Easby stud; how apparently good bargains turned out the reverse, and how what were deemed worthless animals proved most remunerative. That in the main Mr. Jaques bought and bred with consummate judgment is clear. The following horses, for example, occupied the stallion yard over a period of eleven years: 1847, Emilius and Clarion; 1848, Birdcatcher; 1849, Birdcatcher and Assault; 1850 and 1851, Pyrrhus I. and Burgundy; 1852, 1853, 1854 and 1855, Birdcatcher, Gameboy and Mildew;

1856, Gameboy and Mildew; 1857, Weatherbit and Gameboy.

One of Mr. Jaques's mares was Semiseria, a well-named daughter of Voltaire and Comedy, and she was about the fastest mare of her day, having in her time beaten Nutwith, soon after he won the St. Leger, St. Clare, Peggy, Knight of the Whistle, Alice Hawthorn, and several others of fame, and she was put to the stud when five years old, after running for the Chester Cup, for which she was a strong favourite. Semiseria was sold, with her filly by Emilius, to the King of Holland, then Prince of Orange, who had a large breeding stud at Loo, where for a few years some capital races were organised, and the prizes being valuable as things went then, horses from England used to compete, among others, The Cur, Brandy Face, Wertow, and Darkie. Mr. Stirling Crawford went over to ride the first named, Mr. Gay, Sam Rogers and Swann being on the others, and this little band divided the bulk of the plunder between them.

Before Semiseria left England, however, she had given birth to a colt by Slane called Mildew, above-mentioned, and he was so smart as a two-year-old that Mr. Jaques sold a half share in him for £1,500 to the late Captain Bastard, one of the finest tandem-drivers ever known, though he did one day meet his match at one of the horse shows at the Agricultural Hall. Mildew, who was trained by Smith at Newmarket, became first favourite for the Derby of 1850, but about one week before he was unwisely started for a race in which at even weights he beat Lady Evelyn, a four-year-old, over a mile and a half, a contest which entirely extinguished his Derby chance, for he went amiss, and, it

is said, became a roarer. Before the race (which was won by Voltigeur) Mr. Jaques, who had backed Mildew to win him about £175,000, hedged his money so advantageously that he stood about half the original amount to nothing; he started, however, at 9 to 2. Only a few days later Captain Bastard was anxious to be quit of his share in Mildew, and sold his interest to Mr. Jaques for a nominal sum, and within fourteen days Mildew caused general astonishment by carrying off the Queen's Vase at Ascot. He was then taken out of training, and stood at Easby from 1852 to the spring of 1857, but for some reason or other—possibly on account of his reputed roaring—he was restricted to a few of his owner's mares.

Some friend of Mr. Jaques having expressed a desire to own a thoroughbred horse at the price of £20, he was accommodated with Mildew, but was soon glad to let him go at the loss of a five-pound note to Mr. Wright, of Richmond, who used him for a couple of seasons before sending him to the Rawcliff Stud, where he stood in 1859, and in 1860, on the strength of the running of High Treason (whose dam was put to Mildew in 1857). Mr. Wright let Mildew to Mr. Halford for a very remunerative price, and Mr. Halford also bought from Mr. Wright a two-year-old filly by Mildew called Prairie Bird, and then Mildew began to look up; but this is not by any means the only instance of the kind to be narrated in connection with the Easby Stud, of which I must now take leave, with the remark that when the stud was reduced Lord Londesborough bought some of the stock.

Lord Londesborough himself had at Grimston a fine stud,

which was brought together almost regardless of cost. His lordship began racing when Lord Albert Conyngham, one of his first horses being Quartette, trained by John Scott; but after a year or two he adopted the assumed name of "Mr. Arrow-smith." He did not meet with any great success with his platets, but on coming to the title and estates his great wealth enabled him to indulge his fancy to the utmost limits.

Towards the close of 1853 Lord Londesborough's health began to decline, and his doctors insisted on his giving up racing, so as to avoid all undue excitement, and with the request he made partial compliance, in that he sold the bulk of his stud to that well-known gentleman, Mr. Rudston Read; but the very next year saw Lord Londesborough engaged in racing, and he gained his first great triumph in the Ascot Cup. With the intention of winning it and of securing a good horse for his stud, Lord Londesborough bought West Australian of Mr. Bowes for 4,500 guineas, and more than two-thirds of this sum was quickly won in stakes; and then in 1855, when all his engagements had run out, "The West" was put to the stud. Then in the spring of that year Stockwell was advertised to be sold at Tattersall's, so Mr. W. Scott, the manager of the Grimston stud, was despatched to buy him "if he liked him," and he became Lord Londesborough's property at 3,100 guineas—a hundred guineas in excess of Lord Exeter's reserve price. The general idea was that Stockwell would be raced for a time, as Lord Londesborough was already in possession of West Australian; but instead the chestnut was at once sent to the stud at Grimston, and in 1858 they

were joined by Warlock, for which Mr. Nichol received 3,000 guineas just before Ascot, but he could not gallop on the hard ground, and pulling up lame towards the close of the season while a leading favourite for the Cesarewitch, he never ran again, and so went to the stud.

Stockwell, of course, turned out a very remunerative investment; his subscription list of forty mares at 30 guineas a mare was full for four years. Lord Londesborough had often expressed a strong desire to buy The Flying Dutchman; but Scott always dissuaded him from so doing, and the only horse Lord Londesborough regretted not having bought at the advice of Scott was Newminster, offered to him by Mr. Nichol at the price of 1,200 guineas, the precise sum Lord Scarborough had given for him at the end of his second season.

Lord Londesborough, having then determined to get rid of his stud, offered the whole to Mr. Sutton, but the negotiations falling through, nothing more was attempted in the way of a sale until the Doncaster Meeting came round, when on the evening of the first day's racing Lord Londesborough instructed his agent to effect a sale before returning to Grimston, and with the aid of a third party a purchaser was found in the person of Mr. Rigby, who forthwith came in for one of the greatest bargains ever known in connection with the breeding of blood stock. Lord Londesborough asked for no more than £1,600, and certain liberal conditions were appended. When his lordship gave up running horses, he continued to take great interest in the small breeding stud with which he left himself, and soon afterwards bought Admiral Harcourt's racing stud for 3,000

guineas, a purchase which enabled him to achieve the object of his ambition, viz.:—to win a Derby, Oaks or St. Leger.

It is easy to understand how great was the pleasure of both breeding racehorses on a tolerably extensive scale and running them, for the victory of every home-bred horse in a great race must have given greater pleasure than the winning of half-a-dozen events with bought horses, and no doubt the Duke of Westminster, the Duke of Portland, and others who both breed and race, entertain the same idea now.

For a long time the Royal Stud at Hampton Court was of course prominent among institutions of the kind, for there would appear to have always been a Royal Stud of some kind—at any rate, all of our kings and queens, or nearly all, bred thoroughbred horses; but it was not until 1812 that the Hampton Court establishment was founded, and then it was owing to the desire of George IV., then Prince of Wales, to breed thoroughbred grey horses which should prove equal to carrying him. The Home and Bushey Parks seemed a convenient site, and there a stud farm was laid out, the Prince himself, Lord Bloomfield and Joseph Goodwin—the latter was of great assistance in selecting the mares—being jointly responsible for the planning of the place. Mr. Goodwin was given a roving commission to the North to buy mares, and the grey stallion was Sir Harry Dimsdale, by Sir Peter—Constance, by Young Marske, and there were half-a-dozen grey mares—Lady Grey (dam of Gustavus, winner of the Derby), the Precipitate mare (dam of Bourbon, sire of Fleur-de-Lis), Modesty, a Delpini mare, Fair Helen, and a mare by Mercury out of Herod mare, the

last named being sister to Old Gold, Grey Trentham, Silver Platina, Grey Skin, Chesnut Skin, and was the dam of Burleigh, Treasurer, and Belvorina, the latter the first produce of the newly formed stud in 1813. She was said to have been the nearest to Eclipse by blood of any horse in the country, and, says a chronicler of the time, "With shame be it recorded she was sold into other hands from the Royal Stud at the age of twenty-four." Besides these grey mares, the stud contained the famous Alexander mare, dam by High-flyer (dam of Castrel, Selim and Rubens), the side slip Peter mare Mary (by Gohanna), Gatzter, Mary (by Precipitate), Agnes (a Gohanna mare), a John Bull mare, a Buzzard mare, and Fillikens. Fillikens was presented to the Prince Regent by Lord Palmerston, and with the exception of her, they were the first purchases for the Prince's stud. And among the stallions which served there were Soothsayer, Blucher, Phantom Election, Calton, Haphazard, and the Malcolm and Cole Arabians.

In seven years—that is to say, in 1820—the stud was sold by Messrs. Tattersall on George IV. giving up breeding blood-stock, whereupon the Duke of York transferred his stud from Oatlands Park (now an hotel) to Hampton Court, bringing with him the famous stallion Moses. The duke's stud manager was Mr. William Worley, and from a writing on the back of an old portrait of this valued servant of royalty, it appears that he entered the service of the Duke of Cumberland at the age of thirteen, and when fifteen years old was made master of his racing stud, which until the year 1821 invariably ran in the name of Mr. Lake, and

afterwards occasionally in the name of Mr. Greville.

On the death of the Duke of York, Messrs. Tattersall's services were again requisitioned, and as the King once more revived his interest in the Turf, he began at once to breed with Belvoirina and Electress, with which he had not parted. George IV. also gave the Duke of Grafton a very long price for Posthumia. At the king's death the establishment devolved upon his successor, William IV., who in 1830, when he started "the whole fleet," ran first, second and third for the Goodwood Cup with Fleur-de-Lis, Zinganee and the Colonel. The Sailor King gave up race-horses, but increased the Hampton Court stud, which, under the management of Lord Albemarle, was in good case.

Once again was the Royal Stud brought to the hammer on the death of the King, the catalogue showing that the establishment consisted of forty-three brood mares, five stallions, and thirty-one foals, the amount realised by the sale being 15,692 guineas. Nanine brought 970 guineas, the Oscar mare 670 guineas, Wings 600 guineas, and Fleur-de-Lis 550 guineas. The foals, having been recently attacked by influenza, brought moderate prices only, 210 guineas and 200 guineas being the highest prices for colts

and 165 guineas for a filly. The stallion the Colonel, for which Lord Petre received 4,000 guineas, went for 1,550 guineas, Actaeon for 920 guineas, the Black Arabian for 580 guineas, and the Bay Arabian for 410 guineas. The two Arabs went to Germany and France respectively, Actaeon was shipped to Russia, it is believed, and the Colonel, who ran the famous dead heat with Cadland, was banished to Brunswick, where he remained until 1843, when Mr. Tattersall repurchased him. This sale was notable from the fact that the Americans were liberal buyers, they taking altogether eight lots at the cost of 2,157 guineas, and they paid the highest price—650 guineas—for a yearling.

The breaking up of the Royal Stud was felt to be such a disgrace that measures were soon set on foot for converting it into a joint stock company under high patronage, and no sooner did the prospectus of the "Royal Stud Association" appear than most of the shares were instantly snapped up; but the project fell through. General Peel and Mr. Charles Greville were allowed to keep their private studs on the premises, and in 1851 another Royal Stud began to be collected, and there was no further break-up until the whole affair was dispersed in 1894. W. C. A. B.

The Coming Polo Season.

WE are able to look forward to the coming polo season with very different anticipations to those of past years. The position and popularity of the game is no longer in doubt, and there is no need to ask ourselves whether polo is an exotic or a plant of well-established home growth. A good many reasons might be brought forward for this, but the principal ground of confidence is to be found in the number of well-supported clubs now flourishing in every part of the kingdom and in the steady improvement of the game itself.

The growth of the work of measuring and registering of ponies shows what a great influence polo has on the pony market. When first the measurement rules were brought into force, it was the general idea that there would be a great rush in the beginning, but that after a time Sir Henry Simpson would have very little to do. Instead of this being the case, very large numbers of new ponies come under the standard every year; for example, last month at Cirencester over seventy were measured and registered, and a very large number are expected to be offered for measurement in Dublin early in April. It is quite true, of course, that all these ponies will not become polo ponies, but it is, none the less, a sure sign that the fact of being qualified for the game is considered by owners and breeders to add to the value of their animals.

Another sign which speaks well for the future welfare of the game is the increasing prosperity of the Polo Pony Society and its consequent greater activity. With a balance at their bankers, head

quarters in London, and a fairly well-filled Stud book, the Society seems likely to win increasing support. It is true that polo players have held somewhat aloof, but it is not, of course, primarily to them that the Society appeals, but rather to those who supply the market in which the players create the demand. As soon as the Society can show polo men that they are really bringing within their reach the animal they want, all except the butterfly players will doubtless join the Society. One achievement the Society has to its credit is that the right sort of mare can be and has been produced. Of these, Shy Lass, Confidential and Oh My, are standing examples. The problem still to be solved is that of the stallions. There are two now which will be at the service of breeders. There is Rosewater, the champion pony, Lord Polo and Sandiway both are smart ponies, and should suit long-reachy mares nearly clean bred. The great difficulty which hitherto has hindered real progress in polo pony breeding has been the want of permanence in the efforts made. It would be a good thing if the Polo Pony Society would form a small experimental stud farm which would enable us to pass from theory to practice and determine the value of the various strains of pony blood and of in-breeding, in order to keep down the size, and whether Arab blood should be introduced and in what proportion. It would be particularly interesting to note which of the English breeds of ponies the Society has taken under its wing might be utilised with best advantage to form a foundation stock from which to develop by judicious

selection and out crosses the polo pony of the future. In the meantime, we shall have to fill up the gaps in the stalls of our polo pony stables with some of the Americans, which can, without doubt, be imported at a reasonable profit. These reflections will not be without some advantage or attraction to those players, present or future, who are wondering how to mount themselves. On the question as to the supply of good ponies at a reasonable price the future of the game depends.

But from this topic it is time we turned to the actual play which is promised us. The Wimbledon and Crystal Palace Clubs will open their gates early in the season and their programmes will doubtless come to hand in time. Under the management of Mr. T. Drybrough and Captain F. Herbert they should be able to arrange for some good matches, yet no new clubs can hope to compete with the great contests of the season—the Inter-Regimental and Champion Cup at Hurlingham, the Hunt Cup and Subaltern's Tournament at Ranelagh, and the County Polo Association's Cup, which, later in the season will be a great draw for some one of our county clubs. The two preliminary programmes issued by Hurlingham and Ranelagh with friendly rivalry (*vide Field of March 11th*) are full of interesting items and promise much interesting play. Nevertheless, it is to be hoped that in their desire to provide attractive matches for the spectators the managers will not forget the interests of the second-class players which are the interests of polo, and therefore of the clubs themselves. No one who really cares for polo wishes to see the same set of players in various combina-

tions perpetually. A new player of promise is always an object of very great interest, and unless the managers give these players, who are as yet unknown, sufficient chance, how can their capacities be known? The managers at Ranelagh have always been alive to the necessity for the encouragement of new and comparatively inexperienced players. The General Committee of the Hurlingham Club have, during the past autumn, given us an evidence of the importance they attach to polo. Captain Egerton Greene and Mr. St. Quintin are both well-known to the polo men at large and are both experienced as players, and thus the General Manager, as well as the polo Secretary, will have the interests of the game at heart. The Hurlingham Committee, however, would certainly command more confidence if they adopted the now almost universal system of retirement by rotation so as to receive an influx of new blood and new ideas. The club has to legislate for polo everywhere, and therefore the constitution of their committee has an importance which belongs to that of no other club, and which concerns a larger circle than their own members.

We wish the new management every success, nor do we doubt that they will have it. May we venture to suggest as a motto for the coming season, "Sweet are the uses of advertisement," to those, at all events, who wish to know what Polo is coming on at the club. The news, that the somewhat burning question of the number of ponies to be kept at the club by any one member is to be considered, is satisfactory.

Ranelagh has one advantage over Hurlingham in the room for expansion which their unrivalled

situation, and the enterprise with which they have taken advantage of it, give them. It is the peculiar credit of the club that although the list has long since been so full as to make the attraction of new members no important consideration, yet they have never ceased to endeavour to meet the wants of those who belong to the club. The addition of a practice ground, so much needed and desired by all London polo players, is a great boon, and will be of permanent benefit to the game as well as to the club. It is not possible to play polo really well without much and constant practice. The improvement to the second ground has been very great, part of the turf having been taken up, and clay laid down instead of gravel.

If we turn to the present state of the game itself we shall see that some changes are still needed in the rules. Mr. Drybrough, in his careful analysis of the laws of polo, has incidentally shown what a considerable divergence of practice there is from one another among the leading players, when acting as umpires, in the matter of "offside." It seems to us that all doubt should be removed, and a distinct direction given to umpires as to the position which lays a player open to the penalties of offside. So important a matter should not be left open to doubt. On thinking the matter over carefully it seems impossible to doubt that Messrs. Buckmaster and Miller's view is the right one, and if, *e.g.*, No. 1 A's pony's nose is in front of No. 4 B's pony, so that the umpire can see that it is so, then it follows that No. 1 is between No. 4 and the goal to all intents and purposes, and if no other player of No. 4's side be between him and the goal he is offside, whether his knee be in front or behind that of No. 4.

Two other rules demand careful consideration. In the matter of "standing over the ball," should not the umpire be given some discretion to check this practice, even if it be not thought desirable, under certain circumstances which will occur to every polo player, to forbid standing over the ball altogether? Probably it would be better to give some instruction in the bye-laws to the umpire rather than to lay down a hard and fast rule. One more point seems to us to require notice. Should not the rule about crooking the stick be altered so as to forbid hitting the adversary's stick, or crooking a stick simply in order to hinder his progress, and when the adversary has no reasonable chance of hitting the ball? These points all seem of some importance, and worthy of the consideration of those who are entrusted with the task of guiding the fortunes of the game. Turning from the game itself to those who play it, we have to regret the absence of some well-known players from their regimental or club teams. Colonel Le Gallais and Major Perse, whose new rank was won in Egypt, will both be away. The Queen's Bays have lost Major Whitla, who has been promoted into the 3rd Hussars, a regiment which, with Captain Goring and Major Oswald in its team, should do well in Indian polo. A glance at the Ranelagh fixtures will show that the 10th Hussars, the Royal Horse Guards, the Inniskillings, and the 12th Lancers are going to put in some strong work in the way of practice matches there. The Royal Horse Guards have lost Mr. Rose for the time being, as he has gone to Africa, and Mr. Neil Haig is in Australia, though that may not prevent him from playing for his regiment. Mr. Haig's keenness rises superior to

the terrors of a sea voyage. Among existing players of the first class there will be few changes, and the consideration of the rising generation of young players belongs rather to the retrospect of the autumn. Mr. P. Nickalls, the young back player who impressed so favourably all who saw him last year in the County Cup match at Eden Park, has gone into "The Service," and will be a useful addition to the polo strength of any regiment. How far this will interfere with the defence of the cup by the Chislehurst team we do not know. We shall look forward anxiously to the County Cup contest this year, and hope that the Association will not fail to make the meeting as great a success as the Eden Park gathering of last year. It is satisfactory to hear that Wellington have a team in preparation, and we can depend upon Stansted, whose No. 1, Mr. Guy Gilbey, however, has not sufficiently recovered from his accident, to take his usual place. This accident should make players think twice before buying these long-bodied, rather unwieldy ponies. A polo pony, to turn readily and safely, should not be of the long "yawing" sort. If a pony or a horse has the appearance of great length it is more often than not a sign of ill-placed shoulders. The slope of the shoulder may look all right as we stand by the pony's side, but if the wither is not placed well back the bones of the shoulder cannot really be at a proper angle. A shortish pony, even if a bit "on the leg," is a better and safer and

faster mount than the long-looking animals which are attractive on account of their breeding, and a sort of look of speed which is often deceptive. But all ponies want much more schooling than they usually have long after they have acquitted themselves fairly well in a game.

With good weather we may look forward to a pleasant season. There will be more grounds to play in, and these better kept than ever (by the way, common consent seems to have declared 300 yards by 170 yards as the best size for a boarded ground in this country), plenty of players, and all we wish for is a few more good ponies to play on. Messrs. Miller do their best to supply this want by having a spring sale, and Major Rimington has arranged for an April show in Dublin. We should like also, for the benefit of the buyers and sellers of polo ponies, to see a show in London of polo ponies, if possible, at the same time as the Hunters' Improvement Society's show. Experience has taught us that no really satisfactory show of polo ponies can take place after the season has once begun. Every year we see the same ponies competing at Hurlingham or Ranelagh, but such shows, though useful and pleasant, do very little towards encouraging the breed of polo ponies. Will somebody give us a spring pony show, *and an auction afterwards?* The auctioneers' list of sales is an excellent court of appeal from the decisions of the judges in the ring.

T. F. D.

Northamptonshire in 1827, '28, and '29.

[By the courtesy of Mr. William de Salis Filgate, Master of the Louth Foxhounds, we are now enabled to give the conclusion of the lines of which the larger part appeared in our January number from MS. found among the papers of the late Rev. J. C. Whalley. They were composed by Mr. Matthew Fortescue, Master of the Louth, but who hunted with the Pytchley in 1827-'8-'9, handing over his hounds for the time being to Mr. Filgate, father of the present Master. The lines were published in pamphlet form, and later, in 1835 and 1836, in a volume of poems composed by Mr. Fortescue].

WHILE memory serves, of a stile I once heard,
Which Berkeley on White Jack went o'er like a bird,
And Nicol declared that he knew very well,
If he did not follow that Berkeley would tell.
One man always comes at the end of December
To live where he should on the first of November—
At Kelmars—till he comes, to ground goes each fox
From Naseby, Blue Cover, or Oxendon Gorse.
If he don't think pleasing to be at his place,
He should not throw damp on the joys of the chase;
Yet softly, my muse, for perhaps, after all,
The fault by report on wrong shoulders may fall—
That keepers, too idle, oft studying ease,
Let foxes go in or stay out as they please;
'Tis probably so, as I think that a friend
To foxhunting once, should be so to the end;
And Hanbury once, in support of this hunt,
Came forward unsparing in person and blunt.
To Crick once there came a most reverend Divine,
To take from Northamptonshire riders the shine,
The pride of the Gloucestershire riding was he,
A harder there could not, tho' better might be:
At Yelvertoft field side the vixen was found,
Who tho' often hunted had ne'er gone to ground.
The Winwick great earths were now open, but speed
And courage undaunted had oft served her need,
So again o'er the country she flew, but the pace
To death put the vixen, but not to disgrace.
Poor Wyniard had gone like an arrow thro' each
Strong bullfinching fence, and ne'er looked for a breach,
His coat into shreds was nigh torn, and his mug
Proved thorns will assault the pursuers of pug.
At last his blown nag was quite done, and no check
Had helped to preserve his hard rider's straight neck,
For slap thro' a fence he ran, quite out of breath,
And left poor old Wyniard apparent in death.
'Twas long ere his senses returned, but to ground
He went not that time, and is now safe and sound.
The Captain from Sywell enjoys a good run,
And well he deserves it for services done;
When Britain demanded his skill on the wave,
Hope, valour, or life to his country he gave;
But some gentle seraph in pity must beg,
As he was let off with the loss of a leg.
In warfare he took many vessels by pace,

And now he o'ertakes many men in the chase.
O Hungerford ! why should you be fast asleep,
True foxhunting spirits, no harriers keep ;
The Pytchley and Quorn are each day within reach,
Then why let hare hunting thy vigour impeach ;
Old age comes too fast on us all, and 'tis well
By noble amusements to keep off its spell.
From Delapre Bouverie partakes of each fun,
He likes both the pleasure of hunting and gun :
His coverts are good and 'tis certain his aim
That hunters should always find plenty of game,
Of riding he brags not, yet often is found
The first at a sewer when a fox goes to ground ;
Some wish that at times he at home was quite snug,
He never approves of old Reynard being dug.
And all would alike join in wish they were there
At sharp six o'clock—there is no better fare.
The Abington Squire is quite up to a go
With any man out when he hears Tally-ho !
He rides over gates when a leader he find,
And then goes a pace that leaves many behind ;
He hammers away without spurs and 'tis clear,
He certainly ranks 'mongst the best of his year.
From Duston see Davy in knee-caps come out,
A man who well knows what he's going about,
When Pytchley was high in the annals of fame,
Among its best riders was counted his name ;
And now if his horses were equal, his blood
Would prove that his science was equally good.
With ease o'er a country he goes, and I say
'Tis well such example remains of his day.
My pen is gone wrong, but if I wrote a quire
I could not too much say in praise of the Squire ;
And O ! if it was not that sometimes is flung
Some speech that should never escape from his tongue,
And that at a check he rates men as too fast,
Instead of sufficiently minding his cast,
There would not in England be found, it is clear,
A place such as Brixworth six months in a year ;
His judgment in kennel, and breeding his hounds,
As much to his science as credit redounds ;
You don't view at covert an unsightly scene,
Of hounds large and little, fat, narrow and lean,
But all in condition and spirits appear,
Quite equal in flesh, bone, beauty and year.
When Reynard breaks covert 'tis like to a race,
Each anxiously straining to gain a first place,
'Tis vain tho' the Squire by his culling takes heed
That each shall be equal in hunting and speed,
Close together they go, and those who will ride,
Require strange horses to keep by their side.

Why Not try it?

It is needless almost to repeat the fact that for years past, amongst others, two of the most eminent in the game of cricket, who have each scored every honour in the game, Mr. V. E. Walker and the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, have recommended a low boundary fence round the ground, which would prevent the ball going into the crowd, and which would shut in an area of about two hundred yards in diameter, within which the ball should be always "in play," until returned by the field to wicket keeper, so that all runs would have to be run out unless the ball went over the boundary, in which case 4 runs would be scored without the batsmen running. Now what harm would it be to put up at Lord's such a fence, say 15 inches in height, of a wire fire-guard class, in fact, a wire net, with meshes one and a half inches in the clear? If the area would be two hundred yards in diameter, the boundary would be about six hundred yards round—mind I don't say for certain, as few of us ever could or would learn mathematics or algebra and such like at Winchester in my day. Our calculating powers were developed by "Bob Lowe," a distinguished old Wykehamist, who was made Chancellor of the Exchequer in after life, and began regulating the Income Tax by suggesting that there were five quarters in one year: and the Government were so pleased with his arithmetic that they made him a peer.*

Now these guards might be made in lengths of a yard each, with a long skewer at each end to

stick them in the ground, and if they were so stuck in, what harm could they do? They would keep the balls in, and any one in the crowd could pick the balls up and throw them in—as they delight to do now—if the present system of counting four runs is continued. I should say that one of the large manufacturers in the north would contract for six hundred yards of such boundary wire netting at a very moderate figure, and it could do no harm, even on Public School and University Match days, and would not interfere with the ladies' promenade in the dinner hour, as stepping over that boundary would be nothing to those who were well up in the "barn door dance."

And now suppose for a moment that Eton and Harrow should agree to play "no boundaries, and should say let us try to finish the match in two days;" and that Rugby and Marlborough, and Haileybury and Cheltenham should follow suit and even that Oxford and Cambridge should follow suit too, what a thing it would be, and what an example it would set.

If this fence was erected, it should be carried two yards away into the field in front of the pavilion, so that in the event of the present system being abolished, no "boundary byes" would exist, and the outside would be driven to protect their rear. Many of the players and "amateur average hunters" would rave at this. Let them rave, and be——(please to see Captain Marryat, his "Peter Simple," and fill up the blank with a quotation from Chuck's, the boatswain's, vocabulary).

What matters about any one's raving: if the protestors belong to a county or club which will not

* The Chancellor of the Exchequer made a *lapsus lingue* in his speech on the Budget, which was always kept up as a joke against him, and he enjoyed it as much as anyone.

accept the altered boundary, they have nothing to do with it; the boundary then will be only a substitute for the narrow gutter which runs round the ground at Lord's. The M.C.C. surely has a right to put the boundary up, and give any club which comes against them the offer of using it or not. No one is injured, and no one has a right to complain, and no one has a right to object to the club doing a harmless thing if they find it convenient.

The general question of what to do as regards many things is in the hands of the M.C.C., which is a guarantee that all those who are really competent, and have a vested right to be heard, will find a willing audience in the committee of the Club.

It may seem absurd for a man who has passed the Psalmist's post by very nearly six lengths, to go to the wicket again, but I wished to learn the "terrors" (?) of the overhead bowlings which no man of the past could stand up to, on the authority of garrulous young England—now conspicuous by four-inch shirt collars, oiled hats, and wobbling cigarettes about the size of a bookmaker's metallic pencil; so finding that Walter Hearne and Martin, of Kent, had a good cocoa-nut pitch on the oak floor of the County Hall at Canterbury, I went to look at it, and I had half an hour to their bowling two afternoons running, and never was happier. The wicket was very quick, of course, but very true, and I was much pleased to find that my sight was as good as ever, though my right shoulder bothered me, as the beggar "struck" and hugged the rails, and would not start when the flag dropped, and came up a second after the stumps fell with an awful clatter. Taking guard in the way which Fuller Pilch taught me at Canterbury in

1845, *i.e.*, going behind the stumps and taking guard to the bowler's hand, taking in the middle stump as an alignment, I got the accurate line of the ball when it left the bowler's hand, and found that line pretty much on my wicket, so much so that the first three balls "amalgamated" with the stumps, just like the London, Chatham and Dover and South Eastern Railway Companies want to do, as regards their traffic; and three "tanners" were lost to myself and my heirs, administrators and assigns for ever. I was to have ten innings, with sixpence on the wicket until "my side" was out.

So it came to pass that the "rest of my side" struggled on for about half an hour, and seven more "tanners" went "into never" — the pleasantest and best spent crown I ever remember—barring one more experience two days later, when I took on the same bowlers for twenty-five consecutive balls from each, for a lump contract of a crown, which resulted in 4 wickets each. I wanted really to compare the batsman's advantages and disadvantages in the present style, compared with those of the past, and my verdict was as follows:—

Advantages.—(1) Almost absolute immunity from dangers of l.b.w., as umpires are very loth to give it under any circumstances. (2) Almost absolute immunity from shooters of any kind. (3) Much immunity from bail balls, owing to very many going over the wicket if straight. (4) No fear of "leg break" from such men as Alfred Mynn, Sir Frederick Bathurst, George Yonge, Hervey Fellows, Hillyer, Lillywhite, &c., &c., which a batsman could not defend with his pad—if the ball was on the wicket—without walking back to the Pavilion—"out l.b.w." (5) Bats-

man has no fear of points seven or eight yards from him watching him "forming for the hit" and moving accordingly; the modern points would be fourteen yards away from him. (6) He is not "burst up" by running fourers and sixers, and the only thing in which he has one fear, which the men who played in tall hats never felt, is being "cheated out" by some unscrupulous wicket-keeper—fortunately there are not very many of that breed—who shouts at the umpire on the chance of a decision; and he has one temptation which the men who played in tall hats never experienced—when averages were almost unknown—*i.e.*, pottering about and hitting at nothing when a dash would win a match, although perhaps there were four or five to come after him—for the sake of his average, or a "not out."

Let young England of to-day be honest, and not talk about what they never saw and what they know nothing about; but they can learn a little practically if they will take the trouble—thus. It being an accepted fact that most round arm bowlers bowled on the on-side as a rule, taking as much room as they could, by keeping the right foot behind the bowler's crease, as near as might be within the return crease, the bowler's arm would be on an average two feet beyond return crease—*i.e.*, about five feet from the wickets. Let them stick a peg in the ground two feet beyond return crease—*i.e.*, increase bowler's crease in length by two feet for the purpose of measurement; tie a piece of tape to that peg and carry the end of the tape down to the leg stump of batsman's wicket, and remember that any ball pitching within the area between that tape-line and the eight-inch ribbon of turf

between wicket and wicket, and which would have hit the wicket by "break" or otherwise, would have to be guarded by the bats only. Let them ask themselves—"How should we like now to have a 'greased lightning' ball fairly bowled—not pounded down on a hard wicket—which would skim the ground, and come in a shooter, or break in and take the wicket half stump high, with nothing to help us but a bat four and a quarter inches wide?" I had made for me a diagram of a cricket ground, with the stumps at each end, and the space between the wickets twenty-two inches in length—in fact, on the scale of an inch to a yard. I set off five feet (by scale) from what would be the batsman's outer stump at bowler's wicket, measured along bowler's crease, and from the end of the line drew a straight line from what would be the inner stump at batsman's wicket. I had my diagram mounted and framed, and put it in the dressing-room of the Oval; but it was *not* there long. I expect some did not like "the skeleton in the cupboard" being always before them.

There never was a law with the words "from bowler's hand to wicket" in it, but it was the universal interpretation of the l.b.w. law formerly, in proof whereof any one may enquire of Mr. William Nicholson, treasurer of Lord's; Mr. Harvey Fellows, of Rickmansworth; Mr. George Yonge, the Castle, Winchester; or write to W. P. Pickering (Bull Pickering), Canadian Pacific Railway, Vancouver's Island, Canada, and they can rely on the authority of those, who were some of the best amateur cricketers of any age who played in Gentlemen and Players as wicket-keeper, bowlers and field of over fifty years ago, till late in the fifties. F.G.

The Sportsman's Library.

THE periodical reappearance of Stonehenge's classic* has come to be regarded as a matter of course. It is nearly forty years since Dr. Walsh gave the world his "Horse in the Stable and the Field," and now we have the fifteenth edition of the work from the able hands of Mr. Harold Leeney, M.R.C.V.S. Some important additions have been made to the text in the new issue. Mr. Wilfrid Blunt and Miss Dillon have contributed an excellent chapter on Arabs in England: Lord Arthur Cecil and Sir Walter Gilbey have been laid under contribution for some valuable details, historical and otherwise, concerning our heavy breeds of horses; and, curious rather than important from the insular point of view, Slatin Pasha gives some information about the horseflesh of the Soudan. The veterinary department in a book of this character is of course the one in which the hand of the revisor must be busiest, and Mr. Leeney has included all that is most recent in the teachings of his profession. There are a few statements in the original which might perhaps have been made the subject of correctional notes. The day is past when it was correct to say that "extravagant knee action is considered essential to a perfect turn out." More practical ideas of harness action have obtained acceptance, and the horse that lifts his knee nearly to his chin and sets his foot down almost on the spot whence he lifted it is now, happily, seldom seen. The date of the Darley Arabian's despatch

from Aleppo was December, 1705, and this well-known fact might have been substituted for the general statement that the horse "must have been imported between the years 1700 and 1715." The difference between the powers of the English thoroughbred and the Arab on the Indian turf are greater than they were thirty or forty years ago, thanks to the importation into India nowadays of a better class of English horse. An allowance of from 14 to 21 lbs. brought the Arab and the very moderate thoroughbred together at one time, but the scale of weights now prescribed by the Calcutta Turf Club shows the weight allotted an Arab never less than three stone below that carried by an English competitor. These, however, are minor defects, which do nothing to impair the very great value of a book which has held its own against powerful competition for more than a generation.

Little has occurred in the non-sporting divisions of the canine world during the last five years to compel important alteration in Mr. Rawdon Lee's well-known work,* but as the original edition is, we believe, out of print, a re-issue of this deservedly popular dog-book brings its own welcome. The chief novelties are notes on three more or less distinguished strangers—a Pekinese spaniel and two Mexican dogs—whose portraits also are added to the admirable series in the book.

"The Great Horse"† (second edition) is the title of a little book which possesses much more than

* "Stonehenge on the Horse." Fifteenth edition, Edited by Harold Leeney, M.R.C.V.S. Routledge.

* "Modern Dogs" (Non-sporting). New edition. Rawdon B. Lee. Horner Cox.

† "The Great Horse." Second edition, by Sir Walter Gilbey, Bart. Vinton & Co. 2s.

ordinary interest. In these pages Sir Walter Gilbey has carefully traced the progress of the ancient British war-horse from the time of the Roman invasion till its development into the modern Shire horse. Of necessity the topic is one which appeals hardly less to students of history than to lovers of horseflesh, for Sir Walter has unearthed a wealth of curious and interesting detail from the old chroniclers and statute-books to supplement the facts set out in the former edition of the work. That he has proved the descent of the modern Shire horse from the breed which played so prominent a part in the history of Britain, and proved it to the hilt, there can, we think, be no question. Gaps there must be of necessity in tracing the progress of the breed, but no reasonable man can doubt that the Shire of to-day is the descendant of the chariot horse which won the admiration of Julius Cæsar, mingled as that breed was in the middle ages with importations from the continent. It is curious to reflect that our powerful dray and agricultural horses are the descendants of animals on which the very existence of Britain as an independent kingdom depended for centuries; but it is so. One king after another added to the statute-book laws whose aim was, at any sacrifice, to maintain and improve the only animal which could carry a man-at-arms clad in weighty armour. When we learn that the knight in mail with his weapons and the armour worn by his horse might turn the scale at 30 stone, we recognise the urgency of the horse question in the middle ages. When the application of gunpowder to hand firearms bade knighthood lay armour aside, a fresh career of utility awaited the "Great Horse" and rendered the

breed equally essential to the social life of Britain. From the field he was relegated to the traces, and until the coming of Macadam drew ponderous coach and passenger-waggon through the ruts and holes which made the King's highway; no other horses were equal to the task. Thence to the spheres of usefulness, where he is to-day indispensable. A feature of the book deserving special notice is the excellently well chosen series of illustrations from paintings and coins; these of themselves form practically a history of the breed.

The genial Gubbins has broken out again in a book,* for which thirsty souls will vote him beatification. He has collected the recipes for the manufacture of over three hundred assorted drinks, some of which he warrants, others with which he frankly acknowledges all the wealth of Peru, Golconda, and Throgmorton Street shall not induce him to become acquainted. A book of recipes is not the sort of literature you pick up to read in an arm-chair for an hour or two, but the author has served up his "prescriptions" in a setting entirely his own, and his humour is the only dry ingredient in his book. To all owners of country-houses, to all secretaries of clubs, to all restaurateurs, and to whomsoever it befall to assuage the thirst of mankind be "The Flowing Bowl" heartily recommended.

To Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen, sportsmen owe a debt of gratitude for the many and valuable works on sport which they are continually turning out. Their most recent venture† is

* "The Flowing Bowl," by E. Spencer Mott ("Nathaniel Gubbins"). Grant Richards. 5s.

† "The Sportsman's Year Book," edited by C. S. Colman and A. H. Windsor. With contributions by various hands. Londn: Lawrence & Bullen, Limited, 16, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. 1899. 8vo, cloth. Price 2s. 6d.

"The Sportsman's Year Book," which is intended, so the preface informs us, as a Sportsman's "Whitaker," in the shape of a collection of the rules of the chief English sports and games, with some account of the year's events in each subject. Competent authorities have dealt with the various branches of sport, and the handy little volume, which contains more than 500 pages of valuable matter, is cheap at half-a-crown.

Messrs. Ward Lock & Co. are to be complimented upon their new edition of the works of the late G. J. Whyte-Melville. We have before us a copy of "Cerise,"* the second volume of the new series, and for its published price of three shillings and sixpence it is wonderfully good value; it is well printed, well bound, and well illustrated, the last-mentioned department being in the reliable hands of Mr. G. P. Jacomb-Hood. Of the story itself that pretty romance of the Last

Century (or is it now the Last but One?) we need write no word of commendation, it must be sufficiently well known to most of our readers. The subsequent volumes of the re-issue that have been published — viz.: "Sarchedon," "Market Harborough," and "Inside the Bar," and "Songs and Verses" — are produced in equally attractive style.

Mr. Randolph Hodgson has published a collection of sporting and other sketches of Bohemia and Tyrol,* and he has had the distinguished assistance of Her Serene Highness Princess Mary of Thurn and Taxis, and a photographer, who have supplied the illustrations.

Bohemia is essentially a sporting country, and Mr. Hodgson appears to have been most fortunate, not only in his sport, but in his society. There are sixteen chapters, and more than double that number of illustrations, and the book is published by Messrs. Archibald Constable & Co. at seven shillings and sixpence.

* "Cerise." A tale of the last century, by G. J. Whyte-Melville. Illustrated by G. P. Jacomb-Hood. By the same author, "Sarchedon," "Market Harborough," and "Inside the Bar," and "Songs and Verses." London: Ward Lock & Co., Limited, New York and Melbourne. Large crown 8vo, cloth gilt. Price 3s. 6d. each.

* "On Plain and Peak." Sporting and other Sketches of Bohemia and Tyrol, by Randolph L. Hodgson. Illustrated by Her Serene Highness Princess Mary of Thurn and Taxis, and from photographs. Westminster: Archibald Constable & Co., 2, Whitehall Gardens. 1898. Crown 8vo, cloth. Price 7s. 6d.

"Our Van."

Racing under National Hunt Rules. — In February, experience teaches us to expect many days that would be no disgrace to some summers, and this year we had several of these days. Hurst Park, after being very shabbily treated by the Clerk of the Weather on the occasion of the two previous meetings, was favoured with one on the 17th, but the following day

was spoilt by fog. The pity of this lay in the fact that in the February Steeplechase of three miles, one of the most interesting meetings, thus far, between candidates for the Grand National was to take place, both Parma Violet and Gentle Ida being down to run. Although mist obscured the greater portion of the contest, it was still a very interesting one. Parma Violet had enjoyed a run

of six consecutive victories in steeplechases, and had thus gained considerable public reputation, though her lack of size did not escape criticism, in view of greater things than beating the horses she did beat. These, it is true, included Cathal, over the same three-miles' course at Hurst Park, but the contest was not a satisfactory one, Cathal declining to run his race out, and, on this occasion, Parma Violet's performance was not tantamount to beating the second in last year's Grand National. Still, for a little one, she is undeniably a very nice performer, and one who does not make mistakes. The name of Gentle Ida has partaken very much of the nature of an echo with many of the racing public, so little has she been out. It was as long ago as 1895 that she last won a steeplechase—a good one, it was too, no less than the Lancashire Plate, worth £1,750 net; and all she had won since was a National Hunt flat race at Sandown. At Hurst Park it was pretty clearly shown that, whatever the class of Parma Violet, it had no claim to rank with that of Gentle Ida, who was so palpably pulling over her opponent when half the journey had been covered that there was a rush to get on. In the last mile there was only one in it, and Gentle Ida won in a common canter.

When the race was over one heard a great deal of the wonderful astuteness of Mr. Dyas, but there was small enough reason for this outburst. I should say that Mr. Dyas had been unlucky with Gentle Ida, whose big win of 1895 has had to last four years. Mr. Dyas bred both Manifesto and Gentle Ida, the sire being Man of War, whose introduction to the stud in Ireland was re-

garded with anything but favour by Irish breeders, who thought that the thoroughbred blood of the country was being contaminated thereby. Looking at the prices obtained by Mr. Dyas for Manifesto and Gentle Ida, he has the argument on his side.

Kempton Park has been the unlucky one of the metropolitan courses this winter, for on the last day of February it had to submit to a second postponement of a day's racing within the space of a few weeks. The last three days of the week were given up to Sandown Park, the occasion being the Grand Military Meeting, appropriately enough designated the Ascot of the steeplechasing season. Whilst bearing well in mind the attractive array of spectators in the Aintree county stand at the Liverpool Spring meeting, it must still be said that the Sandown gathering surpasses anything of the kind from the social point of view. The patronage accorded by the military to the jumping department of racing is very considerable; and whilst the irreverent are apt to cast aspersions upon some of the horsemanship that is annually witnessed, one cannot but think that such criticism is very much misplaced. The severest critic is generally incapable of sitting a horse at all, to say nothing of taking one over a steeplechase like that of Sandown. People who go to bet are apt to think themselves ill used if the object of their fancy is beaten through jockeyship; but they know perfectly well what they have to expect, and that all army officers are not Arthur Nightingalls. The hospitality of the cavalry regiments that are most intimately connected with the meeting is a feature, and with beautiful weather as nearly a certainty as English weather can

be, the attendance of ladies was, perhaps, a record one. Certainly nothing more brilliant has been seen at previous meetings.

The racing was of an ordinary character, as was to be expected in so ordinary a season as this has been. The race for the Gold Cup possessed no interest, and it was won by Captain W. Murray-Threipland's Lambay; but the Grand Military Steeplechase showed us County Council, a talked-of candidate for the Grand National, who won easily enough, Mr. Reginald Ward being satisfied to beat Sitric by a length. This gentleman rode with his usual success, though he did not enjoy so much of a "beanfeast" as last year.

At Gatwick we are repeatedly shown experiments in the direction of improving things by the aid of better stakes than the average, and a notable instance was that of the March meeting. On the first day there were two steeplechases of 500 sovs. each, and two others of 200 sovs. each, whilst on the second day there was the International Hurdle race of 1,000 sovs. To show the difficulty there is with these large stakes, the race did not fill at the first time of asking. The meeting just escaped the frost, and it was very satisfactory that the attendance suggested that the management did not suffer through its liberality. The big race did not present any international features, the French, for one thing, having plenty of remunerative opportunities on their own side of the Channel. The appearance of Rampion was, of course, interesting, and he failed only in giving 22lbs. to Wales, who beat him by three-quarters of a length. On the whole, the field that ran did not inspire one with much enthusiasm in the cause of hurdle racing, for

the class was poor indeed to run for 1,000 sovs.

French Racing—Bookmaker v. Pari-Mutuel.—Just when the vexed question of betting on race-courses has received a final settlement in England, without much apparent chance of revival, it makes its appearance in France. In that country the conditions under which racing is conducted differ in many important respects from those prevailing here; but there is some analogy in the way the betting question has been raised on either side of the channel, inasmuch as, in each case, the opposition has been led by persons but little conversant with racing matters. Otherwise there is not much in common between the two movements, if the motive assigned for the action taken in France can be accepted as the true one. In England, public morality was what was fought for by the anti-gamblers; in France, there is no mention of morality, which is supposed to be capable of looking after itself, the pecuniary interests of the sport and municipal pocket being what it is sought to protect. It is not sought to suppress betting—only the bookmaker, who has plied his trade with success, in spite of the universal adoption of the *pari-mutuel*. The *pari-mutuel* is a very material source of income, and the incontrovertible argument is that the bookmaker taps this. From every transaction done through the medium of the *pari-mutuel* a certain percentage is deducted, but the bookmaker, of course, pays no percentage on his turnover. M. Chauvin, deputy of the Seine-et-Marne department, on these grounds, has drawn the attention of the Government to the breach of the Betting Law of 1891, pleading that no less a sum than eighteen millions of francs,

from which the percentage would be deducted, is diverted. The Betting Act of 1891 is plain enough in its text, for it prohibits, in the simplest language, the exploitation of betting in any form whatsoever on a racecourse. An exception was, however, made in favour of the *pari-mutuel*, the authorisation for the employment of which is revocable at any time at the hands of the Minister of Agriculture. Whether betting per bookmaker is allowed or disallowed on French racecourses might not appear to be a question of importance to us in England, but there is a good deal to be learnt by an investigation of the matter. Another analogy is to be found in the fact that in each case the Act is being applied in a way contrary to that intended by the framer of it. As in the case of the English Act, upon which the anti-gamblers founded their action, the French Act was framed to put down a certain class of betting, but has been applied to the detriment of another class. The betting which it was sought to put down was the ready-money system as practised in English racecourse enclosures, backers depositing their stake with the bookmaker, and receiving tickets by way of acknowledgment of the transaction. It is confidently alleged that no intention whatever existed of interfering with the bookmaker betting with clients "on the nod," as we agree to term it; but, in the text of the Act before me, I can only say that, if this was in the mind of the framer, then the wording is very carelessly done. It is not a little remarkable that, in both France and England, an Act dealing with the same matter should have been so carelessly drawn up as to lead to disagreeableness years afterwards. Those who disagree with the suppression

of the bookmaker in France rely upon the employment of the words "all comers" in the Act, as implying a person ready to bet with any one who had the money in his hand to deposit, and it is further argued that, was it the intention of the Act to suppress every kind of betting, save that of the *pari-mutuel*, then this intention would have been expressly stated. What developments are in store, time will show; for the present it is enough to know that the police are being enjoined to take energetic action. On the 14th ult., the Prefect of Police in Paris sent a telegram to the Commissaries of Police at Boulogne, Saint-Ouen, Enghien, Vincennes, and Levallois - Perret, instructing them to take stringent measures for the suppression, at the meetings about to take place in their districts, of betting in any other form than that of the *pari-mutuel*. Offenders were to be expelled from the course, and proceeded against by virtue of the Act of 1891.

I do not feel competent to say to what extent the police of France "wink the other eye" in cases of this kind. On the 12th ult., two days before the telegraphic action of the Prefect of Police, I was present at the meeting held at Auteuil, and there the bookmaker was certainly plying his vocation. He was doing this in the small railed space at the back of the stand, and his attitude was remarkable for its lack of demonstrativeness. A good deal had already been said about the bookmaker and of the application of the Act of 1891 to his particular case, so there was good cause for a subdued demeanour. Not a shout was heard, and here one gained a useful object lesson, for the business was transacted quite as well without the lung-

power competition that is the disagreeable feature of English rings. Having heard that the bookmaker was to be suppressed, I was surprised to see the trade in full blast; and one is tempted to speculate upon the reason which impelled the Prefect of Police to defer sending his telegram until the Auteuil meeting was over, though, it is true, there are more to come. Having seen the bookmakers at work, one could not, furthermore, suppress the thought that some, at least, of the best known of our own men in that line of business would decline to operate under the conditions enforced at Auteuil. But here we begin to touch upon the element of national character, which explains the very material differences that exist in the conduct of affairs French and English, the pursuit of racing included. No one in France believes that the bookmaker will be done away with, and the difficulty of his existence may be solved by his paying a tax on his turn-over equivalent to that of the *pari-mutuel*.

One cannot, as a frequent visitor of English racecourses, attend a big Paris meeting without finding much food for reflection. Whatever he may have heard of the difference existing between racing in France and England, the visitor, fresh from the English racecourse, is still unprepared for what awaits him. The fact that he makes his way across the free portions of the course in company with tens of thousands of the humbler class of racegoer, the majority of whom have come by foot, the distance not being great, should not surprise him, for the day is Sunday: and if racing were to be seen for nothing on Sunday on Hampstead Heath or Clapham Common, there would be one or two to look

on, I fancy. But what a dreadful crowd it would be; whereas the Paris crowd leaves little to be desired in the way of demeanour, and is, for the greater part, eminently respectable. Quiet-looking families, provided with folding camp-stools and provision-baskets, make their way to Auteuil in precisely the same way that their corresponding types at home betake themselves to Kew Gardens and Richmond Park, and it is not saying too much to assert that the bulk of the attendance on this part of the course is made up of this type of visitor. To what extent the, to an Englishman, novel presence of soldiery on duty assists in preserving order, I cannot say. I do not think that a military patrol here and there would have a seriously deterrent effect with an evil-intentioned English crowd, and I feel strongly inclined to attribute the order that exists to the absence of pugnacity in the national character, and the large capacity it has for peaceful enjoyment. Paris, we know, has its full share of bad characters, and, judged by the standard of Epsom, one would expect to find them at Auteuil; but the gratifying truth is that they are not there. There are facilities for keeping them out that do not exist at Epsom; but what we have to face is the fact that in the open space there is more order and decorum than is to be met with in many English enclosures to which admission is gained by payment.

But if we are surprised at the scene in the public area, after allowing that it is Sunday, that the weather is very fine, and that Auteuil is providing a free spectacle within very easy reach of Paris, what are we to say of what we see in the stand enclosure? Remember, it is early in March,

and the racing is steeplechasing and hurdle-racing, and the occasion an ordinary one; that is to say, it is not like the Grand Military meeting at Sandown, where the racing is by no means the only attraction to the bulk of the numerous fashionable visitors. When, at a fashionable metropolitan race meeting, we see the members' enclosure tenanted by numerous ladies, we know that each of them has been admitted by a member's pass. We do not look in the "reserved enclosure" (or Tattersall's ring, as it is still so frequently called) for ladies, because we know we shall find none there, for reasons that do credit to the finer feelings of the sex.

In France there is no members' enclosure, as we understand it, all the world, with his wife and his daughters, frequenting the reserved enclosure, with precisely the same sense of security from molestation or disturbance through rough behaviour or coarse language that he would feel in the opera house. All Paris is there, and one mixes with it by the simple process of paying at the pay-box twenty francs for each male and ten francs for each female visitor. For all the disturbance there is on the score of noise, one might be at a garden-party on a very extensive scale, so long as one remains in front of the stands, the space there, strange as it may appear, being devoted to the convenience of the spectator, and not given up, as in England, to the real masters of the situation, the bookmakers and their satellites and the professional backers and their satellites. Any one who wishes to witness the racing, without reference to anything else, can do so with a comfort not to be found under corresponding conditions any-

where in England from the stand, and never be made aware that there is such a thing as a book-maker or the *pari-mutuel*.

Anything more widely different from the state of things existing in England could not be conceived, and it of course arises from the fact that the French system starts from the assumption that the public desires, first of all, to witness the racing in peace and comfort, everything else being subordinate to this. An adoption of the French system would mean a complete overthrow of our own, and this is of course out of the question, with the English Turf so firmly established on existing lines, the formation of which has been the result of the action of generations, who may be supposed to have got what they wanted. If it be that the English in their system have what they want, and the French in their system what the French want, then let me always go racing in France. In England, if I am not a subscriber to the members' enclosure, I must go to the "reserved enclosure" (Tattersall's), the reservation being to those who pay twenty shillings, always excepting such as know how to get in without paying at all. There, with rare exceptions, the stand accommodation I get consists of baulks of timber over which hundreds of people trample in muddy boots, whilst on the space in front of the stand I am at the mercy of a crowd of persons, many of them stridently vociferant, and all of them impatient of any hindrance to their continuous rapid movements from one part of the ring to another, which my unlucky person may present. Technically, I pay twenty shillings to witness the racing; in practice I pay that sum in order that I may bet, provided I do not object to the foot-

ball scrummage that is continuously in progress. I also run a very excellent chance of being robbed of my money or any other valuables I may have about me. Comparison between this state of things and that prevailing in the *pesage* of a French racecourse is simply impossible.

The French racecourse proprietor is no more actuated by motives of philanthropy than we are. He is simply a business man and, to my thinking, a far better business man. The English system; rough, ready and brutal, goes on because people enough are to be found who will submit to it, not because it attracts, since everything in connection with it is repellant to persons of the least refinement of taste. French racing, on the other hand, is distinctly attractive, and, as a result, it draws thousands where we draw hundreds. English racing can never, in its existing form, attract the ordinary family man in the way the theatre does, and as racing in France attracts him, so, so long as we race as we do we must be satisfied with our comparatively narrow circle. What astonishes the stranger so much at a Paris race meeting is the number of steady-going townsfolk who find it convenient to come and bring their female belongings with them, disregarding the outlay, that must appear considerable to a thrifty Frenchman. *Le monde qui s'amuse* of course hails a Sunday at Auteuil with joy, but these are far from making up the thousands that throng the *pesage* (paddock), the chief enclosure. This and the minor enclosure, the entrance to which is five francs, supply the gate-money which, on a recent Sunday, reached the sum of £3,200, which is not bad business, looking at the frequency with

which meetings at Auteuil take place.

Although the betting element, which is so prominent a feature in connection with English racecourses, never comes under the notice of those who do not seek it in France, I should not like to contradict anyone who stated that the French racecourse visitors, as a body, betted even more persistently than the English. Certain it is that, on a French racecourse, we see people betting who would lose caste completely were such a thing known of them in England. This is almost entirely due to the *pari-mutuel* system. With surprise one sees a respectable old lady, who no doubt works very hard all the week, walk up to the ticket-sellers before each race and pay her ten francs for a chance. What she, in common with thousands of others doing the same thing, can know about the horses must be *nil*. Old ladies in black who persistently punted with bookmakers in an English ring would be considered eccentric, if not remarkable, but in France nobody takes the least notice. Practically everybody gambles through the medium of the *pari-mutuel*: and when the time comes, if ever it does come, for the introduction here of this medium of racecourse speculation to be seriously discussed, its opponents will find their firmest plank to be the facility it affords to the small bettor. Although the public pays nothing for frequenting the open space at Auteuil, toll is none the less taken of it through the medium of the *pari-mutuel*, which is established in two convenient places far apart. In the vicinity of these the crowd is the thickest; and if you want to know whether the little people gamble or not you have only to watch how, at the conclusion of

each race, the crowd surges towards the *pari-mutuel* booths, perhaps to draw winnings, but certainly to gamble on the next race. Gambling tables have been a long time suppressed in France, but what does that matter so long as the *pari-mutuel* survives? It is not surprising that the public like the *pari-mutuel*, which never runs away with the money and never returns a false favourite, but that it is good to encourage the small speculator is very much open to question. The really heavy bettor is the man who prefers the bookmaker, and who will help him to exist, if he is to continue to do so. A plunging owner, with a good thing that is to recoup him for a bad season, has no use for the *pari-mutuel*, which will not lay him 5,000 to 2,000 in a bet; and if fight there is to be, it will be on these grounds, though, in actual legal warfare, others may be substituted. On personal grounds the French bookmaker calls for little sympathy.

The Kempton Park Betting Case.—The decision of the House of Lords, to the effect that a race-course enclosure is not a "place" within the meaning of the Act, will not surprise many people, for it was whispered some time before what the decision was likely to be. Now that racecourse proprietors have their hands free it is to be hoped that they will do their duty and keep their rings clean. This is the direction towards which public interest is centred.

Hunting—The End of the Season.—The last month of the season is half way through and the sport has been poor for the last six weeks. Indeed, when we come to look back upon it we shall be obliged to say that this has been one of the most disappointing seasons of late years.

The rain has made the country often so deep as to make riding over it a difficulty, yet has seldom carried such a scent as might be expected under the circumstances. How much of the deficiency in sport is to be put down to the very bad cubbing season and to the consequent want of education of foxes and hounds, it is difficult to say, but knowing what stress experienced masters and huntsmen place on good cub-hunting, it is probable that this was a leading cause. Scent has never been good for any length of time, and there is perhaps scarcely a pack which has enjoyed four days' good sport in any one week. Another point which honesty compels us to note is that the stag-hunters have enjoyed the very best sport and had most of the great runs. More particularly may we note the great succession of good sport shown by the Mid-Kent, a particularly well-managed pack, and Mr. Kay's excellent little pack, which hunts over what was once the Goodwood country and brings the cry of hounds to a district where otherwise they would not be heard.

The Pytchley.—This country has had quite its fair share of the sport that is going, perhaps a little more. Sometimes one is tempted to think that Northamptonshire and Warwickshire carry a better scent than Leicestershire, where circumstances are not so favourable. Certainly the V.D. has noticed, or thinks he has, that when other packs cannot make much of the line of their foxes, the Pytchley still seem able to hunt. Not even the most loyal Pytchley man would say that their hounds or their huntsman, good as both are, are better than those of other hunts in the shires; therefore it must be the scenting properties of the soil or of the foxes. By the

way, the ladies of the Pytchley have just presented John Isaac with a silver horn and a set of plate for the table to mark their sense of the opportunities of sport they have enjoyed and of which it may be said that nowhere do the modern Dianas avail themselves with more keenness and distinction.

On February 18th Mr. Wroughton gave his followers an opportunity of seeing his new purchases by inviting Mr. Austin Mackenzie to bring the bitch pack with which hereafter Lord Southampton will hunt the Woodland country. The run of the day from Waterloo Gorse gave the field a chance of seeing the pack hunt with a moderate scent and hearing them chime. The fences were such that no one could over-ride hounds, and presently so impracticable that a great many could not get to them at all. Discretion once more proved the better part, for the mass of the field who had chosen easier and less dread ways of getting to hounds had all the sport there was.

Mr. Fernie's.—This pack, hunting over a country not dissimilar in many respects to the Pytchley, have done still better, and indeed, have had quite the best of the few good things which have marked the grass countries since last the Van Driver looked over the pastures from the box seat of that now venerable successor to the Omnibus of the *Sporting Magazine*. Of course, the two good things came on the same day. Thurnby Gorse, the charming little covert on the slope near the Quorn borders, gave us a starting point. The fox was said, by those who saw him, to be a small and rather insignificant-looking one, but good foxes, like great generals, are often small in size. Hounds ran as

well as they have done this season, checking indeed for a moment by Houghton Windmill, but thereafter driving forward steadily over the fields between that point and the Coplow (Mr. Walter Maccreasy's). Botany was the fox's apparent point, but he was headed for once rather fortunately, and hounds steamed away back over the Ashlands Valley, and up the hill for Illston. This was doubly fortunate, for it gave the followers a chance to ride over the oft-crossed but always charming Ashlands, and prevented a clash with the Quorn, who shortly afterwards came into Botany Bay, and found foxes there in plenty. Then came the Illston ploughed field, and here hounds steadied, faltered, and eventually divided. This remarkable day was by no means over. The first, or rather the second, fox was lost at Carlton Curliu. Sheepthorns was the natural draw. The pack, once settled, drove the fox towards Shangton, and either forcing him to turn, or it may be touching the line of a fresh fox, came back by way of Carlton Clump and Kibworth Hall to Kibworth Station. Here they went on, this time no doubt on a fresh fox, for Saddington and almost to John Ball. Horses were beat, the huntsman's horse among them. It was a magnificent day's sport. There had been a clinking twenty-five minutes, with a kill in the morning as well.

The Brocklesby.—It is time, however, to make a wider cast, and to speak of sport in Lincolnshire. It will be remembered that when Lord Lonsdale bought the dog pack, Lord Yarborough retained a few hounds, and a reverent right to others when Lord Lonsdale wished to sell the pack. Certain hounds, therefore, came home to Brocklesby when the body of the pack went to the

Blackmore Vale. The present pack is a young one; certainly their start from Grimsby Osiers on the sea shores lacked nothing of youth, fire and determination. Very few people got away at all, and of those who were left few saw them again. Running out on the side nearest the water, they swung right-handed at a great pace. Near Laceby the fox was headed back, but the huntsman catching hold sharply, set them going without a moment's delay. Shortly after hounds divided, and Smith tried to stop them, but he did not succeed till nearly at Roxton Wood he got to their heads, after a marvellous fifty minutes. Hounds and field were reunited, and when the pack went away from Stallingborough Stalls everyone was determined not to be left alone, but such a scent was there that it was useless, and hounds ran clean away from the field and the staff. The fact that the fox ran right into the marshes made riding very difficult. From Stallingborough to Killingholme is but little short of four miles. The pace was tremendous, and a glance at the map will show that the fox ran very straight.

The Southwold.—Still the charm of first-rate sport keeps me in Lincolnshire. Commend me to an outlying fox for a bustling start, and for many chances given us of spoiling our own sport. But on February 21st, when these hounds were halloed into a fox at Stainsby, they went off at such a pace as with a few stiff fences soon put them out of danger. There was no chance of a pull till we got among the rabbit holes at Fulletby, whence we ran round by Belchford to Hemingly, and eventually, with a fresh fox, round by Ashby, and back to Hemingly. The run lasted well over an hour

and a quarter, and the pace was very good, particularly at first.

The Belvoir.—This pack, after a moderate day, including a real Belvoir scurry from Brentingby to Melton Spinney on Wednesday, March 8th, scored a really good hunt from Bitchfield. Colonel Parker told Capell where to look for a fox, and there in a field where the teams were actually at work the fox jumped up. Ingholdsby was close enough to be tempting, but luckily the field were between him and the covert, so perforce he had to run up wind and go for his life. The first serious check was near Somerby, where some dusty plough bothered hounds a little. As soon as the grass was reached the bright music rung out, and hounds stretched away. As the pack neared the covert at Griffs, Capell caught hold and lifted them round, the wisdom of this manœuvre being shown by a hat held up some fields ahead. Now hounds were running over the heath country, where there are no stiff fences to stop them. Near Little Ponton, where Major Longstaff watches over the foxes, the plough again brought hounds to their noses, and beautifully and patiently they hunted along, till suddenly the fox, evidently beaten, jumped up. Varnish dashed out of the pack, coursed him to the hedgerow, and shaking him like a terrier with a rat, killed him by herself. The rest of the day was devoted to interesting, but not remarkable, hunting runs.

The Earl of Eglinton's.—Scotland, having but few hunts, is apt to get even less than its due, especially since the death of Mr. Moray Brown has deprived the above pack of its most enthusiastic chronicler. On March 2nd Lord Eglinton's followers had a first-rate hunting run. Hounds

fairly worked for their fox from start to finish, and killed him in a garden dead beat at the end of an hour and a half. The pace was not great, but hounds were always cleverly forward, and more than a hundred people saw the run from end to end.

Three Long Gallops with Stag.

—Stag-hunting is at its best when they go to look for a well-established outlier. Her Majesty's deer are well cared for, the hunt having a great local popularity, and its followers having been drawn together by the silly and ignorant attacks made on this sport. These, of course, have nothing whatever to do with feeling for the stag, but are simply an endeavour to run down all sport. The V.D. therefore quotes with pleasure from a letter describing a smart sporting run:—

"We met at Hurst, and there we got news of the deer, and proceeded to draw Sonning Covert. A stout old fox went away, but he is riot to-day, and we leave him for Mr. Garth. What a burst of hound music! And we send the deer away with the hounds close to him. He had, in fact, jumped up under hounds' very noses, and was as pretty a find as could be seen anywhere. Our joy was modified by the presence of some very nasty brooks, and then by seeing the stag and hounds crossing the Thames. The nearest bridge was three miles, and I followed Mr. Guy Nickalls and a few more over the viaduct; it was an awful gallop over stones, then down a steep bank, and lastly, a drop into the road. Mr. Nickalls got down, so did a lady and gentleman, and then I followed, but I would not do it again. Then our perils were not over, for we got into a park which literally bristled with barbed wire and spikes of all sorts. The hounds

hunted right through a head of fallow deer in splendid style. The find was the best part of it, and some of the hounds seemed cut about—by wire, I suppose."

The Mid-Kent Staghounds, though not so magnificent as the Royal Pack, have a better country and a most devoted following, and are particularly well managed. Lately they have managed a first-rate run each time they have been out, of which the gallop from Headcorn may be taken as a specimen, partly because the V.D. knows the country. The field pressed hounds at starting; the hind, however, had taken no unfair advantage, but had waited in a little wood from this point in deep ground till the take at Playden. Nobody who was there had any chance of over-riding. That sixteen people, including several ladies, saw the deer taken eighteen miles from the starting-point speaks well for the condition of the horses and the pluck of the riders. Mrs. Carlo Clarke was one, of course, and Miss Leney another, as well as Mr. John White and the M.S.H., Mr. Leney.

The third staghound gallop was in Ireland, where the County Down have had a good season. This story reached me on account of the curious way in which they exchanged one outlier for another. The original hind had been looked for in vain, and the one in the deer-cart was sent for and enlarged. After the usual law hounds were laid on, when the first hind sprang up out of a ditch right among the hounds and went away with the pack at her heels, leaving the other to enjoy a comfortable outing. The hind to which hounds stuck ran a beautiful line, and was at length taken in the sea near Groomsport. This is a wonderfully smart pack,

and at the pace they go no one is likely to hunt in Co. Down who does not want to ride hard.

Oxfordshire.—It seems to me that the Oxford district has been a bit neglected, but I cannot pass over a gallop of an hour and fifty minutes with the Heythrop from Mr. Samuda's at Bruem Wood. He was killed after a rather ringing run near Qune Wood. This was all the more appreciated that the Heythrop have felt the want of scent at least as much as their neighbours.

The Whaddon Chase.—There has been little sport worthy of record in this country during the past month, for although good stout foxes have been found, there has been such an utter absence of scent that what has been done has been entirely due to the knowledge and science Sturman has been able to bring to bear on the point, as well as to the steady hunting qualities of the pack, an attribute which is truly in evidence when their followers allow them to settle to their work, and do not override them. February 18th, with Nash as their fixture, proved entirely one of the days on which they excelled, and those of us who are fond of hound-work must have gone home satisfied, for good foxes were found, and although there was only a moderate scent, Sturman had succeeded in adding a brace of masks to the kennel door by three o'clock. Finding the first in Nash Brakes, the pack ran well over a nice line of country to Nash Village, where Sturman had to help them, and after a lengthy check, carried his line on to College Wood. Such a stronghold as this naturally tempted their fox to linger, but the pack would not be denied, and forcing him away again, he reached Nash, to seek shelter in a ditch close to the village. Hounds

coursed him back to the wood, and a very few minutes sufficed to see him "a hundred tatters of brown." By the time Furzen Fields Coverts were reached scent had decreased considerably; but at length one member of a strong show of foxes was induced to seek fresh pastures, and passing to the right of Mr. Fountain's house, crossed the valley to Nash, where hounds got close at him, and making the pace strong, ran into him in the valley before he could regain the shelter of Furzen Fields. Mr. Lowndes then had the pack taken on to Beachampton Grove, from which they put in a lot of useful work before they were stopped in Shenley Wood, at twenty minutes to six, where it was only the multiplicity of foxes on foot that saved the varmint's brush, for the scent improved considerably as the evening drew on. Tuesday 21st proved a poor day from Addington Lodge, and the following Saturday found hounds confined to kennel, owing to the death of Mr. George R. Greaves, the popular honorary secretary and treasurer of the hunt. His death, unexpected as it was, has left a great blank in the management of the country. A son of Mr. Henley Greaves, who at one time ruled the destinies of the Warwickshire country, he was, so to speak, brought up in the cradle of sport, while at Eton, known as "Leggy" Greaves, he proved himself a great athlete, a stout runner, and good at both water and timber, as was shown by the fact that at fifty years of age he could jump a five-barred gate without the least exertion. Kindly hearted, generous to a fault, and genial to all he met, his figure will be missed in the Vale of Aylesbury, where he made his home, and spent the greater portion of his time doing good to

all around him. March 4th was the next date on which Mr. Lowndes allowed his hounds to hunt, a very moderate scent militating greatly against the chances of sport. Their first fox was found in some gorse on Mr. Syraff's Farm, and set his head at once for Highhovens, but having passed Drayton Parslow to Stewkley Grange, he was headed, and turned down the valley on the right of Drayton Parslow to the Cross Roads, a brace of foxes going back by the Potash Farm in the direction of Solden. Sturman had very bad luck over the hunted animal, however, for although he was viewed dead beaten on the left of Villiers Gorse, by the time Newton Longville was reached all traces of his line had vanished, and he escaped the penalty in a miraculous manner. The rest of the day proved altogether scentless, and although foxes were plentiful nothing was done. March 7th, Wing was the fixture. The Mentmore coverts were the scene of opening operations, and the interest Lord Rosebery's children take in hunting was manifest by the good show of foxes they found there. Sturman brought one to hand, and finished the day with a good hunting run from Aston Abbotts, by Cublington, to the Warren Farm, Stewkley, where their fox got to ground at 5.45 p.m. From Whaddon, on March 11th, a somewhat curious incident happened, for trotting on to Howe Park Wood, a fox was found at once, and hounds ran well to Bletchley, thence by Mr. H. Pattersall's house to the Oxford Railway at Newton Longville, and with Solden on the left, completed the circle by Water Spinney to Howe Park Wood. A temporary halt there, and away went the hunt again by the Bottle

House Plantations and the Kennels to Whaddon Village, where their fox took sanctuary on the ridge of the roof of the infant school. Ever ready to further the interests of sport, Mr. Gerald Uthwatt undertook to dislodge him, and "the Squire," having the hounds taken away, a ladder was procured. Mr. Uthwatt climbed up, and made for his prize as he would tail an otter with his own pack. Reynard, however, was not to be caught napping, and sliding down the slates was soon once more on *terra firma*, his pursuers catching him within the purlieus of the village, for which he appeared to have a particular fancy.

Lord Rothschild's Staghounds.

—Unlike the foxhounds, this pack have been able to place some capital gallops to their credit during the period under notice, the first to claim our notice originating at Pitchcott on February 20th, when hounds ran well across the valley stretching away to Aylesbury, took one short ring to Weaden Hill, and then, having skirted Aylesbury town, Hartwell was reached, with a lengthening stream of horsemen to mark the course they ran. Stone was on the right as these grand hounds raced on to Stoke Mandeville, and having reached Ellesborough, doubled back to Hartwell, where the end came. Lady Orkney took a nasty fall during the run, her horse landing into the second ditch of a double fence. On the following Thursday Mr. H. Brashier invited the hunt to Holborn Hill, and the Hon. Walter Rothschild, M.P., who was acting master, uncartered his stag on the hill in front of the house. There was a large field out, and hounds ran gaily across the valley by Whitesfields to Quainton Road Station, where the end came.

We were told that what had been selected as the first deer had refused to leave the van and accept his office at the first onset, so the master decided to return to the tryst and see if he were in any more agreeable mood. The result was a charming gallop by Whitefields to Hardwick Folly and Quarendon, beyond which the Bicester Road was touched, and getting a view, hounds raced to Clarke's Brake and Weaden, where their stag ran into a cottage, and was safely taken. There was no hunting in the Vale on February 27th, but from Norduck on March 2nd a very pretty ringing run was worked out by the staghounds. Mr. J. Roades, one of the best of the Vale yeomen, entertained the hunt, and again the Hon. Walter Rothschild, M.P., was in command of his father's pack. On the following Monday, after meeting at Grandboro and running by Shipton and Winslow Spinneys to Great Horwood, they got so far behind their stag that he completely ran them out of scent. The red deer is by no means addicted to follow the habits of a hare and "form up" at the earliest opportunity after he leaves the van, and an hour wasted within a radius of half a mile seeking him in rough, wild hedgerows enabled him to place such an advantage to his credit, that although Boore reached Adstock and Padbury by reason of the assistance of some welcome holloas, he could not get beyond. By the time Benthill Farm, near Buckingham, had been reached, it was said that the task of carrying on the line had fallen to the lot of some of the Bicester pack, which had been spending the greater portion of their day in that district, though they were scarcely so successful in the end as the staghounds were in killing

a fox for them some years back as the stag is still at large. The occasion of the two packs clashing and some of Sir Nathaniel de Rothschild's, as he then was, hounds going on and actually pulling down the Bicester fox, comes back vividly to memory, the scene at the finish being particularly entertaining; for although game enough to kill him, the staghounds utterly declined to join in the feast on his tattered carcase. No one, of course, knew the strangers' names, but Lord Valentia quickly solved the difficulty, and his application of biblical cognomens, "Tear him, Moses," "Pull him, Aaron," or "Have at him, Isaac," as he shook a leg of his fox in their faces, fairly brought down the house. History does not say that the foxhounds were noticed as being the earliest up at the take of the stag; probably it was only the charm of the music the Mentmore pack always possessed that led them into such an indiscretion. March 9th Mr. Brittain entertained Lord Rothschild's pack at The Lillies, Weaden, and a capital gallop followed, hounds running up the Hardwick Valley to Norduck, crossed to Burston, and having passed Rousham, fairly raced over the brook country on the left of Hulcot to Marston Gate, where the Aylesbury and Cheddington Railway was crossed, and running in view, hounds set their deer at bay in the "canal" just beyond Puttenham, where he was re-taken.

The Bicester.—February 23rd found these hounds at Ashendon, Mr. Harper entertaining the field before the hunt moved on to Chearsley Furze, to draw. Cox found at once, and crossing the hill to Chearsley village, their fox found sanctuary in some of the back premises. Tattishall Wood

supplied the next one, and passing Wootton House, hounds ran on to Grendon Wood, where they got on capital terms with their fox, drove him away at a rattling pace to Nap's Oak and Dodder-shall, when they bore to the right as if for Lodge Hill. They were too close at him, however, to admit of his reaching those coverts, and he turned short back into Wootton Park, being pulled down in Briar Hill. February 25th was more remarkable for the number of foxes killed than for the amount of sport they showed, for from Farthinghoe Thenford Gardens was the first draw, and a fox was unluckily chopped there. Thenford Gorse, however, held a successor, and hounds ran fast to Thorpe Gorse, Edgcott and Waddington, marking him to ground in a drain near Chalcombe. At Willifers they got their third fox on foot, and a fast fifteen minutes by Purston and Farthinghoe Lodge to Rosamond's Bower ended with his blood near that covert. Number four was chopped in the covert, and hounds got away well with a companion by Cobblers Pits to Willifers, where he got to ground. A small spinney at Walton Grounds was then tried, and running a fox to Aynho village, he too went to ground in a drain; but as he was "wanted" for his depredations amongst the neighbouring poultry yards, he was evicted, and summary justice meted out. From Lee Bridge on March 2nd these hounds ran fast for sixty minutes over Whaddon Chase territory to pull their fox down before he could regain the shelter of Mason's Gorse.

Hunting in Yorkshire.—The latter end of February was, as is frequently the case, distinguished by excellent sport, and perhaps some of the best runs which took place in Yorkshire took place after

the middle of the month. Indeed all over there seems to have been a general looking up of sport, and there has been scent enough to stick to the travelling foxes which generally show such good sport at this season of the year.

The York and Ainsty.—On February 18th the York and Ainsty had one of those old-fashioned Sessay Wood days of which so many find a record in the annals of the hunt. The fixture was Sessay village, the morning dull, "or a nipping and an eager air" from the east. Fullan's Whin was drawn blank, but true to its traditions Sessay Wood held a stout straight-necked fox who was off the moment hounds spoke to him, which they did as soon as ever they were in the wood. They raced along the railway side to Throstle Nest, and then, crossing the line, for eighteen glorious minutes they raced along by Coldharbour and Woolpott to Highthorne when they over-shot the line and checked for a moment, it was for a moment only; though when hounds were set going again the fox ran the road near Carlton Husthwaite for some distance, thus enabling him to get a good start, and this eventually saved his life. They ran on hard by Beacon Banks and Newburgh Park to Pond Head Wood, where they checked again for a moment; they were soon going again over Yearsley Moor and into Heronsew Gill, where they changed foxes. The fresh one they ran by Newburgh Priory and across the Kirby Moorside Railway, past Byland Abbey and Wass, and through Wass Bank on to Ampleforth Moor, whence they ran back into the wood. There were now two if not three foxes on foot, and as horses were tired Mr. Lycett Green stopped hounds. They had been running two hours, most of the time at a fast pace, and, taken

on the whole, it was one of the best runs the York and Ainsty has had this season.

On February 20th they met at Sutton Hall, and after chopping a fox in a plantation joining Gaping Gorse Lane, they found in Suet High Carr, and soon had the fox out on the north side. Something in the nature of false information prevented hounds getting on the line at first, but happily little time was lost, and they were soon running at top pace over White Carr Ings and Brown Moor, by Cornborough Villa to Cornborough Hall pointing for Whenby. Turning left-handed they left Farlington Grange and ran over Marton Lordship pointing for Crayke. Bearing to the left they crossed the Foss and left Stillington on the right and ran by Moxby to Sutton on the Forest, close to which village they were run out of scent, after a capital run of forty-eight minutes. It seems that the fox had taken temporary shelter in a pig sty, and this saved his life. Two other runs, which, however, contained little incident, served to make up a good day's sport.

Lord Middleton's.—On February 25th Lord Middleton's met at Hutton Hall. After a sharp spin with an outlying fox they killed him, and then they had a very fast thirty-five minutes from Hildenby, marking the fox to ground near Whitwell. Then they went to Old Malton Whin, where they found, and after a turn twice round the covert, they drove the fox out into the open, and raced him down to the Derwent, which they crossed at Reighton Bridge. Kirkby Mister-ton was left on the right, and then raced over Riseborough Hagg, and leaving Sinnington village by the left, they ran through Dawson Wood, and by Cropton to Appleton le Moor, where they fell in

with the Sinnington, and the two packs joined. They were soon stopped and separated, as they had doubtless changed foxes. It was a twelve-mile point, time one hour twenty-five minutes, and it was undoubtedly the run of the season.

Vacant Countries.—When the hunting season of 1899-1900 opens there will be, it is probable, more than the usual number of new masters seen at the head of establishments which change hands at the end of the season. Mr. Dawkins gives up the Dulverton pack, hunting in a wild sporting country which should not long go begging, as there must be several men who, though unwilling to be bound by the ties and worries of a fashionable country, long for one wherein plenty of sport can be seen at comparatively small cost. Ill-health, one very much regrets to hear, necessitates Mr. F. T. Wilson giving up the Ledbury country at the close of the present season. During the season 1896-7 he hunted with great success the North Herefordshire country, wherein he was very popular, and on the resignation of Mr. George Thursby the Ledbury men esteemed themselves fortunate in securing so good a sportsman to take the affairs of the hunt into his hands. During the present season Mr. Wilson was obliged to go abroad for the benefit of his health, and returned last month; but his medical advisers say that he will not be able to hunt during next season, so he has no alternative but to resign.

In the Bicester country something like a shock was the result of the intention of Lord Cottenham to give up the mastership, the duties of which he has so well discharged since he took office in 1895 on the resignation of Mr. P. Colville Smith. Although his

lordship's mind was, it is said, made up somewhat suddenly, there are one or two persons who appear to have anticipated the intelligence a good three weeks before the announcement was made public about the 2nd or 3rd of March. Such a pleasant country will not find it difficult to obtain another master, though changes are always to be lamented. When Mr. Drake gave up the country in 1851, he was but the third master the Bicester had had during three-quarters of a century, John Warde and Sir Thomas Mostyn being the others; but that happy state of things has never been anywhere near repetition. Lord Valentia ruled for thirteen years (1872-85), and Lord Chesham for eight; but with these two exceptions all the masters since 1851 have had short reigns. A meeting of the Bicester hunt was held the other day at Swift's House, the residence of Sir Algernon Peyton, at which Mr. J. P. Heywood Lonsdale was unanimously elected to succeed Lord Cottenham. Mr. Lonsdale is younger son of the late Mr. A. P. Heywood Lonsdale, master of the Shropshire, and brother of Capt. Lonsdale, who kept on the hounds for a season, and the new master of the Bicester steered the Oxford boat in the race against Cambridge in 1889 and three following years. Then in Essex Mr. Salvin Bowlby and Mr. Arkwright determined to give up their hounds, but at a recent meeting Mr. Salvin consented to act as sole master if Mr. C. E. Greene, a former master, would agree to act as field master, and this is the arrangement, the guarantee being £3,000 per annum. Major de Freville leaves the Cotswold, in favour of Mr. Algernon Rushout, for twenty years master of North Cotswold, and Mr. Munro

leaves the East Sussex for the Albrighton.

Huntsmen.—In Warwickshire, Dick Yeo—I fancy that he at one time whipped-in to the Essex—has fallen into a good thing. Lord Willoughby de Broke's bad health obliged him to hand over the horn to James Cooper, and then that excellent servant became incapacitated, a recent fall having aggravated an injury to the spine, the result of a previous fall. It will be some time before he is able to ride again; but he is under treatment, and so Lord Willoughby, being in want of a huntsman, engaged Dick Yeo, a bold horseman and a quick man with hounds. This has certainly been a season for giving understudies a chance, and it is a curious chain of circumstances which has tended to make Walter Keyte the new Quorn huntsman in succession to Tom Firr, while Harry Bonner, who gave up hunting the Tynedale to go to the Meynell, has resigned his post with the latter pack.

First Whip.—Fred Babbage, now acting as first whip and kennel huntsman (hunting the hounds twice a week) with the Four Burrow Foxhounds, is leaving that country at the end of the present season, and will be open to accept the post of first whip, or first whip and kennel huntsman for next season. In our opinion, Babbage is an excellent first whip, and we shall hope to hear of him getting a good engagement.

Polo—The Indian Champion-ship.—Once more this Cup has been won by the Patiala team, yet these fine players were very far from being in their best form, and owed their victory to the goodness of their ponies and to the weakness of the opposition rather than to any very grand

exhibition of play. They played well, of course, and there is no combination existing of four men who know each other's play so thoroughly as do the Maharajah of Patiala and his men, yet there was a great deal of missing, and they have lost much of the certainty of past days. It must have seemed very like old times to Major Whitla to be playing against the Maharajah of Patiala, and the 3rd Hussars will probably be a much stronger team when they have got used to the climate and the Indian ground, and above all, have had time to get together a good lot of ponies. As it was, they had but little chance when drawn against the Patiala four. The best team next to the winners was that of the Calcutta Polo Club (Major Williams, Mr. Ezra, Captain Martin, Major Throper), but they had not quite enough ponies, and having played a very severe match against the 4th Dragoon Guards earlier in the tournament, were somewhat at a disadvantage. It was unfortunate that neither the 4th Hussars nor Golconda were entered. The 9th Lancers from Muttra made no sign; probably they have not yet got their ponies or their team in working order. The 10th Hussars and the Durham Light Infantry both leaving India at the same time is a great, though only a temporary blow, to Indian polo.

The Horse Shows.—The Spring Shows at Islington have been quite successful so far as the quality of the horses is concerned, and the attendance in each case was satisfactory when it is remembered that nothing is introduced to attract the general public, who are not likely to come together merely to see a number of horses shown in hand. These are purely breeders' and buyers' shows,

a circumstance to be taken into account when endeavouring to estimate their popularity by the number of spectators.

The Shire Horse Show.—Not inferior to the best of those which have gone before, was the Show which took place at the close of February, when this Magazine had gone to press. The colt and filly yearlings were somewhat above the average, and not a few of them should find their way into the prize lists at other shows, and in 1900 Dunsmore Jameson and Hailstone Royal Lass, the colt and filly winners, may be formidable in the two-year-old classes. Mr. P. A. Muntz, M.P., declared that never had there been such a collection of yearlings before; but without endorsing such a very wide statement, which is, after all, very difficult to prove, it is enough to say that they were very good.

It may be remembered that last year, when the Prince of Wales attended the Show to present the Special and Champion Prizes there was but a single recipient, Mr. Henderson, of Buscot Park, who simply swept the board and beat himself for the Championship with Buscot Harold, who has developed into a very grand Shire horse, showing great power and freeness of action. On the present occasion all the eggs did not go into one basket, so the interest was more sustained than was the case when Mr. Henderson walked over and made a record in the annals of the Shire Horse Show. Mr. Henderson, indeed, found Buscot Harold good enough to repeat his last year's performance and retain the Championship; for the man who can show a better Shire than he may plume himself on the fact that he possesses something out of the common.

The Prince of Wales, a constant

and liberal supporter of the Shire Show, entered several horses, which among them gained some minor honours; but he had the gratification of bearing away with him to Sandringham a couple of breeder's prizes, as Dunsmore Gloaming, the winner of the Champion Prize for mares, and Victor's Queen, first in her class, and winner of the Special Prize for the best young mare in the Show, were both bred at Sandringham. Both are now the property of Sir Blundell Maple, and the Prince was extremely gratified at the success of each of them. The judges must have thought Dunsmore Gloaming pretty good, as she beat that fine grey mare Aldenham Dame, and last year's winner, Aurea, then shown by Mr. Henderson, but now the property of the well-known exhibitor and breeder, Mr. Crisp. The real value of the horses exhibited is best arrived at by having regard to the results of the sale, and this was most satisfactory. Prices ruled rather higher than was the case last year, and the highest price was paid for Hitchin Dragman II., who brought 400 gs., and he was thought to have been disposed of at a reasonable figure. Dragmaster, a chesnut two-year-old, realised 155 gs. Hall Mark, a two-year-old, bred at Sandringham, sold for 310 gs.; but the geldings sold were few and the prices nothing remarkable.

The Hackney Show followed on, and from first to last presented several points of no little interest. The number of chesnut horses was something phenomenal, and it really seems as though other colours were going out of fashion. In at least one class all the prize-winners were chesnuts of various shades. One reason for this may be that so many of the favourite

sires are and have been of this colour; or, as chesnut has for a long time been a fashionable colour, breeders may have tried to produce as many chesnuts as possible; or again, the preponderance of this one colour may be nothing more than an accident. Be the cause, however, what it may, the fact was very marked. It is the more noteworthy, too, because chesnut was not a particularly common colour in the old days of the hackney, bays and browns being perhaps found in the majority.

The classes were well filled, and in quite an average number of cases the horses which won some sort of distinction last year met with more or less acknowledgment on this occasion. There were some exceptions, of course, and in one case a horse which was first last year was not even looked at by the judges who officiated during the first week of last month.

The entries give some index of the leaning on the part of breeders to particular sires, and judged by this standard, Connaught, Dane-gelt, Ganymede, Garton Duke of Connaught and His Majesty, stand far out from all the others. Garton Duke of Connaught, who sired no fewer than forty-one of the exhibits, stood out an easy first, and his stock won all along the line, and in a few instances (as in that of Diplomatist, the winning yearling), if he was not the sire of the winner, the dam was a Duke of Connaught mare. When the judging of the Produce Groups was over, Garton Duke of Connaught hunted up Gentleman John for the three stallions, and with the three females, held a hand against which no one could play, and won in the easiest manner, his representatives being Miss Terry, Garton Birthday

and Queen of the South, the Champion mare and two mares first in their respective classes. Danegelt was the sire of thirty-seven of the horses entered, and if the preference on the part of the judges for Rosador over Royal Danegelt cost Sir Walter Gilbey the Championship, he had, at any rate, the satisfaction of knowing that his conqueror is a Danegelt horse. That Gentleman John should win the Produce Group prize with stallions could hardly have come as a surprise to anyone who had carefully gone over the probable candidates, as the two-year-old, Country Gentleman, Lord Drewton 2nd, and Winnal Fireaway, were a formidable batch to tackle, and no better decision could have been arrived at than that which gave victory to Gentleman John. The mares and geldings shown in hand were just fairly good, but nothing out of the way.

The Hunter Show.—The judges, Captain Greer, Mr. R. Chandos - Pole and Mr. Owen Williams, three eminently practical men, reported to the Council of the Royal Commission on Horse-breeding that in their opinion the standard of the thoroughbred sires was rather better than usual, a decision from which there is no appeal. Plenty of old friends appeared again, and some of these have gained in prizes more than their market value—so much the better for their owners. Curley, Marioni, Four Poster, Q.C., Pumpernickel, Blakelaw, Red Eagle, Par-ci-par-la (cast by the Veterinary officials on this occasion for a speck in the eye), Button Park, Belleville, and others we know well, and the Show would appear incomplete without some of them. The judging, however, by no means followed on the lines of

previous shows, as some of last year's winners were put off with reserve cards, but the breakdown of Class B was good business for some of the reserve horses; as to three of them premiums were awarded in this Class B to go north. This class was once upon a time strong and popular, as it includes the counties of Cumberland, Durham, Northumberland and Westmoreland. The judges were this time so little taken with the five horses which came before them that they declined to see any of them again, and it was not until the other classes were judged that the vacancies were filled up by the selection of some of the misfits from other districts. One doubts, however, whether horse-breeding will suffer on this account, for three very good horses were picked out, Curley, Benburb and Bellville.

The judges, in their report, alluded to the fact that there were too many cases of contracted feet—a true bill—and one may add that there were some desperately bad hocks on view, while some of the sires walked very badly behind. Feet and legs are, of course, of paramount importance in the case of hunter sires, and neither exhibitors nor judges can pay too much attention to this point.

Hunters' Improvement Society—With a well-filled catalogue the second portion of the Show began on Wednesday, the 8th ult. In both sexes the yearlings were capital, and one is perhaps justified in saying, as they were all undocked by regulation, that some of them may find their way into the Army as chargers or troop horses. The charger class is reserved for three and four-year-olds, but it is more than probable that some of those which, by reason of their age were ineligible for that class,

will appear in it by-and-by, unless they are in the meantime bought for other duties. Most good judges were glad to see that Captain Heywood Lonsdale's sire Witherman received a premium on the first day, and that his yearling colt was placed first in the class. Witherman himself was perhaps not excelled, for hunting purposes, by any stallion at the Show. He has plenty of substance, a grand back and loins, and good action, and if not a particularly handsome horse, has many hunter-like points. The colt takes a good deal after his sire, and should grow into money. All the young stock was good, and Mr. James Darrell's Shannon View, by Sir Hugh, the three-year-old which gained the Championship of the young horses, is an exceedingly well-made youngster, a hunter all over.

A good many of the breeders and exhibitors whose names we are accustomed to see in the catalogues of the summer Shows sent competitors, and not always without success. Mr. Holt-Needham, Mr. Stokes, Mr. Andrew Brown, Messrs. Mason and Brown, Mr. Bradley and Mr. John being among the number. In the riding classes a good many hunting men entered the lists, and in the class for four-year-old mares, the Messrs. Ward had no cause to be ashamed of their Empress, by Traverser, who was placed first. Mr. John's Raby, by King of Ruby, added another to his many show-ring successes by taking first prize in the four-year-old gelding class, as well as special prize and Championship honours. Mr. Stokes scored a couple of wins in the five-year-old classes with two capital hunters, both up to weight, and it must not be left unsaid that Yard Arm won the produce

prize. The Show was good all through, showing that decent stock can be bred if proper pains be taken. It may be added that the arrangements for forage, &c., were carried out, as for many years past, to the general satisfaction, by Messrs. Nicholls & Baker, Oxford Market, W.

Coursing—The Waterloo Cup.

—From whatever point of view regarded, it will be conceded, we think, that the Waterloo Cup of 1899 was a conspicuous success, and a great coursing triumph all along the line. It was fought out, too, "without a division," and there can be no doubt that the best dog won. On the night of the draw, which took place, as usual, at the Adelphi Hotel, in the presence of a goodly assemblage of coursers, the winner, indeed, failed to find a backer at all, which was no wonder in the face of the claims of Wild Night, Lang Syne and Faber Fortunæ, well-known and gallant performers of last year. Lang Syne, the runner-up of last year, had the misfortune to be put out, in her first attempt, by Side-by-Side, while Wild Night, though surviving the first round, fell in the second before the redoubtable George Tincler. The Duke of Leeds is to be universally commiserated, inasmuch as having run up under adverse circumstances last year, he was again the runner-up this year, although his bitch Lapal ran in the nomination of Colonel McCalmont, and had been much harder run than Black Fury when the two met for the final spin. In fact this misfortune of being over-worked befell some other good greyhounds in the stake, notably Peregrine Pickle, the property of Mr. L. Pilkington, who was very unfortunate in having his dog lamed so close upon the meeting. Still, Peregrine Pickle made a

truly wonderful fight of it against George Tincler in the third round, and might have won if the hare had lived a little longer. Another fact to be mentioned in connection with this year's cup is that the puppies numbered rather more than half of the entries. Fully two hundred coursers attended the draw dinner at the Adelphi. The draw was decidedly tame until the name of last year's winner, Wild Night, was read out, immediately followed by that of Bogan, thus causing the respective winners of the English and Australian Waterloo Cups in 1898 to meet in the first round—a rather remarkable occurrence. The winner and runner-up of the last year's Members' Cup at the Altcar Club meeting—Faber Fortunæ and Princely—also came out against one another.

The meet at Hill House, on the Wednesday morning, was greeted by a marked touch of frost, but on a move being made to Rye Hey Flat, below Hill House, it was not until half-past eleven that the first brace of dogs were ordered to the slips. Then the hares came quickly to hand, and the trials followed in quick succession. Twenty-four courses were here run off, but the last five hares were very weak, and the order to move should have been made much earlier. Afterwards a move was made to the Withins, and here all the remaining trials were run off. The first round was run off by half-past two, and in another two hours we were through the second round of the Cup. By this time Genetive had defeated Wild Oats, George Tincler Wild Night, Lapal Reephram, Peregrine Pickle Prescott, Faber Fortunæ Chock, Father of Fire Westminster, Real Emperor Anstrude, Hesper Mac's Blend, and Black Fury Border Song.

and Black Fury quite ran up to expectation, and Peregrine Pickle, though lame, ran right into his hare several lengths in front of Waving Still, and in the second round, was well led by his kennel companion, Prescott; but after the turn, after pecking badly twice, Peregrine Pickle, going well, was a decided winner when he killed. Black Fury at once began to show in front of Border Song, and was quite three lengths in front when the hare came round, when the white collar took possession, and was just the winner when Black Fury again drew to the front, wrenched, killed, and won. In the evening Colonel McCalmont took the chair at the dinner, and the card was read over by Mr. R. W. B. Jardine. There was considerable betting between Father of Fire and Lapal, Real Emperor and Weather Forecast, Rare Luck and Hesper; but it appeared to us that George Tincler, Black Fury and Faber Fortunæ were decidedly the favourites.

On Thursday, after another frosty night had somewhat hardened the ground, some doubt was entertained as to the prospects of coursing, until Lydiate Station was reached, when all doubt was dispelled, but a commencement was not made until half-past eleven. Lapal just beat Father of Fire in an exceedingly long and very close trial, and the crowd were greatly divided in opinion as to which the award would be given. Another splendid trial was seen when Weather Forecast beat Real Emperor, and then had to be drawn, in favour of Hesper, from being lamed. Against George Tincler—Peregrine Pickle, the former looked as if he would lead a long distance, but Mr. Pilkington's dog caught him at the finish of the run up, and then, when he got placed

killed too quickly for his chance. Faber Fortunæ was decidedly unlucky against Black Fury, as he was in front until the hare came right to the latter who, making the most of his chance, quickly killed. In the fourth round, after a tremendous race to the hare, Genetive just got the turn by favour, but Lapal then shot up for possession, and made three or four nice points before making a good kill. Very shortly after the slip, George Tincler began to show in front of Dick Burge, and gradually increasing his lead as they came up the flat, he eventually led quite a length and a half, and killed his hare after wrenching once. It was a tremendous race between Black Fury and Circus Clown for a long distance, but nearing the hare Black Fury began to show, and was in front by a good length when he came round with his hare, and Circus Clown looked like taking the second, but Black Fury rushed across, wrenched twice, and killed.

On Friday morning, although there was no frost to contend with, there was yet another enemy to coursing of an even greater force to fight in the shape of a dense fog. The meet was at Hill House, and almost immediately a move was made to the Withins. Still the fog kept increasing, and the outlook was most unpromising until the sun forged ahead, and then it was quickly dispersed, and the first brace of dogs were placed in the hands of the slipper at the hour of eleven.

Lapal quickly showed in front of Hesper from a capital slip, and was leading by a length and a half when Lapal rather overshot his game, and then when the hare broke back, Hesper was placed for the second and third turns; then when the hare again broke

to the top of the ground, Lapal took possession for a very smart sequence of points. Afterwards, the hare went over to the club side of the Withins, and Lapal scored almost every other point in a long trial, and concluded with a kill. Black Fury, very shortly after the slip, began to show in front of George Tincler, the latter then crossing behind. Black Fury, however, kept his lead all the way, and reached his game a length and a half in front. Going on in front, he made a very strong sequence of points to nearly the end of the Withins, and made a good kill, the former not having scored a point in the trial. In the deciding course the dogs came away very evenly from a splendid slip, and almost immediately Black Fury got his head in front, but for the greatest part of the run-up the bitch held him, until nearing the game, when Black Fury quickly drew out quite two lengths; taking his position well, he scored a sequence of seven or eight half points before bringing his hare round, when it was immediately killed by Lapal. The winner was backed for some £3,000 only on the night of the draw, 2,000 to 60 being taken by his owner. He passed into possession of his owner, Mr. E. Rogers, less than two months ago, at the price of 90 guineas. He is a fine upstanding dog, and is well furnished, and—a matter of rejoicing for Londoners—was trained at Hendon. We had nearly omitted to state that the crowd mustered nearly 15,000, and that notwithstanding their number, never has a more orderly and good-humoured assembly been seen at Altcar. The duties of judge and slipper were efficiently discharged by Mr. R. A. Brice and Tom Bootiman respectively.

Sport at the Universities.—

From a titular point of view, Lent Term—now concluded—has been pretty eventful. As we write, the vast majority of Light and Dark Blues are located in London, intent upon witnessing the stirring sequence of representative tussles included in the "Blues' Week." For obvious reasons, all comment here on the Boat Race, sports, &c. must come in next month. Outside these, however, it is pleasing to report that other Inter-Varsity contests have (so far) fallen out with that "variation," those "chequered fortunes," which the wise old Greek assures us is always the best. The Cantabs repeated their 1898 Hockey victory at Richmond fairly easily, the final scores reading 5 goals 2 in their favour. The general exposition was unusually "classy," but whilst the defence both ways was altogether sound, the Light Blue forwards were much the speedier and cleverer. Oxford retaliated by winning the Boxing and Fencing competitions, for the third successive year, by 5 events 1. Indeed, they won every single boxing bout save the feather-weights, and carried all before them in the fencing items, including the newly-introduced sabre contest. A week later, the Oxonians again asserted their supremacy at Billiards also, O. B. Hargreaves (Oriel) winning the Singles competition from M. W. Muir (Trinity, Cambridge) by 49 points. Reinforced by Messrs. Mortimer (Oxford) and Jessop (Cambridge), the Doubles match was keenly contested throughout, but the Dark Blues were again victorious by 143 points. Up to date, therefore, the Inter-Varsity record in 1898-9 reads, Oxford 3 events, Cambridge 3 events. It is noteworthy also that in every

case our predictions of last month were fulfilled almost to the letter. Turning from Olympian to Isthmian contests, the annual "Lents" and "Torpids" races on Cam and Isis were finely contested this year. At Cambridge, First Trinity retained premier position after some splendid fights with "Hall," whilst Third Trinity (six bumps), First Trinity V. (five bumps), and Trinity Hall II., Selwyn I., Third Trinity II., Lady Margaret III., King's II. (four bumps each), all rowed splendidly. No fewer than seven crews gained their oars this Term—about a record! It was freely admitted that the new rule allowing second-year men to compete in these races had worked wonders. At Oxford, chief honours were gained by Balliol—who retained "Head of the River" honours—Brasenose I., Pembroke and Worcester (five bumps), and Magdalen II., and Keble II. (four bumps each). Other crews deserving notice were Merton, Balliol II., New Coll. II., and Wadham. Altogether, excellent form was shown under almost unparalleled conditions of wind and stream. On several evenings the Isis was running with almost the velocity of a mill-stream. The Clinker Fours on either river were subsequently won by Magdalen (Oxford) and Peterhouse (Cambridge). Athletes have been equally busy, and not within our pretty lengthy experience do we remember such all-round keenness and enthusiasm displayed on either track before. Above and beyond the Trials Meetings, the Cantabs inflicted a severe defeat upon the premier L.A.C. representatives on March 11th, winning by 7 events 3. Several brilliant performances were reeled off, notably the Mile (4 min. 22½ secs.) of President Hunter; the Hurdles (16 secs.

dead) by W. G. Paget—Tomlinson (Trinity Hall)—which equals the record—and the Half-Mile (1 min. 59 $\frac{3}{4}$ secs.) of H. E. Graham (Jesus). Collegiate and Inter-Collegiate meetings galore have been contested, as usual, from which it has been made very clear that both Oxford and Cambridge are still nourishing a fine race of all-round athletes. It is pleasing to learn that both Universities will be represented strongly at the A.A.A. championships this year, and at the Olympic games at Paris later on.

Other current news of interest may be briefly vouchsafed. The Oxford University Grind was won by M. Nickalls (New College), brother to last year's winner, and another son of Sir Patrick Nickalls. F. H. B. Champain (Rugby), and E. M. Jameson (Association) have been elected captains of the Oxford football clubs for 1899-1900. Simultaneously with the April issue of *BAILY* the Oxford Association team will start for a continental tour, embracing matches at Leipzig, Prague, Vienna, Berlin, &c. Golf continues to increase in popularity at both Universities; so much so, that new and extended links are being laid down at Cambridge. A. G. Lawrence won the Linkshill Cup competition at Cambridge, and H. C. Ellis the President's Medal at Oxford, whilst magnificent form has been shown by both representative teams up to date. Preparations for the cricket season are being made, and already a strong staff of ground bowlers have been engaged for Fenner's and the O.U.C.C. grounds. To general satisfaction, more home fixtures (especially at Oxford) have been arranged for next season, whilst both fixture lists are very comprehensive. *Apropos* of cricket, con-

gratulations to the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, the famous Old Cantab Blue and Middlesex amateur, upon his recent degree. Grim death has claimed two very prominent old University men since our last, *i.e.*, Lord Justice Chitty and the Rev. William Awdry. The last-named was a Cantab "Double Blue" (rowing and cricket), and for very many years starter and umpire at the Inter-University Boat Race. Continuing a lively interest in Oxford and Cambridge sports right up to the last, his familiar face and form will henceforth be sadly missed at Lord's, Putney, Henley, Queen's Club, &c. As regards "Bill" Awdry—a sporting parson after the type of the Rev. "Jack" Russell—take him, all in all, it will be long ere we look upon his like again. His name was one to swear by in hunting, hawking, fishing, shooting, &c., circles, in all of which pastimes his soul delighted. Of his social qualities thousands still speak lovingly. Those who knew him could well exclaim with Malvolio, "I have a friend." A perfect embodiment of the *suaviter in moda, fortiter in re*, his whole life formed a striking example of how healthy amusement and Christianity go excellently together.

The Amateur Billiard Championship.—The first contest for the Amateur Championship, under the revised rules of Billiards, took place last month at the National Sporting Club, Covent Garden, under the auspices of the Billiard Association. When the revised rules, which now govern the game, came into force last October, the Challenge Cup which accompanied the title of "spot-barred" Champion had been since 1896 in the possession of Mr. Sidney H. Fry, and this gentleman might then, had he chosen,

have put forward a claim, on technical grounds, to the absolute possession of this trophy. Such a line of action, however, was by no means in accordance with the sportsmanlike instincts of Mr. Fry, who, on receiving a challenge from Mr. E. C. Ogden, at once signified his readiness to meet him in defence of his title. Other challenges were quickly forthcoming, and served to add to the importance and attractiveness of the contest under notice. Such old hands in these competitions as Mr. S. S. Christey, who won outright the "all-in" Championship Challenge Cup, Mr. A. Vahid, an Indian gentleman who has previously held Championship honours, and Mr. A. R. Wisdom, entered the lists, together with Mr. F. Wear, a member of the Press with no small reputation, Mr. F. W. Payn, a winner of the Cambridge University Cue, and Mr. M. A. Oxlade.

No better *venue* could possibly have been selected than the handsome theatre of the National Sporting Club, which affords practically unlimited accommodation, whilst the arrangements made left nothing to be desired. Messrs. Cox and Yeman, whose high-class and conscientious workmanship needs, like good wine, "no bush," were the manufacturers selected to supply the table, and the new standard table, in fine figured light mahogany, specially erected for the present contest, was a sample of this eminent firm's best work.

The preliminary heats, which were to decide the question as to who should finally meet Mr. Fry, were 1,000 up, and the draw for these gave Mr. Wisdom the luck of the bye. In the first heat, on Wednesday, March 1st, Mr. Ogden was drawn against Mr. Christey and, in a game not

remarkable for any very sensational play, he eventually vanquished that gentleman by 135 points. The second game, on Thursday, March 2nd, saw Mr. Payn somewhat easily beaten by Mr. Wear, who, though he won by 198 points, hardly did justice to his reputation.

On Friday, March 3rd, Mr. Vahid had to meet Mr. Oxlade, a gentleman whose name was new to amateur billiard circles. At the close of the afternoon's play the scores stood: Mr. Vahid, 501; Mr. Oxlade, 461. In the evening Mr. Vahid showed improved form and, establishing his evident superiority, won hands down by 380 points.

On Saturday, March 4th, the second round was commenced, Mr. Wisdom meeting Greek in the person of Mr. Ogden. The latter gentleman seems to be a slow beginner, for, if we except a very fine break of 82, he did very little during the afternoon, only reaching 261 to Mr. Wisdom's 500. At night Mr. Wisdom was "off colour," but still he managed to reach 971 to his opponent's 810. At this juncture Mr. Ogden found his "form" with a vengeance and, playing a beautiful game with indomitable pluck, subscribed a brilliant break of 144, a very fine effort indeed on a standard table under the new rules, and all the more praiseworthy coming when it did. This big run, however, did not suffice to avert defeat, and Mr. Wisdom soon after went out the winner of a close game by 37 points.

On Wednesday, March 8th, Mr. Vahid and Mr. Wear had to try conclusions, and this game, which all through furnished one of the keenest and best-contested struggles imaginable, ended, after another most exciting finish, in a

victory for Mr. Vahid by the narrow majority of 13 points.

On Thursday, March 9th, yet another treat was in store for the lover of close finishes, when Mr. Vahid met Mr. Wisdom in the last of the preliminary heats. The afternoon sitting left the scores: Mr. Vahid, 501; Mr. Wisdom, 453. In the evening Mr. Vahid established a good lead, which, however, he failed to hold, and Mr. Wisdom, playing up in plucky style, gained a well-deserved victory by 53 points.

Friday, March 10th, brought us to the last stage of the competition, when Mr. Fry had to defend his title of Amateur Billiard Champion against Mr. Wisdom, who had survived his brother aspirants for championship honours. The game, which was 1,500 up, was commenced before a large company. Mr. Wisdom, playing with freedom and confidence, was quickly off the mark with useful breaks of 45, 81, 40 and 56, whilst Mr. Fry was all but idle, and secured a lead of over 300 points. Then the holder woke up, and playing in his real form, put to-

gether a fine break of 168, the highest in the competition. At the interval the scores read: Mr. Wisdom, 750; Mr. Fry, 618. The fine theatre was crowded on the resumption of play in the evening. Mr. Wisdom, with 70 as his best run, held his lead till Mr. Fry, in a brilliant break of 76, passed him at 1,073. The scores were again level at 1,111, after which play ruled slow. Mr. Wisdom was not again, however, to be deprived of his lead, and was ultimately returned the winner of the Amateur Billiard Championship by 203 points, a result which, we imagine, must have come as a surprise to Mr. Fry and his friends.

The spot-stroke is now dead and buried, and though at first its summary abolition seemed particularly "rough on" those who had given it undivided attention at the cost of much time and trouble, yet surely all will, on reflection, recognise that it is distinctly in the best interests of our great indoor game that amateurs, as well as professionals, should have *one* game, *one* Championship, of Billiards.

Sporting Intelligence.

[During February—March, 1899.]

ANOTHER case of hound poisoning has occurred in the Tipperary country. While drawing a covert near Cahir on February 21st several hounds picked up poison, and three couples died soon after.

Colonel Kearney, of Miltown, Kells, died suddenly while out hunting with the Meath Hounds on February 21st.

Shooting at Chevy Chase Wood, co. Galway, on February 24th, Captain Perse and party of five got 83 woodcock, and secured one of the best bags of the season.

When hunting with the Heythrop on February 27th, the Rev. S. D. Lockwood, of Kingham, a regular follower of hounds

for many years, was taking a fence when the horse fell and rolled over its rider, causing compound fracture of four ribs.

Mr. J. Crowther Harrison died at Boulogne on February 28th, at the age of eighty-two years. Mr. Harrison was for many years a prominent sportsman in the Holderness district of Yorkshire, and a keen man with hounds. He bred Gay Hermit, Lowland Chief, and other prominent horses.

While out hunting with the United Hunt Club Foxhounds on March 3rd, at Ballycary, Mr. David Moore, of Middleton, co. Cork, was thrown by his horse bolting at a

fence and killed almost instantaneously. Mr. Moore, who was only twenty-six years of age, was well known as a gentleman rider on the Turf.

Lord Fitzhardinge presided at a meeting of the Committee of the Cotswold Hunt, held at Cheltenham on March 3rd, when it was unanimously resolved to recommend the members to elect Mr. Algernon Rushout as master.

Mr. James Russel, who is giving up coursing, sold his stud of greyhounds at the Barbican on March 4th. The highest price paid was 400 guineas for Real Point, a daughter of Restorer and Real Lace, and the total for thirty-five lots realised 2,190 guineas.

The Army Racquet Championship was decided at Prince's Club on March 6th, when the King's Shropshire Light Infantry, represented by Colonel Spens and Mr. E. M. Sprot, met the holders, the 12th Lancers. Owing to absence from England of Captain Eustace Crawley, the players for the 12th were Major Eastwood (who has played during the seven previous competitions with Captain Crawley) and Mr. T. Tristram. The match resulted in a win for the King's Shropshire Light Infantry by four games to one.

The annual Point-to-Point race of the Royal Horse Guards (Blue) was held near Burrough Hill, Melton Mowbray, on March 7th. There were nine starters, Mr. Harold Brassey winning, Captain Gordon and Captain Mann Thompson being second and third.

When riding his mare Brunette in the light-weight race at the Irish Army Point-to-Point Meeting at Corkeranstion, on March 7th, Captain J. W. Yardley, of the Inniskillings, had a bad fall through his horse coming down. Captain Yardley sustained a fractured collar bone, and the mare had to be destroyed.

When the Pytchley met at Guilsborough on March 8th, a presentation, promoted by the ladies of the Hunt, was made to John Isaac, who had completed twenty years' service as huntsman. The testimonial consisted of a silver horn suitably inscribed, a quantity of plate, and an address. Miss Wroughton, daughter of the master, made the presentation.

Mr. Henry S. Perse died at his residence, Galway, on March 8th, aged sixty-seven years. Deceased was a prominent sportsman, and for many years well known with the Galway Blazers.

Mr. E. H. Lord, who rode Bird of Flight in the National Hunt Steeplechase at Hurst Park on March 10th, had a bad fall and sustained a scalp wound.

Mr. Gerald Hardy, Master of the Atherstone Hounds, met with a serious accident while hunting from Brinklow on March 10th. His horse took a wire fence, not seeing the barbed wire, and came down, pitching the rider heavily on his head. Mr. Hardy sustained concussion of the brain and severe shock.

Captain J. P. Heywood Lonsdale, of Thorpe Mandeville House, near Banbury, was elected Master of the Bicester Hounds on March 11th.

Mr. Edward Martin writes as follows to the *Field* of March 11th:—"I was very much struck in reading that interesting book, 'Kings of the Hunting Field,' by Thormanby, at the length of life attained by these hard-riding M.F.H.'s. Whyte-Melville's doctor in boots sung, 'You will quickly be dead, if you don't go a-hunting to-day,' and the undernoted list seems to prove that hunting lengthens the span of life. I have taken the names in the order they occur in the book, leaving out John Mytton, who drank himself to death at the age of 38. John Warde, 87; Peter Beckford, 71; Earl Fitzhardinge, 71; Squire Forrester, 73; John Peel, 78; Hugo Meynell, 74; Lord Yarborough, 65; T. Assheton-Smith, 83; Lord Forester, 73; Jack Musters, 73; Capt. John White, 77; Earl of Wilton, 82; The other Tom Smith, over 76; Charles Davis, 77; George Osbaldeston, 79; Earl Cardigan, 71; F.P. Delmé Radcliffe, 72; Earl Fitzwilliam, 85; Earl Fitzwilliam (alive), 84; Col. Anstruther Thomson (alive), 81; T. J. Farquharson, 87; Rev. John Russell, 88; Sir Watkin Wynn, 68; George Lane-Fox, 80. Thus the average age of twenty-three masters and one huntsman is seventy-seven years and four months, while two are still alive. Surely a most extraordinary average."

Mr. W. H. A. Wharton supplements the above:—"In further correspondence on this subject, I should like to add the name of my father, Mr. I. T. Wharton, who attained his ninetieth birthday last Thursday, March 9th, and who was master of the Cleveland Hounds from 1871-4. He therefore took them when he was sixty-two—an age at which most men would be thinking of giving it up. He hunted up to three years ago."

Messrs. Tattersall's sale on March 13th included two teams of horses in training, with their engagements, the property of Mr. R. Devereux and Mr. A. F. Cresswell. Of the first lot, top price was paid for Strike a Light, 3 yrs., by Donovan-Frise, which Mr. Brodrick Cloete secured for 4,200 guineas; Sir J. Blundell Maple gave

3,200 guineas for Galopin Lassie, 3 yrs., by Galopin—Kylesku; Lord Marcus Beresford bought Irresistible, 2 yrs., by Buccaneer, at 820 guineas; and Mr. J. Watson took the four year old Fregoli, by Orion, at 730 guineas.

Six hundred and ten guineas was the highest figure obtained for Mr. Cresswell's properties, Mr. Grimshaw taking Edince, 3 yrs., by Juggler—Pink Pearl, at that price; Gold Jug made 520 guineas (Mr. Grimshaw), and Dargas went to Mr. Singer at 500 guineas.

The following is from the *Sportsman* of March 13th:—"An incident, probably unique in hunting annals, cropped up on Friday, when the Tullymore, co. Westmeath, Harriers met at Kilbeggan. As hounds were moving off a couple of Royal Irish Constabulary men approached the master, Mr. Richard Bull, and informed him that they were directed by the Head Constable to give him notice that the close season for hares in County Westmeath commenced on March 1st, and to warn him against hunting. In face of this, the master had no alternative but to desist, and, instead, a drag was run.

Lieut. and Commander Vivian Champion de Crespigny died at Malta on March 13th, from severe injuries sustained while playing polo at Malta the previous afternoon.

The Inter-University Point-to-Point Steeplechase took place on March 14th at Bramcote, near Tamworth, in the Atherstone country, over a four-mile course. Five started for each side, and after a capital race Oxford won by 25 points to Cambridge 10. Mr. Nickall's Misdeal (Oxford) was first, and Mr. Buxton's Xerxes (Cambridge) was second. Mr. Cheape, on Monkey, fell and sustained a broken collar bone. Mr. Cheape's Village Belle, ridden by Mr. Norman, also fell.

On March 14th, judgment was given by the House of Lords in the Kempton Park

Appeal case, the question being whether an enclosure, such as those generally provided at race meetings, is a "place" within the meaning of the Act passed for the suppression of betting houses. Originally the Lord Chief Justice, bowing to the ruling in "*Hawke v. Dunn*," decided that it was, the Court of Appeal reversed that decision, and against the reversal an appeal was carried to the House of Lords, the case being heard last May by ten law Lords. Including Lord Herschell, recently deceased, eight learned Lords gave judgment against the appeal, which was accordingly dismissed with costs, while two only were in favour of allowing it.

When out hunting with Lord Rothschild's Staghounds on March 15th, Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, who had only just recovered from his recent accident, was thrown by his horse which fell at an awkward ditch, and sustained a fractured collar bone and also a rib.

The Master of the Percy Hounds, Mr. A. F. Baker-Cresswell, has received a presentation from the members of the Hunt on the occasion of his marriage. The gifts took the form of four beautiful candlesticks of the George III. period, made in 1786, together with a massive silver salver, made in 1807, bearing a suitable inscription, and were presented on behalf of the subscribers by Earl Grey.

Shotover, who was bred by Mr. Chaplin in 1879, has been destroyed at the Eaton Stud. She was by Hermit out of Stray Shot. In 1882 Shotover won the Two Thousand Guineas and the Derby, and credited the Duke of Westminster with winnings amounting to over £12,000 in that year.

The master of the West Surrey Staghounds, Mr. Martin D. Rucker, had a bad fall while hunting near Surbiton, sustaining a broken collar bone and two fractured ribs.

TURF.

HIURST PARK CLUB.—FEBRUARY STEEPLECHASES.

February 18th.—The February Steeplechase Handicap Plate of 255 sovs.; two miles.

Mr. T. Cannon's b. h. North Sea, by Ocean Wave—Dutch Girl, aged, 11st. 11lb.	Williamson	1
Mr. Gavin Hamilton's b. h. Dead Level, aged, 11st.	Pullen	2
Captain W. H. Lambton's br. g. Ebor, aged, 12st. 11lb.	Dollery	3
5 to 2 agst. North Sea.		

WARWICK CLUB.—FEBRUARY MEETING.

February 23rd.—The Leamington Grand Annual Handicap Steeplechase of 177 sovs.; second receives 15 sovs.; two miles and a half.

Mr. J. Herdman's gr. g. Greystone II., by Geologist—Lady Blanche, 6 yrs., 10st. 11lb.	Brown	1
Lord Coventry's ch. g. Mediator, aged, 10st. 12lb.	Aylln	2
Major Westenra's br. g. Nimrod, aged, 10st. 7lb.	H. Sydney	3
9 to 2 agst. Greystone II.		

BIRMINGHAM.—STEEPLECHASE MEETING.

February 24th.—The Yardley Handicap Hurdle Race of 171 sovs.; two miles.

Mr. John Barker's b. c. Sweet Adare, by Sweetheart—Goldsmith Maid, 4 yrs., 11st. 10lb.

E. Driscoll 1

Mr. Liddell's ch. h. Wales, 5 yrs., 11st. 7lb. Mr. W. P. Cullen 2

Mr. H. Coventry's b. h. Flying Hampton, 5 yrs., 12st. 7lb.

J. Pearce 3

5 to 1 agst. Sweet Adare.

February 25th.—The Great Warwickshire Handicap Steeplechase of 257 sovs.; two miles.

Mr. T. A. Motion's ch. m. Summer Lightning, by Blitz—Deception, aged, 12st. 4lb. E. Driscoll 1

Major J. A. Orr-Ewing's br. g. Ford of Fyne, aged, 12st. 7lb.

Mr. G. S. Davies 2

Mr. C. A. Brown's ch. h. Barsac, aged, 11st. 2lb.

Mr. M. B. Bletsoe 3

5 to 1 agst. Summer Lightning.

KEMPTON PARK.—FEBRUARY AND MARCH MEETING.

March 1st.—The Kempton Park March Handicap Steeplechase of 175 sovs.; two miles.

Mr. J. Phelan's ch. m. Sweet Charlotte, by Paliol—Mill Pond, aged, 12st. 7lb. O'Brien 1

Mr. B. Bletsoe's br. g. Irish Thistle, 6 yrs., 10st. 7lb.

Mr. M. B. Bletsoe 2

Captain Scott's Levanter, aged, 12st. 5lb. Regan 3

7 to 2 agst. Sweet Charlotte.

The Middlesex Maiden Hurdle Race of 425 sovs.; second receives 40 sovs., and the third 20 sovs.; two miles.

Mr. H. T. Barclay's b. c. Cherry Heart, by Cherry Ripe—Sweetheart, 4 yrs., 10st. 4lb.

Williamson 1

Captain W. H. Lambton's br. g. Romanoff, 6 yrs., 11st. 4lb.

Dollery 2

Lord Farquhar's b. h. Nouveau Riche, 6 yrs., 11st. 4lb.

A. Madden 3

5 to 1 agst. Cherry Heart.

SANDOWN PARK.—GRAND MILITARY MEETING.

March 3rd.—The Past and Present Steeplechase of 177 sovs.; two miles and a half.

Captain Sir Keith Fraser's (7th

Hussars) h. m. Mark Over, by Ascetic, dam by Landmark—Peony, aged, 13st.

Captain Yardley 1

Mr. H. Brassey's (Royal Horse Guards) Palais Royal, aged, 12st. Owner 2

Mr. F. Swan's (late 19th Hussars) ch. h. Baslow, 5 yrs., 12st. 7lb.

Mr. Gundry 3

6 to 1 agst. Mark Over.

The Grand Military Gold Cup of 445 sovs.; three miles.

Captain W. Murray Thrieland's (Grenadier Guards) b. m. Lambay, by Royal Meath—Lambthorpe, 6 yrs., 13st.

Owner 1

Captain E. Loder's (12th Lancers) b. or br. g. Covert Hack, 5 yrs., 12st. 11lb. Major Onslow 2

Mr. H. A. Johnstone's (7th Hussars) br. g. Boreen, aged, 13st.

Mr. R. Ward 3

9 to 4 agst. Lambay.

March 4th.—The United Service Steeplechase of 222 sovs.; two miles and a half.

Major Hardinge's (Royal Scots Fusiliers) ch. h. Scotland Yard, by Whitehall—Alert, 5 yrs., 11st. Owner 1

Mr. H. A. Johnstone's (7th Hussars) br. c. Boreen, aged, 13st.

Mr. R. Ward 2

Captain Eustace Loder's (12th Lancers) Dargai, 5 yrs., 11st. 12lb. Major Onslow 3

100 to 15 agst. Scotland Yard.

The Grand Military Handicap Steeplechase of 171 sovs.; two miles and a half.

Major Fenwick's (Royal Horse Guards) ch. h. County Council, by Isonomy—Lady Peggy, aged, 13st. Mr. R. Ward 1

Captain Eustace Loder's (12th Lancers) b. h. Sitric, 5 yrs., 11st. 2lb. (car. 11st. 4lb.)

Captain Ricardo 2

Major F. V. Wing's (Royal Horse Artillery) b. g. Everton, aged, 10st. 6lb. (car. 10st. 8lb.)

Mr. Aldridge 3

6 to 4 agst. County Council.

The March Open Handicap Hurdle Race of 174 sovs.; two miles.

Mr. Priaulx's ch. g. Grimpo, by Cardinal York—Wild Huntress, aged, 11st. 13lb. Morrell 1

Mr. H. A. Johnstone's b. c. Sir Francis Drake, 4 yrs., 11st. 3lb.

Mr. C. R. Davies 2

Mrs. Sadleir-Jackson's ch. m.
Sainly Songstress, 6 yrs., 11st.
8lb. (in. 5lb. extra)

Mr. W. P. Cullen 3
6 to 1 agst. Grimpo.

KEMPTON PARK.—FEBRUARY AND MARCH MEETING.

March 6th.—The Kingston Hurdle Handicap of 185 sovs. ; two miles.

Major J. D. Edwards' br. g. Cassock's Pride, by Cassock, dam by Brown Prince, 6 yrs., 11st. 1lb. H. Woodland 1

Mr. W. Liddell's ch. g. Wales, 5 yrs., 10st. 8lb. Mr. W. P. Cullen 2

Mr. H. M. Dyas's b. h. Delvin, aged, 10st. 8lb. W. Taylor 3
10 to 1 agst. Cassock's Pride.

The Kempton Maiden Steeplechase of 425 sovs. ; two miles.

Mr. D. E. Higham's b. h. Soliman, by St. Simon—Alibech, aged, 12st. A. Nightingall 1

Mr. M. A. Maher's ch. m. Rowline, aged, 12st. R. Chaloner 2
6 to 5 on Soliman.

The Surrey and Middlesex Steeplechase Handicap of 175 sovs. ; three miles.

Mr. H. M. Dyas's br. m. Gentle Ida, by Man of War, dam by Argyle—Promptress, aged, 12st. 10lb. W. Taylor 1

Mr. G. Hamilton's b. g. Dead Level, aged, 11st. G. Morris 2

Mr. Sanders Davies' br. m. Fairy Queen, aged, 10st. 10lb.

Mr. Lord 3
2 to 1 agst. Gentle Ida.

GATWICK.—MARCH MEETING.

March 7th.—The Wickham Hurdle Race (Handicap) of 184 sovs. ; two miles.

Mr. L. Byron's br. g. Upper Cut, by Bendigo—Lady Grace, 5 yrs., 11st. 4lb. Mr. H. Ripley 1

Mr. H. I. Higham's ch. m. Queen of the Plains, 5 yrs., 10st. 12lb.

A. Nightingall 2

Mr. H. Escott's br. c. Beauchief, 4 yrs., 10st. 10lb. Williamson 3
100 to 8 agst. Upper Cut.

The Surrey Steeplechase (Handicap) of 412 sovs. ; two miles.

Mr. C. A. Brown's ch. h. Barsac, by Barcaldine—Stillwater, aged, 10st. 3lb. Halsey 1

Lord Cowley's b. h. Morello, aged, 12st. 5lb. Owner 2

Mr. J. H. H. Peard's ch. h. Minstrel Boy, aged, 10st. 11lb.

Mr. P. Shiel 3
8 to 1 agst. Barsac.

The Tantivy Steeplechase of 412 sovs. ; two miles.

Mr. C. A. Mill's ch. c. New Jersey, by Tristan—Silver Blue, 4 yrs., 10st. 10lb. Dollery 1

Mr. W. B. Parr's Uncle Jack, 4 yrs., 10st. 7lb. Halsey 2

Lord Denman's b. h. Sheriff's Officer, 5 yrs., 11st. 5lb.

R. Woodland 3
5 to 1 agst. New Jersey.

March 8th.—The International Hurdle Race Handicap of 125 sovs. ; two miles.

Mr. W. Liddell's ch. g. Wales, by Belgrave—Victoria, 5 yrs., 10st. 5lb. Mr. W. P. Cullen 1

Mr. H. W. Gilbey's ch. h. Rampion, by Amphion—Rydal, 6 yrs., 11st. 13lb. Williamson 2

Lord Cowley's ch. g. Bayreuth, by Tristan—Applause II., 6 yrs., 12st. 7lb. Owner 3

100 to 8 agst. Wales.

The Brook Maiden Hurdle Race of 192 sovs. ; two miles.

Lord Cowley's ch. g. Lydian, by Linden—Merci, 4 yrs., 10st. (car. 10st. 1lb.) Dollery 1

Mr. E. C. Irish's ch. c. Zethos, 4 yrs., 10st. 7lb. T. Fitton 2

Mr. W. T. Roden's ch. g. Diamond Hill, 4 yrs., 10st.

Armstrong 3
100 to 8 agst. Lydian.

NATIONAL HUNT AND HURST PARK CLUB.—MARCH MEETING.

March 10th.—The National Hunt Steeplechase of 790 sovs. ; about four miles.

Mr. H. Walker's b. g. Glen Royal, by Glenvannon—Royal Naiad, 5 yrs., 12st. 1lb.

Mr. J. Fergusson 1

Mr. R. C. Dawson's ch. g. Pawnbroker, 4 yrs., 10st. 10lb.

Mr. Gundry 2

Sir Peter Walker's b. g. Mush, 5 yrs., 12st. 1lb.

Mr. G. S. Davies 3
4 to 1 agst. Glen Royal.

March 11th.—The National Hunt Juvenile Steeplechase of 397 sovs. ; about two miles and a half.

Mr. B. W. Parr's ch. c. St. Pat, by Ascetic—Elissa, 10st. 10lb.

W. Taylor 1

Mr. S. F. Gilbert's ch. g. Merry Monk, 10st. 10lb. Mr. A. Wood 2

Mr. T. Cannon's ch. f. Our Queen, 10st. 10lb. Strong 3
2 to 1 agst. St. Pat.

DERBY.—HUNT MEETING.

March 15th.—The Devonshire Handicap Hurdle Race of 184 sovs.; 2 miles.

Lord Cowley's ch. g. Bayreuth, by Tristan—Applause II., 6 yrs., 12st. 7lb. Owner 1
Mrs. Sadlier-Jackson's ch. m. Saintly Songstress, 6 yrs., 11st. 3lb. Mr. W. P. Cullen 2
Mr. H. Coventry's b. h. Flying Hampton, 5 yrs., 10st. 12lb. Mr. A. W. Wood 3
5 to 4 on Bayreuth.

FOOTBALL.

February 18th.—At Queen's Club, Oxford v. Cambridge, latter won by 3 goals to 1.†

February 18th.—At Edinburgh, Scotland v. Ireland, latter won by 9 points to 3.*

February 18th.—At Sunderland, England v. Ireland, former won by 13 goals to 2.†

February 18th.—At Blackheath, Blackheath v. Oxford University, former won by 3 tries to 2.*

February 18th.—At Crystal Palace, Corinthians v. Everton, latter won by 1 goal to 0.†

February 25th.—At Oxford, the University v. London Scottish, former won by 8 points to 5.*

February 25th.—At Cambridge, the University v. Old Merchant Tailors, former won by 2 tries to 0.*

February 25th.—At Newcastle, North v. South, latter won by 1 goal 2 tries to 0.*

February 28th.—At Newcastle, Northumberland v. Durham, former won by 2 goals, 1 dropped goal and 2 tries to 1 try.*

March 1st.—At Richmond, Surrey v. Gloucestershire, drawn, 1 goal each.*

March 4th.—At Queen's Club, Corinthians v. Notts County, latter won by 2 goals to 1.†

March 4th.—At Oxford, the University v. Lennox, former won by 26 points to 3.*

March 4th.—At Edinburgh, Scotland v. Wales, former won by 21 points to 10.*

March 4th.—At Belfast, Ireland v. Wales, former won by 1 goal to 0.†

March 4th.—At Keighly, Yorkshire v. Cumberland, latter won by 1 goal 3 tries to 1 goal.*

March 8th.—At Richmond, Guy's v. London, former won by 3 tries to 0, and retained the Inter-Hospital Rugby Union Challenge Cup.*

March 8th.—At Kingston-on-Thames, Surrey v. Middlesex, former won by 4 goals to 2.†

March 11th.—At Blackheath, England v. Scotland, latter won by 1 goal to 0.*

March 15th.—At Richmond, Middlesex v. Devonshire, former won by 2 tries to 0.*

March 16th.—At Norwich, Norfolk v. Essex, latter won by 3 goals to 2.†

* Under Rugby Rules.

† Under Association Rules.

HOCKEY.

February 18th.—At Dublin, Ireland v. Wales, former won by 4 goals to 0.

February 22nd.—At Surbiton, Surrey v. Middlesex, former won by 4 goals to 1.

February 22nd.—At York, Yorkshire v. Cheshire, former won by 3 goals to 1.

March 1st.—At Richmond, Oxford v. Cambridge, latter won by 5 goals to 2.

March 4th.—At Kensal, North v. South, latter won by 3 goals to 2.

March 11th.—At Richmond, England v. Ireland, former won by 3 goals to 1.

RACKETS.

March 6th.—The King's (Shropshire Light Infantry) 2nd Batt. (Lieut.-Col. Spens and Mr. E. M. Sprot) beat the 12th (Royal) Lancers (Major J. C. B. Eastwood and Mr. M. T. Tristram) by 4 games to 1, and became holders of the Grand Military Doubles Challenge Cup.

COURSING.

February 24th.—Mr. J. B. Thompson's n. s. Mr. E. Roger's bk. d. Black Fury by Mad Fury—Mischief X. beat Colonel M'Calmont's n. s. Duke of Leed's bd. b. Lapal by Fortuna Favente—Nopal in the deciding course and won the Waterloo Cup.

February 24th.—Mr. T. Quilhampton's bk. d. Quite Bright by Falconer—Fine Night and Mr. W. H. Smith's bk. b. p. Countess Udston (late Jalouse) by Ruby Red—Maroon divided the Waterloo Purse.

February 24th.—Mr. W. Ingram's (Mr. J. Wilson's) bk. d. p. Wild Oats by Sir Sankey—Bessie Mountford beat Mr. J. Coke n. d. (Mr. Pilkington's) bc. d. Prescott by Coca Wine—Provisima, and won the Waterloo Plate.

BILLIARDS.

March 13th.—At Oxford. Oxford (C. B. Hargreaves, Oriol) v. Cambridge (M. W. Muir, Trinity). The single handed game. Scores: Hargreaves 500, Muir 451.

March 14th.—At Oxford. Oxford v. Cambridge (four handed), O. B. Hargreaves (Oriol) and L. Morrison (Magdalen) v. W. M. Muir (Trinity) and W. E. Tucker (Christ's). Scores: Oxford 500, Cambridge 292.

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BAILY'S MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS and PASTIMES

MAY, 1899.

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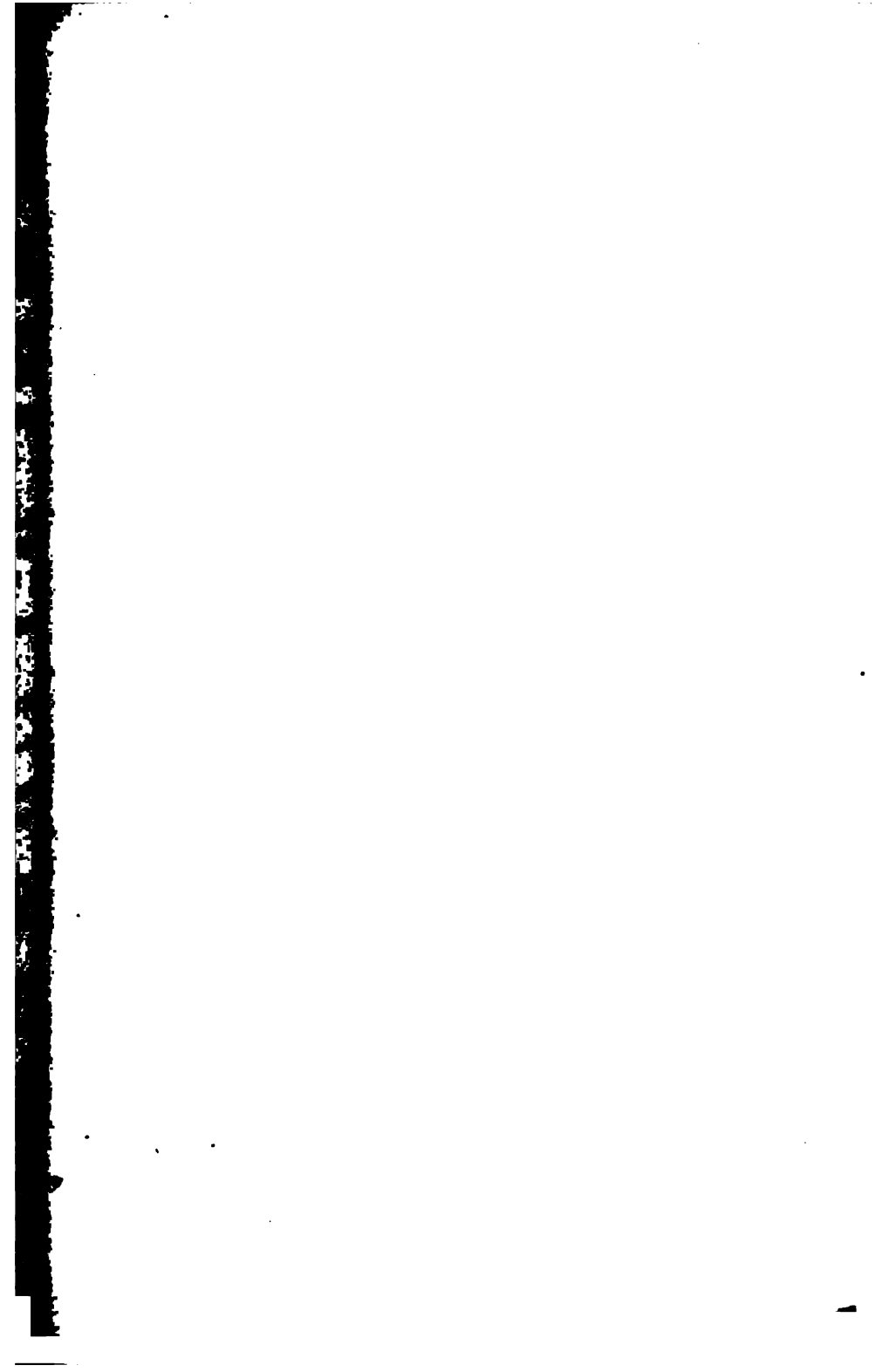
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BAILY'S MAGAZINE

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

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MAY, 1899.

VOL. LXXI.

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WITH

Steel Engraved Portrait of THE EARL OF CARNARVON.

Portraits of FRED COX and BOB FORFEIT.

The Earl of Carnarvon.

SOLDIERS and statesmen the Herberts have been for centuries, and the family, which traces its descent from Henry Fitzroy, natural son of Henry I., was for some time settled in South Wales. The Hampshire branch descends from a son of Thomas, eighth Earl of Pembroke, through Henry Herbert, created Lord Porchester in 1780 and Earl of Carnarvon in 1793, and Highclere had been in the possession of the Herberts for a long time before this, having been taken by King Henry VIII.

from the Bishops of Winchester, to whom it had belonged for three or four centuries, and in whose time it was known as Bishopsclere. This distinguished it from Kingsclere, which was in those days a royal residence, though we do not associate royalty with the Kingsclere of to-day—not, at all events, since the Prince of Wales transferred his racehorses from Porter's stable to Newmarket. But there is evidence that King John, lord of the Royal Manor of Newbury, and Edward II. both

paid Highclere a visit, and although the house in which they lodged has greatly changed, the site was, of course, the same as it is to-day, where you can, from the lofty eminence on which Highclere Castle is built, look over all Berkshire into Hampshire and the Isle of Wight, to say nothing of three or four other counties. The park itself is one of the finest and most diversified in England, being thirteen miles in circumference, while the house, built by the Hon. Robert Herbert and enlarged by the first Earl of Carnarvon, is of the early Jacobean style. The elevated portions of the north and south parts have a light yet imposing appearance, while the Herbert griffin, holding in its mouth the bloody hand, is to be seen in many places, the castle being surmounted by a fine tower.

The park is noted also because it embraces the privilege of free warren and free chase, by virtue of which the overlord is entitled to harbour the stag, wolf, or bear (the two latter being rather scarce in England just now), and exercise the right of shooting, which he can delegate. This the present master of Highclere is not likely to do; for, while much interested in other forms of sport, he is above all a devotee of shooting, as he has been from his earliest youth. Born in 1866, he is the son of the statesman who, as a colleague of Lord Salisbury and Lord Beaconsfield, did so much for the Conservative party, and of Lady Evelyn Stanhope, the only daughter and heiress of the racing Lord Chesterfield, through whom Bretby has become a portion of the Carnarvon property. He went at an early age to Eton, where Marindin was his tutor, and thence to Trinity, Cambridge, where he did not, however, re-

main long, as he was in delicate health, and he started on a sailing vessel, the *Aphrodite*, to South America, the voyage doing him a world of good. Soon after this his father died, and Lord Porchester, as he then was, became fifth Earl of Carnarvon, and assumed the management of his extensive properties in Hampshire, Nottinghamshire, Derbyshire and Somersetshire; for, in addition to Highclere and Bretby, he owns in Pixton a delightful place on the borders of Exmoor, and forming part of the country hunted by the Devon and Somerset Staghounds. The Nottinghamshire property has always been famous for its part-ridge shooting, while Highclere is now one of the finest pheasant preserves in the kingdom.

When Lord Carnarvon succeeded his father, the annual bag was only about 2,000 pheasants and 500 partridges, but in the season 1895-6 Lord Carnarvon and his friends killed nearly 11,000 head in three days, while the total bag was 32,000. This proves that with due care and attention you can do almost as much in Berks and Hants as in Norfolk and Suffolk, and, probably, if you get a dry spring and summer, quite as well. It is not flattery to say that Lord Carnarvon is himself a very fine shot, and it is not only at game that he is bad to beat, for he is remarkably good at pigeons, though he is not so keen at this form of sport as he was.

He has travelled a good deal, for, after going on a sailing vessel to the West Indies, he went round the world, and has since been for a long cruise on the steam-yacht *Catarina*, with his friend Prince Victor Dhuleep Singh, who was "best man" to him when he married the only daughter of the late Mr. Fred. Wombwell. This was in 1895, and Lord Carnarvon,

who cares little for London life, has since then spent most of his time at Highclere, where he has gone in a good deal for stock-breeding, and has formed a flock of Hampshire Downs and a herd of Berkshire pigs. He has taken kindly, also, to racing, being one of the few Englishmen, since the death of the late Duke of Hamilton, who have owned horses in France. He has not, it is true, had many, but the appetite, as we know, grows by what it feeds on, and we may hope to see him one of these days in possession of a Derby winner at Chantilly, if not at Epsom, for his colours (scarlet,

blue sleeves; black and white cross-belts), have been carried with credit in England, and he had a promising two-year-old last season in Simonside, though this son of St. Simon and Daisy Chain is not in the Derby. Lord Carnarvon's interest in racing does not, however, prevent him from believing in the motor car as a rival, if not a substitute for the draught horse, and he has been one of the first Englishmen to identify himself closely with this mode of locomotion and to use his car, not merely as a plaything, but for what one may call the purposes of practical travel.

Two and a Half Centuries of Betting Legislation.

THE first of the strictly-called Gaming Acts, in which horse-racing is mentioned for the first time in the English Statute Book, was one, curiously enough, of Charles II.'s reign, intituled—"An Act to restrain deceitful, disorderly, and excessive gaming." This Act, which came into operation in the year 1664—just three years before the King himself founded Newmarket races—contained the salutary provision that all persons found winning by fraud, or cheating at cards, dice-tables, cock-fightings, horse-races, foot-races, and a large number of other games and pastimes therein enumerated, should forfeit three times the sum or value of the money so won. It was further provided by this statute that every person losing above £100 "on ticket or credit" at any of the games mentioned in the Act, or at any other not so set out, was

absolutely discharged from paying any part of the money. And by Section 3 of the Act it was laid down that all securities given on account of such bets and wagers were not only to be null and void, but that the winner was to forfeit treble the sum so gained. By this important statute it was held that an agreement to run a horse race for more than £10 was illegal. In consequence of this Act, gamblers who wagered in figures that did not overstep the one hundred pounds limit remained unprotected from the cheating of sharpers, while in more affluent circles the honour of play was maintained as stringently as before. This piece of legislation must, in fact, be considered as one of class, pure and simple. It is evident that its object was merely to check gaming as a business or profession; for although no data exist to show

when the professional bookmaker came upon the scene, the earliest traces of the origin of a "ring" may be found during this reign, in the persons of those individuals who frequented the bowling alleys, not to play, but to make wagers on the game, and where by the very multitude of their wagers, so we are told, they always came out winners. The Act of 1664 must, therefore, be regarded as the first blow struck at what afterwards became known as the ring; since it made special provision to mulct the class out of which adventurers of this order usually arise; not, however, while their operations were confined to the humble wagerers, but directly they should come into contact with their betters.

The reign of Queen Anne saw still greater mischief caused by the increase of gambling among all grades of society; accordingly an Act of far more sweeping character was passed in 1710. This statute, after stating that the laws in force had proved inadequate, proceeded to enact that not only should all securities for money lost at gambling henceforth be void, but that money actually paid, if more than £10, might be recovered in an action at law if the latter step was taken within three months of the date of losing it. Should the loser himself, however, not care to sue, any other person might do so, and recover treble the value lost—one moiety to go to the informer and the other to the poor of the parish where the offence was committed. In addition to this, any person playing at any game, or making any wager, and winning thereby above £10 at one sitting, might be indicted. On conviction he was to forfeit five times the value so won, and if he had cheated, suffer corporal

punishment into the bargain. There were, besides, two singular provisions—anyone assaulting or challenging another to a duel on account of disputes over gaming should forfeit all his goods and suffer imprisonment for a term of two years; secondly, the Royal Palaces of St. James's and Whitehall were exempted from the operation of this statute while the Sovereign was actually resident within them, which last clause demonstrates that the whole enactment was little better than a farce. During the reign of George I. no further interference with betting or gaming was thought necessary; but in 1739 the first of several successive Acts was passed, aiming at the suppression of such games of chance as faro, basset, hazard, &c., and in particular roulette, or "rolly-poly," termed "a certain pernicious game," which was absolutely interdicted. The Act of 1740, to restrain and prevent the excessive increase of horse races, only concerns the history of the Turf, and it was not till 1835 that the next Act was introduced affecting betting legislation in general. This Act, which is still in force, repealed portions of the statutes of Charles II. and Anne, and made the important alteration in the law that securities given in connection with gaming and other illegal transactions should not be deemed void, but to have been given for an illegal consideration.

At the commencement of the present reign the statutes of Charles II., of Anne, four statutes of George II., and one of William IV., were in force till, towards the close of 1843 the sporting world was startled by being made acquainted with the fact that, thanks to the revengeful nature of a few individuals, the

obsolete enactment of good Queen Anne, which mulcted in heavy penalties for winning any sum of money above £10, was to be put into force. Before entering into further particulars respecting these suits, known as the *Qui tam* actions from the words used in the process—“*qui tam pro domino rege sequitur quam pro se ipso* :” (who sues as well for the King as for himself)—and all these suits were instituted by the common informer—it may afford a clue to the real motives of those who set the law in motion if we state that in the year 1843 a praiseworthy crusade to purge the ring of defaulters and sharpers had been commenced at the initiative of the Duke of Richmond and Lord George Bentinck. As the chief man on the Turf Lord George was selected by the “*Qui tam*” gentry for threats of legal proceedings, and according to a return made by order of Parliament it was found that no fewer than thirty-four writs had been issued against him between 7th July and 31st December, 1843, at the instance of one attorney named Russell. For reasons which will soon be apparent no more than one of these “*Qui tam*” actions was tried, and this was the case of *Russell v. Lord G. Bentinck*, decided before Baron Parke at the Guildford Assizes, on 8th August, 1844. By this action £12,000 was claimed of Lord George, and of this sum £3,000 was a bet won by him of John Day, which formed the ground of the action, the remainder being the penalty, consisting of three times the amount wagered. The plaintiff, however, lost his case from failing to prove that the defendant made the bet with John Day, or with the party from whom the bet was taken as Day’s agent: the witness in the case, Gully, stating that he

took the bet on his own account. But some months previous to this action being tried, on 1st February, 1844, an Act for repealing penalties on horse racing, called the “*Manly Sports Bill*,” was introduced, read twice, and then referred to a select committee of both Houses of Parliament. In the meantime two short Acts, the 7th and 8th Victoria, were passed to stay proceedings in the “*Qui tam*” actions for a period of six months, at the expiry of which Russell promptly commenced his action described above. Committees were still taking evidence on the “*Manly Sports Bill*” when the decision in this case emboldened the Government to drop the same and replace it by the Act of 8 and 9 Vict. c. 109: “*An Act to amend the law concerning games and wagers*,” which abolished all penalties for betting and completely deprived the informer of his occupation. By this Act again all the objectionable sections of the old Acts were repealed and betting placed on a more common sense footing. No distinction was made between wagering on games, or horse-races, or any other topic, but from that time all such wagers, though *per se* not illegal, became unenforceable by law, except in such cases where it could be proved that a commissioner had been employed, that is, one who makes bets for his principal, pays or receives as the case may be, and then renders his statement. At the time this statute was passed, it is certain that the science of bookmaking had not attained its subsequent pitch of perfection. Betting proper was not so much diffused through all ranks and classes, but was mainly confined to the upper circles of society, consequently the market for betting operations was limited. Before proceeding,

therefore, to enumerate another and important clause in this same Act, a few details concerning the evolution of the racecourse book-maker may now be appended. For a great number of years, in order to be able to back a horse for any considerable amount, it was necessary that he should be opposed by some other animal with a good following of confident admirers at his back. But as racing in its technical aspect became rather professional than amateur, a class of men sprang up, in their origin grooms, or hangers-on of the stable-yard, who were ready to lay the odds against any horse winning, not from any prejudice against the animal itself, but from the experience that the field often contains the best horse. So, to the great convenience of sportsmen, the bettor-round, or "leg," came into existence. Tattersall's Subscription Room was first opened in 1789, and as from the commencement noblemen and gentlemen utilised this resort as the Turf Exchange of the metropolis, it was not long before the habitual society of the place became leavened by a democratic element in the person of the professional betting fraternity. Mr. William Ogden—the "Newmarket oracle"—is generally considered to have been the first bookmaker proper: and this individual would appear to have been in the zenith of his fame in the year 1797, when a correspondent of the *Morning Post* demanded editorial information as to whether he was "really the same person who, five-and-twenty years since, was an annual pedestrian to Ascot, covered with dust, mixing and wagering among the lowest class of rustics at the inferior booths of the fair?" At the beginning of the century Cloves and Robinson were well-

known all over the kingdom wherever a race-meeting might be held, but the redoubtable Mr. Crockford was the first to make himself conspicuous—a head and shoulders above his associates in laying the odds. The latter may be taken to have been the prototype of Davies, the "Leviathan," whose name, perhaps, was better known to the general public of his time than that of any betting man before or since. Up till the year 1844, however, the ring had a formidable rival on the racecourse itself in the roulette and E.O. tables, which did a roaring business all day, and indeed all night, when they shifted their pitch for the purpose into the streets of the nearest town. Again, there were lotteries in profusion for those who never came into contact with the Turf. But a clause in the Act of which we are now treating swept away roulette and E.O. tables, prohibited lotteries, and declared sweepstakes on horse-races to be as illegal as the latter; so, to take the place of all these forbidden pleasures, betting-houses, exhibiting lists of races and the current odds, were instituted. It seems doubtful as to who was the actual originator of these haunts, which did more than any other kind of gaming to fill the House of Correction with inmates, but Davies was among the first to realise the great future awaiting this mode of speculation. The "Leviathan" published his first list in 1846, at the "Durham Arms," in Serle Street, Strand; while at a house known as Barr's, in Long Acre, a head establishment was located, where Davies and his clerks stood at huge bankers' ledgers and entered the bets. Such was the certainty that claims on him would be paid on demand that a winning voucher

of his was as negotiable in London as a banknote itself. To Davies's credit, let it be added, he would never book a bet to a boy. As was only to be expected, however, in such a money-making vocation as list-betting soon revealed itself to be, scores of rogues, who merely welshed their too confiding customers, entered into the business with alacrity.

Finally, the scandal reached to such a pitch that the Act, commonly known as Cockburn's Act, consisting of nineteen clauses, was passed in 1853. The scope and object of this statute are too familiar to need recapitulation in detail, but it may be mentioned that at the last moment a fruitless attempt was made to add a twentieth clause, by which all "tipsters" could be prosecuted, together with the proprietors of newspapers inserting their advertisements. But it was in these betting-houses—comparatively short as was their life—that the general public first began to acquire a love for betting, its mysteries, and its chances. Here, too, it was that the bookmaker first really tasted blood; betting, therefore, with the Turf as the popular engine, was bound to take a prolonged lease of life, which the passing of the Act would do little to stifle. As the latter, however, did not apply to Scotland, there ensued a great exodus from Long Acre—where the majority of betting-houses had been situated—over the Border, the exiles settling chiefly in Glasgow. Many betting-house proprietors still remained in London, though doing their business by letter, that is, receiving ready money in advance through the post. And it was not till June, 1869, that the police made any attempt to put a stop to this anomalous state of affairs, and then only, so it is said, owing

to the representations of a well-known sporting baronet, who found his own market being perpetually forestalled by the covering operations of the more aggressive of these gentry. In the following year the ring managed to dispose of a new and formidable rival where the small backer was concerned. A betting apparatus, known as the *Pari-Mutuel*, had been introduced on French race-courses about the year 1865, and shortly afterwards found its way across the Channel. Its use at Kempton Park in 1870 gave rise to the case of *Tullet v. Thomas*, in which it was held to be a gaming machine, and therefore illegal. All ready-money betting on racecourses now came under suspicion, and precautionary notices to the effect that all illegal betting was prohibited, were posted up. No authority, however, ventured to define illegal betting. At Newmarket, until the Rowley Mile Stand was constructed, and with it cheaper enclosures for the public, there were no rings where the class of small backers could congregate. Those bookmakers who did not bet on credit had, accordingly, to transact their business on the open heath, and as they were not then allowed to take ready money they refused to book any bets from casual customers, unless the latter could prove at the time that they had the means to settle directly the race was decided. This came to be known as "sight betting," as the backer held up his stake-money to give ocular proof of his ability in this respect; but with the provision of cheap enclosures, this style of betting was exchanged for downright ready-money transactions. The Jockey Club, however, while winking at the latter, has always refused to tolerate on its own

premises any betting "first past the post"; but in what are known as the "silver rings" at all other meetings, including those of the best managed gate-money fixtures, betting first past the post is openly practised, and with impunity.

In 1874, the Act 37 Vict., chap. 15, was passed, extending Cockburn's Act to Scotland, and containing further provisions to suppress betting advertisements, though the Act only makes it illegal to give information on bets themselves, not to advise how to bet. Hounded out of Scotland, the proprietors of these ready-money businesses migrated to the most convenient French coast towns, where a few years ago they were again moved on, this time to Holland, but the latter, of course, has nothing to do with our English law. The rules of the Jockey Club, of Tattersall's, and other recognised Turf Clubs, had by now all combined to enforce fair dealing; cheating at play was already a criminal offence, but until 1887 the lowest type of ready-money bookmaker, plying his calling in the rings of a racecourse, or indeed, outside, could he but escape lynch law, was quite free to rob or "welsh" his confiding customers. At the Ascot meeting of that year, however, two welshers were given into custody for attempting to run away with money which had been deposited with them by one of the public, who had backed a winning horse with them. The magistrates convicted the prisoners, and the Court, for the Consideration of Crown Cases Reserved affirmed the conviction, thus making "welshing" a felony. Another useful legislative measure was passed in 1892, which rendered penal the inciting of infants, by means of circulars, to betting,

and borrowing money on usury. The autumn of the same year witnessed also a rather remarkable agitation, which ended in smoke before its legal aspect came to be discussed. A well-known bookmaker proposed a scheme to the Jockey Club, suggesting that that corporation should sanction a licensing system for all bookmakers, the fees from which might be applied to the raising and maintenance of a body of detective police, who should be under the sole management of the club, and who should be responsible for order on all racecourses. The Club referred the whole matter back to their executive, intimating that since the question involved the quasi-legalising of betting, counsel's opinion must be obtained before any definite steps could be taken in this direction. To which the stewards replied in effect that they would do nothing unless they were first convinced that there existed among bookmakers such a desire for the innovation as amounted to actual unanimity. A *plebiscite* of the leading members of the ring was taken accordingly at the Victoria Club, with the result that it was revealed, so far as payment for licences was concerned, that the promoter of the idea had practically no backing. The project, therefore, at once fell to the ground.

We now come to the most important agitation, aiming at the suppression of racecourse betting, of modern times. The so-called Anti-Gambling League came into existence in the spring of 1894, and at once formulated a plan of campaign in expressing its belief that racecourse enclosures, where ready-money betting was practised, were "places" within the meaning of Cockburn's Act as "tending to the injury

and demoralisation of improvident persons." Accordingly, Mr. R. Dunn, a bookmaker, was prosecuted under the Act of 1853 for using a certain place called Tattersall's enclosure at Hurst Park unlawfully for the purpose of betting with persons resorting thereto, but the magistrates dismissed the information, as they thought he did not use a "place" within the meaning of the statute. In 1896, the case was carried to the Divisional Court, where five learned judges held, in effect, that the magistrates were wrong, and that the enclosure was a "place" pointed at by the Act. And as this was a criminal cause, reviewed by the Court of Appeal and the House of Lords, no further appeal was possible. It was then thought that the question was thus conclusively settled, and could not possibly be reopened, but thanks to Mr. Stutfield, junior counsel for the defendant, a scheme, based upon the distinction which the Act of 1853 evidently intended between persons "using" a place and persons "resorting thereto," was devised for overruling the Criminal Court. It was arranged that a Kempton Park shareholder should raise the whole question in a test case. Accordingly, the case of "*Powell v. The Kempton Park Racecourse Company*" came before Lord Russell of Killowen in May, 1897, who decided that he was bound by the decision of *Hawke v. Dunn*, and formally gave judgment for the plaintiff, Powell, with costs. This finding was followed by an appeal in July, 1897, to the Court of Appeal by the defendants, the result

being that, by a majority of their lordships, the decision in *Hawke v. Dunn* was overruled, and the use of Tattersall's ring by bookmakers declared not to be such as to render the latter liable to conviction under the Betting House Act.

As judgment was in favour of the company, it was felt that a final decision could alone be completely satisfactory, and so the Kempton Park shareholder appealed to the Lords. The arguments were heard by their lordships in May, 1898, and their judgment was delivered ten months later, on March 14, 1899, when by a majority of seven to two they affirmed the decision of the court below, and dismissed the appeal, with costs. Such is but the brief history of a case, too well known and of too recent a date to need recapitulation here in all its details, and which during the last five years has excited overwhelming interest in the sporting world. Nothing short of a fresh Act of Parliament can now interfere with betting legislation as it stands, but it does not seem probable that this will be needed for many years to come; and unless indeed some very unexpected abuses arise to disturb the present order of things, no further legislation on the subject would appear necessary. The law on betting as at present constituted is short, and to the point; it is based moreover upon eminently common sense principles, and as long as no actual fraud is perpetrated, very wisely refuses to enter into the vexed arena of the ethics of gaming morality.

Spring Salmon Angling.

HALFWAY to Balmoral on the Deeside road the neat little village of Kincardine O'Neil, with its ivy-mantled church, now a ruin, bathed in the sunshine of a short February afternoon, was the final stage of our journey from London, for here we were, some twenty-six miles from Aberdeen, on a middle reach of the silvery Dee, some fourteen hours only after having stepped into the train at Euston, quite fresh and eager for the fray.

While we did a little warming up with chops and hot coffee in the cosy hostelry of the "Gordon Arms," Higgins, our personal attendant, and McDougall, the gillie attached to our fishery, were busy with the traps, and soon had the rod box ransacked, and its contents, or so much as was wanted for the nonce, put into ship shape, and before the forenoon was well begun we found ourselves tearing away at a flooded river on the opening day of another season.

McDougall was somewhat disappointed at the size of the water. It was "miles too big," as he put it, but would be all the better for our sport later on. Our water extended for about a mile and a half on the north bank of the river, and although the pools were useless, there was always a chance, fishing any bit of slack-water from the bank, while wading was useless, and heavy casting quite unnecessary. In short, it was a day for promiscuous angling where judgment or chance might direct, and if sport came, good

and well, if not, then the state of the river was wholly to blame!

Our water cost us £75 a month, and carried two rods nicely. The whole rental was £300 per annum, with a nice shooting box, but no shooting. It had to be arranged for otherwise. All the waters, *i.e.*, fisheries, on the Dee are let at long rentals. They have gone up by leaps and bounds during the past twenty years, and especially so during the past decade. It is commonly reckoned that half a mile of either bank, with a couple of good holding salmon pools, brings a better and surer income to the estate management than a 200 or 300 acre farm on its banks. Her Majesty the Queen has declined to renew her lease of the waters opposite Balmoral, Abergeldie, and Birkhall, because her rental has been raised from £900 to £1,500 at a jump. It is not yet let, although £1,400 has been offered. The six miles' stretch which used to go along with the Invercauld Arms at Ballater for an annual rental of £175 has been let, past the present leasees, who have it up till May, at £1,500 per annum. The Invercauld private water, attached to Invercauld House, brings £400; so that the Invercauld management bags the nice little total of something like £3,400 from their salmon angling waters alone, and they are by no means the pick of Dee waters. Sir William C. Brooks, Bart., gets £1,000 of rental for some parts of his famous Glentana pools, annually in spring, and his only difficulty is in making a selection from the host of applicants, who would give more if asked. It is a well-known fact that really good salmon angling waters, such as the middle reaches

of the Dee, will fetch almost any figure asked for them. They seldom come into the market, and are usually "bespoke" long before the current lease ends. There are two outstanding reasons for this being the case. The supply is very limited; and the demand is steadily on the increase. The popularity of salmon angling was never so great, while such streams as the Don and Spey have been given up as salmon rivers of the first water.

The "Boat-pool" was entirely out of sight as far as the main "lie" of the fish was concerned, but the tail of it seemed quite tempting enough in this rugged, roaring, spatey torrent. Fixing up a big three-inch Gordon—the king of Dee flies—I commenced covering the better part of the flat, while my friend and McDougall made for the "Fir Tree" pool, about a quarter of a mile or so lower down. A boil, and the flash of a big tail, instantly followed by a rug-tug, indicated a somewhat unexpected and speedy engagement. I replied to the invitation, and made certain that the hook was well home by a vigorous attempt to bring my greenheart to the perpendicular, but this only resulted in bending it like a bow on the full stretch.

For a moment or two a wriggling process went on, followed by a series of electric shocks and jerks, a foot or two of line being all the freedom demanded, and which the pressure of my left hand index finger would allow. I did not mean to keep it in, but I prefer at all times to keep the fish well in hand from start to finish, with as tight a line as the exigencies of the case may warrant at the time. This tug-of-war lasted some two or three minutes, when the tactics were as suddenly changed, and the fish

made a bolt right into the thick of the current. Up till now I thought I was dealing with a "kelt." There were plenty of them about, as is always the case at the opening of the salmon season. But a spent fish will seldom face a heavy current, and if so, not for long; while this one not only faced the full force of the flood, but began actually to bore up and across it. Yard after yard of line was spun off, till he was fully halfway across, and then the "song of the reel" ceased for the nonce. For another two or three minutes we waited each other's pleasure. I began to think of the big stones, which might be in my way, and the chances of it getting round some of them with from seventy to eighty yards of silk line between us, on which the heavy current was making a dangerous belly, when it slackened all at once, and the fish fell down the stream.

Reeling in the belly of the line, and following up the swiftly falling fish as fast as I could, brought me abreast of my quarry, and upon more equal terms, when as bad luck would have it, my foot caught in a rabbit hole in the bank, and over I went flat on my face. For the moment I thought the game was all up, but the steady paying out of the reel told me that as yet we had not parted company, although my rod lay flat among a range of last year's whins quite intact. Had the point piece been smashed in the fall I should not have been surprised; as it was, I sprang to my feet, and heedless of bruises and sprains about the legs and arms, continued the fight. If it got little law before it got less now, for a big fir tree loomed in the distance, and I had no intention of negotiating it, as it was too deep to-day to think of getting round, so Salmo and I

had to come to closer quarters. Several times I had seen the silver broad side indicating a blown fish, and if once I could get his head into the bank, and into the comparatively calm water, I could then count on victory with more certainty. Round it came most beautifully, and into the wished-for spot. But in the falling back process it had partially recovered its blown state, and our tussle was not yet over. As soon as it caught sight of me there was another spurt right into the current, and then another yielding to the pressure of the rod. How long this might have lasted I could not say, but just then McDougall appeared with the gaff, and getting below me, I heard the "Let him come, sir," and the next minute he had the steel into our "first blood," and a beauty of fourteen pounds to boot. "Here's tight lines to you, sir," said Mac, as he drained the "loving," and sometimes too much "beloved" cup, with quite a business air. "And now your best plan is just to go over the best parts of the water again, and you'll get another to grace the opening."

But although we had to "do" with several kelts or spent fish, we saw no more fresh springers that day. However, Higgins was despatched to the hotel with the

fish, and later on we had salmon to dinner only a few hours out of the water.

The next day was Sunday, and although we could not fish, it was pleasant to know that the river was steadily falling, and that the prospects for the coming week were steadily improving.

After a stroll by the river we dropped into Christ Church and heard an excellent discourse from the incumbent, who is also chaplain to Sir William Brooks, of Glentana, and preaches at both places, although they are nine miles apart, every Sunday. He is fond of a cast, and a keen curler when there is a bit of ice on the pond, and initiated us into the mysteries of the "roaring" game later on in the week. The ice, however, did not last long, and it was all the better for our sport on the river.

We were soon enabled to get into our waders, and well over the pools. In fact, the river ran to the opposite extreme after the first flood, and has been somewhat too low. However, with much to contend with in regard to weather, the like of which has seldom been experienced, our bag up to date has been a fairly respectable one, although the best bit of sport was the "first blood" on the opening day.

M.

Fred Cox.

FRED COX, the late huntsman to Lord Rothschild's Stagounds, had, until his retirement about eighteen months ago, been connected with the hunting field for nearly half a century. He is now enjoying a well-earned retirement, his home being near Leighton Buzzard. This veteran hunts-

man is known as the Grand Old Man of the Rothschild Hunt, and his friends will be glad to know that he is in excellent health. Cox is a native of Wherwell, Hampshire, and at the age of 15 he left home and took service in connection with a racing stud. He left to become second horseman to



J. A. Reid, photo.]

FRED COX.

Captain Mainwaring, afterwards Master of the Cheshire Hunt. He subsequently became second whipper-in to George Carter, of the Tedworth, and afterwards to Mr. Villebois. After leaving Mr. Villebois he lived with Mr. Parry, of the Puckeridge, for two seasons. Then he went to the Cottesmore; and in 1852 he entered the service of the Rothschilds, and it is with Lord Rothschild that so many years of his life have been spent. He was for three years whipper-in to Tom Ball, and for many years poor Mark Howcutt, who died about a year ago as the result of an accident soon after his retirement, was his first whip. Mr. Cox has gained troops of friends, and his reminiscences are naturally very interesting. Fred Cox considers that the happiest years of his life

have been spent in the service of the Rothschild family. He has had his accidents. On one occasion his horse fell on him, and he was so injured that for two years he had to ride entirely by balance. He has received valuable gifts of appreciation from the Prince of Wales, the late Empress of Austria, Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, the Hon. Walter Rothschild, Baroness Meyer de Rothschild, and also from farmers, tradesmen, and gentlemen hunting in the district; and when he finally retired he was presented by the Earl of Orkney with a purse of £370, subscribed by the followers of the Rothschild hounds. Fred Cox is now 72, and everybody who has had the pleasure of his acquaintance will wish him all good luck.

J. A. REID.

Sprudelheim.*

SPRUDELHEIM, as a well-accredited health-resort, is "young in years, but old in grace." True, some of the virtues of its springs have been known since the days of the Romans and there are legendary tales of struggles to possess them between the old Germanic races and the conquerors of the world. Sick folk too have there bathed and drunk in a small way for many years, but it is only in the lifetime of the present generation that the little town has become a Mecca for health-seekers, a place where sufferers from dire disease may indeed have their pains alleviated. It was reserved for the kindest and most penetrating of London physicians to recognise the true use

and value of its springs, which have now become the most trusted remedies in his pharmacopœia. When, for some malaise, you have been well advised enough to consult that great specialist and he, after a short examination, can, apparently almost by intuition, describe your most hidden symptoms better than you can name them yourself, there is no questioning his verdict which says that a course of Sprudelheim is the best remedy. In humble acquiescence a portmanteau is at once packed and a time-table of German railways is consulted.

Many people go to make a cure somewhere or other every year and their ailments cannot be very severe if they find one course of waters pretty nearly as good as another, and are influenced in their

* It will be in vain to look for Sprudelheim in the map of Germany.

choice by the fashion of society or very possibly by the hope of rubbing shoulders with some illustrious personage. A great physician, when dying, once said that he left three successors to his position as head of the medical world, "Air, water, diet," and no doubt these successors are responsible for much of the good received at well known health resorts that we could name.

But Sprudelheim is a place by itself; its springs have a very definite effect and those who use them do so as a rule with a very serious purpose. They go for health, they stay for health and the treatment of their health is for many weeks their most absorbing thought by day and night. The life at Sprudelheim always reminded us of the well-known picture by Sir Noel Paton, in which men and women of all ages and of every rank are depicted as following a fleeting figure in breathless pursuit. Monarchs, sages, soldiers, priests, youth, age, beauty, deformity, all jostling one another and all, in a common and equal crowd, reaching after their heart's desire. Such were the patients that thronged baths, drinking places, parks, promenades, and *tables d'hôte*. From highest society to lowest, from throne and senate, from the halls of science and the haunts of fashion, from palace and shop, we all gathered to live for a while the same life, to seek the same end. A various host we came and the variety of tongues was as that of Babel. If occasion demanded speech with a casual passer by, it was a matter of doubt in what language the reply would be given, English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, or in a dialect of one or the other which might confound a Mezzofanti.

Perhaps the man who was most really in touch with everybody in

the crowd, who contrived to understand, and be understood by all, was the person on whom it may be that our happiness most depended, the Ober Kellner, familiarly addressed by those who dared do so as "Ober," at the Kurhaus, where we all found ourselves sooner or later questing for food and drink. Him we never ceased to admire, as he dealt out his polyglot greetings, bonjours, good mornings, guten morgens, &c., &c. He had the organising powers of a quartermaster-general, the authority of a commander-in-chief, and the manners of an ambassador. He was a Bismarck, a Moltke and a Von Roon rolled into one; but stay, we wrong him, his silky manners were those of a Macchiavelli, not a Bismarck. He, with his many and nimble myrmidons, each distinguished by a metal number hung like an order on his accurately fitting black coat, ruled our public destinies and Sprudelheim would, without him, have been to us a scene of anarchy and confusion.

We said that it was at the Kurhaus that the "Ober" was supreme, and the Kurhaus was the hub of Sprudelheim's social system. There was the reading room, where we manoeuvred to get hold of the few English papers: there were many other apartments used for various ends, and there was the great hall for the *table d'hôte*. But the Kurhaus would have been nothing without the wide *terrasse* that stretched in front of it, one end abutting on the town and the other holding the band stand, where music was daily provided. On the sides of the *terrasse* were innumerable small tables at which we lunched, dined, had our five o'clock tea or indulged in evening drinks, and where natives of the place came to

eat schinken and sausage and to absorb tall foaming glasses of beer. The great re-union of the day is at the tea hour. The doctor's orders have all been complied with by that time, and we are able to relax from the serious business of life and enjoy the society of our fellow-creatures. At every table there is a little coterie. A royal lady sits quietly knitting among her chosen friends, and at the next table may be a bourgeois German family, father, mother and children, eating "kuchen" and washing it down with some (to us) unfamiliar national beverage. Hard by is an English statesman of cabinet rank deep in talk with an ex-M.P., and a peer of England whose health has broken down under the heavy stress of office. Then a party of Americans, principally ladies, all talking altissimo through their pretty little noses. A great novelist, one of the forty immortals, is modestly explaining to an English general that, his world-wide fame and honours notwithstanding, he does not consider himself to have really "arrived" and that he is of the school of philosophy of Piron *qui ne fut rien, pas même académicien*; and so on, and so on. How can we name all the parties that are seated at a hundred little tables and imagine what they are all saying? We know that, before the conversation has slipped into law, politics, sport, fashion, or gossip, it has certainly begun gravely by an analysis of the effect on each individual of the particular kind of bath that he or she has been ordered that day to take.

But the world is not all sitting down tea drinking. A military band from a neighbouring garrison—and how good the bands of the German army are—is working through a varied programme, and

attracts everybody, resident or visitor who can manage to come within hearing of its melodies. The *terrasse* is crowded with promenaders, and the gentle walking exercise that is part of the local regimen is generally taken in this very cosmopolitan and heterogeneous throng.

By the way, one of the rules of conduct recommended by the Sprudelheim authorities is that "ladies are most respectfully requested not to trail their dresses in dry weather, as the dust arising therefrom is highly detrimental to health and not conducive to cleanliness." This regulation is however more honoured in the breach than the observance. Providentially the present fashion is to wear reasonably short skirts, so the raising of dust is not a *question brûlante*. *Apropos* of dress, how smart everybody is! and how their methods of adornment vary! The Americans, with presumably many dollars at command, appear in toilettes which, we are told by one who ought to know, must have cost fabulous sums. An English dame makes up by variety of arrangement in her wardrobe for what it lacks in richness and extent. She has two skirts and three or four bodices, and by various combinations these slender materials form a considerable variety of costumes. To our uninstructed eye, each day seems to bring something quite new before us, but again the one who ought to know points out how the *changements de décorations* are effected. And there is a feeling not far removed from melancholy in seeing the bravery worn by some poor girl whose haggard face and crippled limbs tell of a wasting disease, slowly sapping the springs of life. We are reminded of the gallant struggle against mortality which, as we think, should be

sympathised with rather than derided.

"Add to this cheek a little red,

One would not sure be hideous when one's dead."

Amidst all the fashionable throng too we may see some old peasant women wearing the national costume, of which the great feature is such an enormous breadth of beam as we can hardly believe to be founded on nature. A country's customs sometimes take a curious form and this one has not been dictated by elegance.

But our chief business at Sprudelheim is to use the springs outwardly or inwardly and for this we must receive directions from a medical man on the spot. Of course in a sanitary resort there are many doctors who all claim to know best the resources of nature, but there is one who takes the lead in practice. Like Eclipse, he is first and the rest nowhere. We have been placed in his hands and he has organised our treatment. Let us stroll down to the Badhaus in which we have been told to begin, and our feelings have been described by Sir Francis Head in his charming book, "Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau," on similar experiences sixty-five years ago. "Health is such an inestimable blessing; it colours so highly the little picture of life; it sweetens so exquisitely the small cup of our existence; it is so like sunshine, in the absence of which the world with all its beauties would be as it once was without form and void, that I can conceive nothing which a man ought more eagerly to do than get between the stones of that mill which is to grind him young again, particularly when, as in my case, the operation was to be attended with no pain. When therefore I had once left my hof to walk to the bath, I felt

as if no power on earth could arrest my progress."

How times are changed since these words were written. Head was talking of Langen Schwalbach and we are at Sprudelheim (not very far distant after all), but the arrangements in 1833 of both bathing resorts were probably more or less alike and so they are in 1898. One small Badhaus was then sufficient to accommodate all the patients that came. Here, in Sprudelheim, there are now six palatial buildings, each of which contains a number of excellently-fitted rooms in which the prescribed time of soaking may be passed. In Head's day, one man and one woman were sufficient to prepare all the necessary baths. Now the name of the attendants is legion and they have enough to do to provide bath after bath every forty-five minutes, the utmost limit of time during which one room may be occupied.

We have been advised to arrange for a *feste stunde* (a fixed hour) at which we may every day present ourselves with the certainty that we shall find a bath chamber at our disposal. Now, among such a crowd of bathers as there is, it is not easy to have a convenient fixed hour allotted. The *badmädchen*, who takes the tickets of admittance and rules the routine of the place, shakes her head and says that every hour of every bath-room is already engaged, but she will see what can be done next week. We bethink ourselves that a hint has been given by our medical adviser of the efficacy of "a good tip," and we furtively produce some silver. There is a virtuous look of self-denial in response and we are reminded that all tips are strictly forbidden by the administration. There are several bystanders however and we cannot

help thinking that it is their presence which enforces such stern compliance with the law. We saunter out of the door and approach a window which is behind the *badmädchen's* chair of office. Curiously enough she opens the window and looks out. How easy it is to renew the interrupted colloquy and to pass a hand containing a *douneur* over the window sill. The window is again closed and, after smoking a meditative cigarette on a shady seat in the park, we again present ourselves at the damsel's official table. How odd! everything can be arranged as we wish and will we take our first bath at once?

It is a buxom and pleasing looking *badmädchen* and, like all ladies who occupy a prominent position in the world, she is an object of the greatest interest to the other sex. It is seldom that her chair is not surrounded by some of her many admirers and even arrangements for baths give opportunity for badinage and pretty speeches. It is rumoured indeed that the fair official receives many offers of matrimony in the course of the season.

We accept the immediate bath, and a stalwart man takes us in charge and shows us into a room, clean, light and airy, with a sofa, a chair, a toilette table and a glass. The taps are turned on in the bath, which becomes filled with a brownish fluid. A towel is spread where the head is to rest and another on the floor where we are to step. A huge thermometer is used to see that the temperature of the water is at 32° C., and we are left to plunge in and compose ourselves to remain immersed while the hands of the clock on the wall travel over the ordered period. This clock becomes an object of intense interest for we have been warned

that terrible things may happen if we remain in the bath a minute more or less than the exact time of the prescription. But this timepiece has some eccentricities, for now and then the minute hand seems to be affected by a little spasm and drops suddenly, getting over its work unduly fast. We caught it in the act and came to the conclusion that, if that is the usual way in which time is reckoned, it is doubtful whether extreme accuracy in estimating the length of a bath is always really essential.

Though to some constitutions it may not be of great importance how long the bath is occupied, there are certainly a few which are much more sensitive and on which the water has a very perceptible immediate effect. And it does not follow that the people who most are sensible of the immediate effect, are those who will be most permanently benefited—but we are getting upon a hygienic subject of which we are not qualified to speak. We wonder whether there is any sense in Sir Francis Head's theory that in taking one of these mineral baths, it is contrary to reason not to immerse the head from time to time; "even the common pressure of the water on the portion of the body which is immersed in it tends mechanically to push or force the blood towards that part (the head) enjoying a rare medium; but when it is taken into consideration that the mineral mixture of Schwalbach acts on the body, not only mechanically by pressure, but medicinally, being a very strong astringent, there needs no wizard to account for the unpleasant sensations so often complained of." Sir Francis said that he always ducked his head with benefit to himself. We always

kept ours scrupulously out of the water and we never heard of any one who did not do likewise. As we never heard the question mooted, probably the faculty have settled it long ago.

The time has come at last when we may get out of the muddy mixture which in truth has given us the sensation of being in a soft warm bed that we are rather loath to quit. We ring the bell. Enter the attendant, who throws over our shoulders a rough towel, that has been warming in an iron heater, and proceeds to rub us down with an almost painful vigour. Him also we have tipped, by advice, and he certainly well earns his silver mark by the muscular energy which he displays. A long drawn "so" completes the operation and we are left to get into our clothes again.

The first baths of a cure are taken in the muddy water that we have told of, so brown and thick that, as a French gentleman remarked, *on ne peut pas s'admirer* when one's limbs are covered by it, but as time goes on the patient is promoted to the embraces of a clear and sparkling fluid, charged with carbonic acid gas, which looks like the best of soda water, and by its touch, stimulates like champagne. Fresh and effervescing from Nature's laboratory, it bubbles forth and, putting aside its medical value, there can be no doubt about the intense sensual pleasure that the touch of such water gives, and we have heard people say that they would come to Sprudelheim for one such bath alone. It is seldom indeed that an invalid is prescribed, as a remedy for sickness, anything half so pleasant.

There is much drinking of waters besides the bathing and, in the early morning hours, every visitor to Sprudelheim marches

to one or other of the springs, carrying a graduated glass drinking cup. Two country lasses stand at a kind of bar and fill the glasses as they are presented. The first cupful of water is slowly drunk. A short stroll must be taken and a second glass is then consumed. It is not nasty but no one can call it nice. Perhaps the best description was overheard from an English gentleman who, to say the least, fancied himself and drawled somewhat in his speech, "tastes like inferiah sea watah." We must not question its special merits, but the early walk and the systematic sluicing of the human framework must count for something. We have heard of pure springs in our own Scotland, which have very health-giving properties if a drinker visits them on foot before breakfast. May dew gathered before the sun is up had also a great hygienic reputation, according to the wisdom of our grandmothers. And the morning walk to the springs at Sprudelheim has many simple pleasures. There is a band of course; there are flower-girls from whom it is our daily duty to buy bouquets of roses (the rose gardens of the district are celebrated); there are the various hawkers who hang about the paths and alleys showing their simple wares to the visitors, some selling earthenware, some country laces and embroideries, and one man in a *jäger* costume driving a thriving trade in foxes' brushes mounted on handles for housemaids' use in clearing away cobwebs. We saw a very distinguished ex-M.F.H. contemplating this man and his stock-in-trade with a very mixed expression. He could not reconcile himself to the idea that such trophies could have been legitimately come by, and seemed to

think that each brush represented a peculiarly atrocious vulpecide. But there is one most important business which is performed conscientiously by every one who goes to the *trinkhalle*. In a conspicuous place are hung barometers and thermometers of all kinds, Reaumur, Fahrenheit and Centigrade. Variations of temperature and indications of weather are always most carefully studied and, in a place where interests are few and simple, form an even more important subject of conversation than they do in England. Perhaps to a loungee the most amusing part of the business is overhearing the very vague explanations of the readings of the different thermometers, as given by the various ladies and gentlemen who consult them. Most people seem to be still of opinion that the scientific instrument of each nation tells a different tale and that they are patriotically bound to maintain that the one to which they are accustomed is infallible and that the others lie unblushingly.

While we are at the *trinkhalle*, let us stroll to the neighbouring parish church and God's acre. Among the memorials of the dead there is one that has a very real and national interest. It has been raised in honour of the territorial soldiers who gave their lives for their country in the Franco-German war, and on it are set down the names of every Hans or Friedrich that died in battle or of disease during the great campaign. The story of their patriotism is ever before their relations and descendants and teaches the present generation by what personal self-sacrifice the greatness of the Fatherland has been achieved. And it is not in Sprudelheim alone that such a monument is to be found. In

every little German town the memory of the gallant dead is in like manner preserved and no name however humble is lost to the country which the soldier served. In England we are not unmindful of the men who have died to maintain our honour and guard our interests, but our recognition is not so wide reaching and systematic as that which Germany gives to its lost champions.

The *table d'hôte* has been mentioned. Now, as in Sir F. Head's time, the dinner hour in Germany is one o'clock and at that time, in the Kurhaus and at all the hotels of Sprudelheim, a most substantial meal is provided. But the *cuisine* differs much from that of sixty years since. No longer can it be said that "after the company have eaten heavily of messes which it would be impossible to describe, in comes some nice salmon—then fowls—then puddings—then meat again—then stewed fruit, and after the English stranger has fallen back in his chair quite beaten, a leg of mutton majestically makes its appearance!" No, the dinner that is offered to-day, though certainly substantial, still follows the established routine of a civilised meal, and the cookery is good enough for any one who does not require the refinements of the Amphitryon Club. No one can eat to repletion at one o'clock, however, and it would be an awful trial to sit through the whole gamut of the repast in a stuffy hall crowded with one or two hundred fellow creatures. By the favour of the Ober we are accommodated with a table under the trees on the *terrasse* and are served with a small selection from the copious *ménu*, which, though not beyond the scope of a German appetite, is yet too extensive to

be grappled with by a mere Briton. And here let it be said, for the information of any possible visitor to Sprudelheim, that little restriction is put upon appetite by medical direction. There is some mild advice as to what you must eat, drink and avoid, but possibly Sir F. Head's theory on the subject has still some approximation to truth—that, if everybody led an ascetic life and reduced eating to the very moderate amount that probably best suits our invalid state, the golden harvest of the season which is reaped by the hotel keepers and other purveyors would be very considerably reduced, and in doing this no doctor as a native of the place would care to be willingly instrumental. The most serious restraints that our doctor imposes are with regard to smoking and drinking and they point to moderation more than total abstinence.

We have once or twice referred to our doctor, but, as he is about the most important and sought after personage in Sprudelheim, we must pay homage to him in ampler words. We use the expression "sought after" in its fullest sense, for it is by no means easy to secure an interview with him. Of the hundreds of invalids that journey to Sprudelheim, by far the greatest number wish to place themselves under his care. His fame is European and all, royal, gentle and simple, ask for his attention. With so many demands upon his time he has reduced the art of giving short and pithy interviews to a science. His carriage appears at an hotel and he flits like a woodcock from apartment to apartment, giving to each patient the veriest minimum of consultation. Unlike a dignified English physician, whose manner is always leisurely however hurried he may be, the

German specialist has no breath to spare for anything but the most curt of sentences and the patient who thinks to gain a hearing for a long tale of symptoms will be woefully mistaken. They tell of one old lady who embarked on such a tale and, during its progress, took her eyes off the doctor for a moment. When she raised them again he was gone and, glancing out of the window, she saw him feeling another pulse in a house on the opposite side of the street. That nobody can have any delicacy or reticence with a medical adviser is a maxim on which he consistently acts. A rap is heard at a bedroom door, possibly when the occupant is in the most *negligé* and meagre of costumes. There is no pause for permission to enter and in plunges the doctor who informs the scared dame "Ah, that is just what I want." He at any rate is spared the delay of preparation for the stethoscope.

But this pre-occupation and hurry makes him very elusive, and he is apt to forget how essential it is to his patients' convenience, if not to their actual health, that they should see him with some regularity. He never prescribes a course of treatment for more than two or three days and, if further advice is not then given, the course of baths and everything for which we are sacrificing time and money to be at Sprudelheim, is at a standstill. The doctor has often to be shot flying. Oblivious that he has promised to call on somebody, he is seen making his way from house to house, and the forgotten one, either personally or by deputy, waylays him, carries him off triumphantly and extracts from him, almost by force, his words of wisdom. It is indeed one of the excitements of Spru-

delheim to secure a necessary meeting with the doctor, and to be successful in doing this with any regularity is a piece of the highest good fortune or the mark of a very distinguished position in the world. Our doctor's English, though fluent, expressive and forcible (and how proud we should be if we could speak German as well) partakes sometimes of the idiom of his Fatherland. He gave his orders to an invalid, consulting him as to the drink which might be permitted, "You shall not drink beer, you shall not drink soda water, you shall drink nothing that will you outblow," and, being asked one day why he never appeared on the *terrasse* to enjoy the music and society, he said "that can I not do—I have given direction to one man 'you shall not smoke,' and to another, 'you shall not drink beer,' and if I go on the *terrasse*, I shall find the one drinking beer and the other smoking a cigar, and, when they see me, they become each a red face. No. That can I not do."

One more mot of his must not be forgotten. An English gentleman, who had conscientiously gone through the *régime* of the cure, was told that he was now quite well and that he might do what he liked.

"But I want to go home and shoot partridges."

"Ah, the partridge, but I prefer the pheasant."

"But pheasant shooting does not begin till October."

"Ah, then, you may shoot the partridge, but you shall not too quick after him run."

Nowhere in the world has the value of woodland been more thoroughly realised than in Germany. Its influence on climate has been proved over and over again, and the necessity, in a country where coal beds are few,

for providing a national store of fuel is understood by a provident Government. In sundry German states the restrictions on forest cutting have been withdrawn at various periods with disastrous results, but now the restraining hand has been universally reimposed, and not only are private owners prevented from felling trees promiscuously, but there is a special department of police whose duty it is to see to the tending, thinning and replanting of forests, and the science of arboriculture is carried by these functionaries to the highest pitch of perfection. Government has made large purchases of land and planted it, and the communal woodlands have everywhere been made objects of special care. Sprudelheim has not been backward in the matter and, besides its spacious parks and gardens, all the hilly slopes in its neighbourhood are clothed with forest. Through this paths have been cut, and one may wander for miles in the cool, broken twilight of the "Wald," enjoying the mystic beauty which is the keynote of so many Volkslieder. In truth, what the sea is to England, the forest is to continental peoples. There they can—

" . . . Mingle with the universe and feel
What they can ne'er express, yet cannot
all conceal."

And the woodland walks at Sprudelheim are made as suitable and easy for the tottering invalid as for the strong pedestrian. Rustic seats are to be found at convenient intervals, where the feeble limbs may be rested and a solitary wayfarer may, in his quiet repose, feed his imagination by watching the ways of the forest creatures. The song of birds is in his ear, he may see the woodpecker clinging to the bark of some massive trunk

and making its presence known by the "tap tap" of its hard wedge-shaped bill, a hare may go silently loping across the path, or even a shy deer may suddenly look through the tree stems and as suddenly disappear. Yes, the "Wald" supplies the little touch of romance that the common life of hotel, *trinkhalle* and promenade cannot give. There age may enjoy a meditative solitude, and there too may sometimes be seen a younger generation seeking an opportunity for the old, old happiness of a *solitude-à-deux*.

Time passes rapidly at Sprudelheim. There is a steady routine of uneventful life. One day re-

sembles another, and there are no marked incidents to arrest the memory. For a month or six weeks one is in a kind of sleepy hollow, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot." It is a long repose to mind and body and this in itself must do much to supplement the effects of the inward and outward use of the mineral springs. If it ever happens to any one of our readers to go through the cure at the little German watering place, we can only trust that he or she may be at the end of it (again to quote our doctor's words) "one wonderful example of the virtues of Sprudelheim."

A Plea for Half-bred Sires.

In these days, when so much time, money, and attention is being given to the maintenance and improvement of our horse culture, and when the registration of breeds is being carried on by the different horse societies with an energy both systematic and practical, it is not a little curious to note how one kind at least of our horse breeds—and that one I maintain to be a most important one in the interests of true sport—has always been left out in the cold, and still appears likely so to continue, unless some means are devised for its recognition, registration, and perpetuation. I refer to the so-called half-bred, whose prowess in the hunting field, over a steeplechase course and a race-course is undoubted, and whose thorough-bred pedigree for several generations has been authenticated, and yet he is debarred from the advantages which the stud-books and show-yards offer to his

less worthy compeers, whose blood is not a whit more blue than his. The list of really good horses that have hitherto failed to find a place in the Stud Book is a long one, and to make it a correct one would entail great research, because unhappily, unless it be a mare, the name is not perpetuated, except in the list of winners of great races. I will, therefore, only touch on a few, such as Mrs. Taft (winner of the Cesarewitch), Hesperithusa, from whom came Tib, Curzon, The Colonel, New Oswestry, St. Galmier, and Cloister—not to mention many notable North-country and Irish horses, whose blood as well as good deeds have deserved to be perpetuated; but, alas! their bar sinister has decreed their extinction, and it is little less than wonderful that they should continue to crop up on racecourses at all, and then only from the dam's side.

In all the half-bred horses above enumerated there has not been for the last fifty years the slightest strain of known impure blood. In manners, appearance and performances they have outshone thousands of so-called thorough-breds, and yet—not even the Hunters' Improvement Society will recognise such of them as are entire as worthy to become sires, unless they can show a winning record, and even then they are ineligible for Queen's Premiums. Consequently, as the matter now stands, it is perfectly suicidal policy to keep a young horse of this description entire, on the mere chance that by winning races he may be eventually qualified for registration as a hunter sire. There are no prizes open to him in horse shows—no class for him anywhere after his yearling days.

At the present time I have in my possession a yearling colt of this nondescript race. What am I to do with him? His ancestry on his dam's side has been handed down from father to son on one and the same farm for at least 100 years! I can trace his blood distinctly back without a flaw to the year 1814, and yet, beautiful colt that he is, what reward, what hope have I in view, if I refrain from adding him to the list, although well knowing that he is in every way more worthy to become a country stallion than one half the horses that gain Queen's Premiums. This seems tall talk, and yet your readers can trust me for verity on such a subject, or I should not for so many years have enjoyed the privilege of writing in your columns.

What I wish to put forward here as a crucial question is, that supposing, as we must take it, that the ban of the general Stud Book is to be perpetual on

such horses as those I have described, are they still also for ever to be barred from Queen's Premiums, and also from registration in the Hunters' Improvement Stud Book? Because, if so, a manifest injustice will be done to genuine hunter blood and hunter breeding throughout Great Britain. Surely this is a subject that might well occupy the attention of the Royal Commission on Horse-breeding, the Royal Agricultural Society, the Bath and West of England Society, and the other leading Agricultural Societies, as well as the Hunters' Improvement Society; and the outcome of such opinions must greatly assist in solving it. We may be told that we are lowering, or trying to lower, the standard of our hunter blood. There is no greater stickler for high blood in hunters than "Borderer," but he makes bold to assert in reply to this that hunter blood will be enriched and ennobled by the admission of such sires as undoubtedly would thus come to the front, if they had fair play. What a loss to the hunter class was that dual winner of the Grand National, The Colonel, sent abroad ignominiously on account of his half-bred pedigree. If the truth must be told, a great deal of this so-called half-bred blood is traceable to the encouragement given in the first half of this century to horses to run in races as half-breds. Cups and money were then given by Members of Parliament and other local magnates ostensibly to encourage farmers in breeding good horses, and the condition was made that they should not be thorough-bred. Naturally keen competition brought about the exclusion from the Stud Book of many a dark mare, smuggled from a training stable and bred from. You have

only to read the excellent articles of an "Old Forester" in the early numbers of *The Sporting Magazine* from 1819 to 1825 to be assured of this, or to peruse the Racing Calendars from that time until 1860, to prove these facts. Such races as Lord Forester's Plate at Wenlock, which survived up to a dozen or so years back, and the Debdale Stakes at Warwick, the Billesdon Coplow Stakes at Croxton Park, the Severn Bank Stakes at Worcester, and the Oakley Park Stakes at Ludlow, were all for half-bred horses only, and were as eagerly sought after from a local point of view as the Queen's Vase at Ascot is now from a purely racing man's aspect.

I venture to think that this question has become acute, owing to the mode, which is now so general, of inbreeding our racehorses, and of forcing them in their early youth—the result being the production of speed rather than bone and stamina. This, your readers will agree with me, I am sure, is not conducive to the production of hunters, or of really good riding horses, and how are we to remedy it, unless by the greater infusion on the sire's side of blood such as I have attempted to describe? Blood that has shown itself of value over a country and on the flat, and has survived from its early years of encouragement to a period of practical Boycott, and may yet be preserved to us through valuable sources, if action is taken at once.

I have been much interested lately in reading some articles by Count Veltheim on the origin of the English thorough-bred, written as far back as 1825. The Count showed a thorough insight into his subject, and many of his remarks come home to us to-day

with far greater force than they did when they were written. For instance, he says:—"It appears to me to lie in the nature of things that for running short distances with light weights at two years old another description of horse is required than was employed to run longer distances with heavier weights at four years old or older, which was generally the case a hundred years ago. In later times, therefore, pains would naturally be taken to produce the description of horse in which more speed but less stoutness would be requisite. I think it, however, questionable, whether this kind of horse—as, for example, the greatest part of the thorough-bred stallions of the present day, although it may be allowed that they are better adapted to racing *according to the present fashion* than those of former times—can prove as efficient as they in producing superior hunters, and other breeds in general use in the country. I am aware that a very great difference exists among thorough-bred horses. My idea of the disadvantages attending too early use regards those especially, which are overgrown or long-legged, since these, like young men who have grown too fast, require more care than those who grow slower and stouter. It has also struck me that the number of horses of this description must have increased latterly, since among the thorough-bred horses which I have seen both in and out of England within the last ten years, there have been much more frequent instances of such of them than I remember to have seen in my youth. And on this I found the opinion that through too delicate rearing this kind of horse will increase more and more. Now, although they may promise many advantages of running short

distances with light weights, as it is now the fashion, they would probably not be found to answer for longer distances or heavier weights; and I cannot imagine that such stallions will be able to get such strong, durable and useful hunters, chargers, coach-horses, and others for general use as more robust and compact stallions would do."

Now these opinions were written seventy-five years ago by one of the most independent and shrewd judges of horseflesh of his day, and they are more abundantly true of our thorough-breds of to-day than when written. Is not, therefore, the plea which is put forward for the so-called half-bred worth more than a passing thought? If it is worth maintaining, it means a thorough revision of the prize lists for sires and their produce in the hunter classes at our principal shows. It also means an alteration in the conditions of the gifts of Queen's Premiums. It should indeed go further, and entail an addition to the general Stud Book, containing a list of all living half-bred horses that have won races under the rules of racing, and their pedigrees. In this latter matter we should have in all probability the sup-

port of Mr. Leopold Rothschild, whose promising half-bred two-year-old, Hulcot, has recently won the Brocklesby Stakes at Lincoln.

Let us also express a belief that no breeding reform would do so much towards popularising once more hunter breeding throughout the best districts than this encouragement of half-breds, as here portrayed. Just as the old institution of half-bred races suited the tastes of farmers to a nicety, so would the idea that it was within their compass to breed and keep horses that might and would become of value as sires, and these they would show against one another with avidity, whereas now they take little interest in the horses that have been bought out of racing stables to win Queen's Premiums, and that are often sent by strangers to stand in their districts. That the plea here put forward in the cause of half-breds is a debateable subject I am far from denying, but its enemies should clearly state their reasons for the exclusion which is being now exercised, as many think unfairly, and contrary to the true interests of sport and hunter breeding.

BORDERER.

"My Hobby."

I.

O'ER "maidan" grounds abroad, or over good sound English turf
 It's good fun to smack the ringing polo ball,
 While the steaming ponies strive,
 And the whippy bamboos drive,
 As we gallop on, oblivious of all,
 Save sharp and merry click,
 As the ball springs from the stick,
 Or the hustle as we shoulder friendly foe,
 Till with good run down the ground,
 True aimed shot the goal has found,
 And between the posts the ball goes straight and low.

II.

It is pleasant in September to walk up the small brown birds,
 Or when chill October's getting rather late,
 To at your "corner" stand,
 Your good twelve-bore in your hand,
 And feel the glow that comes from holding straight.
 It is better (so some say)
 After twenty minutes' play,
 To land the fish that's taxed your utmost skill;
 While we understand the pride
 'Mong the "thrusters" first to ride,
 From the find until a straight-necked fox you kill.

III.

I am not narrow-minded; I have been in many lands;
 And in many kinds of sport I've taken part:
 Rod, polo stick, crop, gun;
 I have handled every one,
 But it's 'chasing that is nearest to my heart:
 With its guard-rails' solid beam,
 Silken colours rattling scream,
 Swish of privet, gleam of water, crack of gorse;
 Practised jumpers measured stride,
 Thorough-bred 'uns swinging glide,
 And that partnership complete of "Man and Horse."

IV.

It's good to sit and steer him as you rattle at "the ditch,"
 And feel the well-timed lift from near the rail;
 To skim the fences tall,
 And feel that (bar a fall)
 At the finish you'll be "somewhere within hail."
 Your's can gallop, jump and stay;
 But just mark, two lengths away,
 There's another going just as strong as you:
 You must take a pull and wait,
 Till you get into the straight,
 And nurse your mount for one last good "set-to."

V.

But, now you've hugged the corner, and made up a bit of ground,
Catch hold, sit down, and ride him all you know :

Tight grip *and* tightened rein,
And tho' beat, he'll come again,

The other leads but half a length or so :

Gut and whalebone's stinging crack
See the leader's dropping back,

Though as game as steel he struggles on—he fails ;

Now you're past the judge's chair,

'Tis *your* number in the air,

And they lead you back—a winner—to the scales.

W. ALDERTON.

Game Preservation in the Middle Ages.

MUCH has been written concerning the old Forest Laws and their ferocity, but more recent statutes dealing with winged game, hares and rabbits, or "conies," as parliamentary draftsmen insist on calling them, are seldom drawn from their obscurity. This neglect is undeserved ; for some of the old laws throw curious and interesting sidelights upon the everyday sport of our forefathers and of their dependants.

It was King Richard II. who first extended a protecting arm to the hare and the rabbit, but his Act (13 Rich. II. c. 1), passed in 1389-90, had an ulterior motive. It would appear that artificers, labourers, servants and grooms were in the habit of keeping greyhounds and other dogs, to say nothing of ferrets and various nets and snares, for the purpose of taking game "on Holy days when good Christian people are at church hearing Divine service." It was bad enough that persons of such low degree should stay away from church to hunt in parks, warrens and connigries (whatever they may have been ; the word appears to have some

connection with "coney"), taking deer, hares and "other gentleman's game" ; but under the plea of sport these people also used to hold meetings and conspire (against whom or what the Act omits to say), and for this reason their indulgence in the sports of their betters was summarily put down. This Act forbade any layman owning lands of a less value than forty shillings per annum, and any priest or clerk having less than £10 a year, to possess any dog to hunt, any ferrets, "hayes, nettes, hare pipes or engines," for taking deer, hares and conies, on pain of a year's imprisonment. Capital punishment and mutilation for offences against forest law had been long abolished at this time. Passing over several laws relating to deer and hawking and hawks, we come to the year 1495, when Henry VII. earned the respect of shooting men for all time by legislation in favour of "fesauntes and part-ryches." This Act (11 Hy. VII. c. 17) commends itself to us by its pleasing frankness ; it recognised that game possessed not only a monetary, but a sporting value.

To summarise it briefly, the statute declared that—

"divers persons having little substance to live upon frequently take pheasants and partridges with nets, snares and other engines upon the manors of lords and others without leave, whereby the owners lose pleasure and disport themselves, their friends and servants about hawking, hunting, and taking the same, also the profit and avail that by the occasion should grow (accrue) to their households to the 'grete hurt of all lordes and gentlemen and others having any grete livelode' (livelibood)."

The Act proceeded to declare the unsanctioned taking of pheasants and partridges on another's land an offence punishable by a fine of £10; corresponding to £140, or possibly more, at the present day.

Mr. Greener, in his admirable book, "The Gun and its Development," says:—"As a sporting weapon the gun dates from the invention of the wheel-lock," and that the wheel-lock proper was invented in 1515 at Nuremberg. It was some little time before the potentialities of hand firearms in relation to sport were recognised by the English legislature. Henry VIII., in the third year of his reign (1512), passed an Act forbidding his subjects to possess either crossbows or "hand gonnies" save for the purpose of defending their houses; and about 1542 another statute was promulgated which has more direct bearing on sport. It is abundantly clear, from the wording of this law, that poachers had found out the merits of small firearms, and used them with effect; for the preamble states that inasmuch as evil-disposed persons shoot with crossbows and "little short hand guns and little hagbuts," to the great peril and continual fear of, among others, keepers of forests, chases and parks, no hand gun less than one yard in length over all might be lawfully made,

and no hagbut or demyhake (carbine or pistol) of less than three-quarters of a yard long. The same statute also forbids anyone to order a servant to shoot at deer, fowls, or anything other than an earth bank with crossbow or firearms unless under royal licence, which specified the beast or fowl the licensee might have shot for him. This clause suggests that the nobles and gentlemen of the time would not condescend to use such weapons as crossbows and firearms. It will be convenient here to make a short cast forward and examine an Act passed by Edward VI. in 1548. This curious law is entitled "An Acte against the shooting of hayle shot." It declares that an infinite quantity of fowl and much game is killed owing to the fashion which has grown up of "shooting of hayle shot," which game is thereby destroyed and of benefit to no man. We infer from this that the sportsman of the time was in the habit of "plastering" his birds. That he shot them sitting, and was not particular where they sat, the Act tells us very plainly, for it says that—

"No person under a Lord of Parliament shall shoot in any hand gun within any city or town at any fowl or other mark, upon any church, house or dovecote: neither shall any person shoot in any place any hayle shot or any more Pellotts (pellets) than one at a time."

Fortunate peers! to them alone was reserved the precious privilege of "potting" sparrows and allied small fowl and tame pigeons on the housetops! Let us hope they enjoyed this exclusive sport with some regard for the lives and limbs of their fellow-townsmen. At the same time, one cannot resist a feeling that the town-dwelling lieges of Edward VI. must have been grateful for

a piece of legislation which put an end to shooting at large. It may be added that one reason assigned for prohibiting the use of small shot was that it "utterlie destroieth the certenties of shootynge which in warres is much requisite."

Henry VIII., as we know, was a sportsman to the backbone. He it was who, in 1523, made tracking hares in the snow illegal. This practice must have been carried to extremes if the Act (14 and 15 Hy. VIII. c. 10) does not overstate the case. It sets forth that the king and other noblemen of the realm "have used and exercised the game of hunting of the hare" (the phraseology of these old statutes strikes quaintly on the modern ear) "for their disporte and pleasure," which game of hunting is "now decayed and almost utterlie destroyed" by reason of the iniquities of divers persons who habitually track hares in the snow, and by that means kill ten, twelve, or sixteen in a day. Hares must have been numerous if a man could make a bag of sixteen by tracking; the game of hunting would have been improved by judicious thinning out. However, the Act absolutely forbade "tracing in the snow," whether "with any dog, bech, bowe, or otherwys," the prescribed penalty being six shillings and eightpence. Sportsmen now a days regard "tracking" with a dubious eye, but the practice is by no means neglected in some parts of the kingdom.

In 1540 it was felt that the operations of poachers demanded attention, and to make an end of them an Act was passed absolutely forbidding the sale or purchase of pheasants on pain of a fine of six shillings and eightpence for each bird sold or bought, and

of partridges on pain of half that fine. The only persons exempted were the officers and ministers of the royal households; whence we are tempted to infer that the laudable practice of sending presents of game did not at this period exist. The drastic step of forbidding the sale of birds did little, if subsequent laws are any guide, to achieve its purpose, which was to ensure the "encrease of fesauntes and partryches in this realm for the goode pastyme of the King's Majestie and nobles and gentlemen." It must be added that game could not legally be sold until the Act of William IV. was passed in 1831. Whatever the effect of the law of 1540, it did not suffice to keep people out of the royal preserves. There were coverts belonging to the Crown at Westminster in those days, as we learn from a proclamation issued in 1545. This proclamation was to the effect that none should disturb the king's pheasants and partridges there.

Wild-fowl had been protected in 1534 (25 Hy. VIII. c. 11) by a law which deserves special notice for that it is the first we can trace which departs from the absolute protection principle in favour of a brief close season. This statute forbade the taking of "dukkes, mallardes, wygeons, teales, wyldgeese, and dyverse other kinds" between May 31st and August 30th, because during those months the old birds "be mowted (moulted) and not replenished with feather to fly," and the people captured old birds and young in such numbers that "the brode (race) of wildfowle is almost thereby wasted and consumed." Study of these old Acts teaches the enquirer to look for an exemption granted the upper classes of society, and Henry's wild-fowl

law does not disappoint us. It was made lawful for gentlemen having a freehold of forty shillings annual value to take wild-fowl "with spaniels and long bow." Perhaps we should regard this, to some extent at least, as consistent with the wise and established policy of giving every possible encouragement to the use of that bulwark of Britain in the Middle Ages—the long bow.

This Act remained in force for about fifteen years, and was then repealed by Edward VI.'s advisers. Those advisers of the boy king (Edward VI., it will be remembered, was only sixteen years of age when he died) were responsible for more than one piece of legislative folly committed in his name. The Wild-fowl Act was repealed (3 and 4 Ed. VI. c. 7) because it was achieving its purpose: in the words of the Statute of Repeal, because it was found by experience that "less plenty of fowle was brought into market," taking away from poor people who lived by their skill as fowlers and sustained themselves on the spoil of their nets to the great saving of other food. There was something to be said for this proceeding; but under what hallucination could the king's faithful Commons have been labouring when they, in the first year of his reign (1547), repealed all the forest laws which made deer-stealing, &c., punishable offences? They did it thinking to win his Majesty's subjects "by love rather than by fear"; but speedily discovered that the Briton's love of sport—or venison—was infinitely stronger than his affection for the throne. It became necessary at once to issue a Royal Proclamation warning these loving subjects to refrain from disturbing the king's deer generally. A few months later came another pro-

clamation against deer-stealing in the royal forest of Barnwood; early in 1548 came a third on behalf of the harried deer at Waltham; and in 1549 was issued a fourth against hunting and hawking the king's game at Westminster. Those Westminster preserves must have been a sore temptation to sporting Londoners. It says much for their self-denial that a proclamation was not required, or at any rate was not issued, for two years after the reckless proceeding of Parliament.

Abolition of the penalties for poaching accomplished then exactly what the same measure would achieve to-day. "Insolencies and barbarous unrulynesse" followed; the "baser sorte" assembled in mobs to enjoy the sport—or butchery—so generously made free to them, and it is stated that in a single day upwards of 500 deer were killed "within verie fewe myles of Y^r Ma^{tie}'s Citie of London." This state of affairs could not be tolerated, and in 1549, after two years' suspension, the repealed Acts were restored. It had not been our intention to deal with deer in the present survey of the old game-laws; but this fatuous piece of legislation demands mention for its sheer stupidity.

For about thirty years after this the game interests of the country were left to take care of themselves, and a very indifferent job those interests made of it. If the next game law (23 Eliz. 10) requiring attention did not exaggerate the state of affairs, poaching was carried on at all seasons of the year with all sorts of nets and engines both by day and by night. Elizabeth's Act marks a step in game legislation, inasmuch as it forbids absolutely the taking of game at night.

"Whereas," begins this law, mournfully, "fesauntes and partridges is within these few yeres utterlie decayed and destroyed" by nets, snares and engines used day and night, and by hawking early in harvest before the young birds have grown to any size, "to the grete spoyle and hurte of corne and grasse," it was enacted that nobody should kill birds at night by any method, under a penalty of twenty shillings and ten shillings per head for each pheasant and partridge. The more legitimate sport of hawking and hunting with spaniels in other men's growing corn was also forbidden on pain of a forty-shilling fine, unless the sportsman could show that he had the owner's leave. He might trample down his own crops if he liked, but his neighbour's were closed to him until the corn or grass should be "shocked, cocked, hiled or copped." There is a saving clause to this Act which we cannot doubt went far to nullify the advantages it strove to secure for the farmer and the game. It is explicitly stated that its provisions do not apply to "lowbellers, tramellers," or others who unwittingly took pheasants or partridges by night under any "tramel, lowbell, or road nette," always provided that these birdcatchers at once released uninjured the game birds so captured in their nets. This was a loophole which poachers would hardly fail to use.

The next statute, passed in 1603 (1 James I. c. 27), contains some points of importance in respect of progress, and of interest in view of a modern difficulty in the administration of the game laws which formed the subject of spirited correspondence in the columns of the *Field* early in the present year. History repeats

itself faithfully in game legislation as elsewhere! The law is entitled "An Act for the better understanding of the intent and meaning of former statutes made against shooting in guns, and for the preservation of the game of pheasants and partridges, and against the destruction of hares in hare pipes and tracing hares in snow." The gist is as follows:—

"Whereas pheasants, partridges, herons, mallards, and suchlike several games, have been more excessively and outrageously spoiled and destroyed than hath been in former ages, especially by the vulgar sorte and men of small worth making a trade and living of the spoiling and destroying, who are not of sufficiency to pay the penalties, by reason of which few suits have been attempted, whereby the good meant hath not followed, and there is great scarcity of game in all or most parts. Be it enacted, therefore, that all and every person who with gun, crossbow, stonebow, or longbow, kill pheasants, partridges, house-dove or pigeon, heron, mallard, duck, teal, wigeon, grouse, heathcock and moor-game with setting-dogs or nets, or who take the eggs of partridge, pheasant or swan, or break the eggs in the nest, or trace or course hares or use net or engine, shall be imprisoned for three months, or be fined twenty shillings for each fowl or each egg; or after one month's imprisonment give security for good behaviour. Unqualified persons (viz., persons not owning freehold value, £10 per annum or £200 worth of property) keeping greyhounds for coursing deer or hare, or setting dogs, or nets or engines, to be fined two pounds.

"Every person who at any time shall sell, or buy to sell again, any deer, hare, pheasant or partridge (except partridges and pheasants reared and brought up in house or houses, or brought from beyond seas), shall be fined forty shillings for each deer, twenty shillings for each pheasant, and ten shillings for each hare or partridge. Qualified persons may take pheasants and partridges in the daytime only with nets on their own ground betwixt St. Michaelmas Day and Christmas Day yearly."

In this Act of King James I. it may fairly be said that we have the nucleus of our modern game-laws in so far as the principle of a close season is applied to phea-

sants and partridges. True, the shooting of game is forbidden, but perusal of the old statutes leaves a very distinct impression that in these days far more game was taken by "nets and engines" than by shooting, whether with gun or any kind of bow—the "stone bow," we imagine, was the weapon used in the East to-day for killing birds: a bow with two strings carrying, where the notch of the arrow would meet the string in a long bow, a stiff patch half an inch square on which to rest the pebble or shot. In this Act grouse and blackcock receive their legal status as game, a circumstance for which the Scottish antecedents of the King may account; and the sanctity which the ancient Forest Laws extended to hawks' eggs is extended to those of game birds. The prohibition of setters compels attention: in regard to this we must remember that a good setter would be of inestimable service to the manipulators of nets in long grass or stubble, and as an adjunct to the net in contradistinction to the gun, might well be regarded as the peculiar ally of the poacher. Charles I., in 1634, issued a Proclamation against keeping and using setters, and authorised their slaughter where-soever and by whomsoever found.

As the reservation in parentheses indicates, concerning game "reared and brought up in the house" pheasants and partridges were at this period reared in confinement for the table; it may be remarked that it was usual to rear pheasants in captivity early in the fifteenth century. A curious little treatise in rhyme on "Husbondrie," supposed to have been written in the year 1420, by one Palladius, gives instructions concerning the best method of breeding and rearing pheasant

chicks. The practice reduces them to the position of domestic poultry, and goes somewhat beyond the scope of remarks on sport, and therefore, we do not pause to go into it. We must not, however, leave this Act without drawing attention to the earlier clause which tells us that the game-laws were most usually broken by men of such degree that it was useless to sue them for the fines for which their misdeeds made them liable. The correspondence in the *Fidd* already referred to indicates existence of the same condition of things at the present day. The Inland Revenue authorities, it is affirmed by men who ought to know, discourage the prosecution of poachers who use unlicensed guns to kill other people's game: and for the same reason that "few suits were attempted" three centuries ago, viz., because it is known that to sue for fines would be throwing money away. We might learn a lesson from James I.'s Act in this enlightened age.

The laws of earlier days were better devised than administered. It was, in fact, everybody's business to secure their due observance, and we know that everybody's business is nobody's. There was no machinery to carry them into effect: the first definite mention of police and their powers occurs in another statute of James I. passed in 1609-10 (7, James I. 11) This, in its main object, sought again to put an end to the damage inflicted upon crops by unseasonable pursuit of pheasants and partridges with hawks or dogs. It forbade the taking of these birds between July 1st and August 31st, when they were too small to be fairly hawked and not worth eating. It withdrew the exemption conferred upon "qualified persons" under the former Act to

net game on their own lands, and reserved to owners of £40 freehold, or owners of £400 of property only, the right to take game between Michaelmas and Christmas. Night poaching and the secret conveyance of game to market by night was made punishable by three months' imprisonment, and constables were given power to search on warrant suspected premises and to destroy dogs and nets found thereon.

By the time of the Restoration (sports of whatever kind were flouted during the Commonwealth) the legitimate value of the setter had come to be recognised, and Charles II. (1670-71) passed an Act (22 and 23 Car. II. 25) which, among other provisions, gave persons having lands or tenements of the annual value of £100 the right to keep guns, bows, greyhounds, setting dogs, ferrets, "coney dogs" and lurchers. To be strictly accurate, it forbade people who had not that property qualification to enjoy possession of these things and animals. This Act also gave keepers—mentioned in our laws for the first time—the right of search on a J.P.'s warrant, and made poaching rabbits in unenclosed warrens an offence punishable by three months' imprisonment.

In 1692 another Act (4 Wm. and M. c. 23) again gave constables power to search suspected dwellings, and if game were found to carry those in whose custody it was discovered before a Justice of the Peace. If no satisfactory explanation were forthcoming, the Justice could fine the prisoner and send him to the House of Correction for a period of from ten days to one month, and sentence him to a whipping in addition.

"Unqualified persons" found

in possession of greyhounds, setters, ferrets, nets, &c., were liable to the same penalties. By this Act also gamekeepers were authorised to "oppose and resist" night poachers; and inasmuch as "great mischief ensues by inferior tradesmen and other dissolute persons neglecting their trades and occupations who follow hunting, fishing, and other game to the ruin of themselves and the damage of their neighbours," any such person who presumed to hawk, hunt, or fish, unaccompanied by his master, was to be held a trespasser.

One more old statute and we have done. In 1706 Queen Anne passed a law (6 Anne, c. 18) which made any higlar, chapman (pedlar), carrier, inn-keeper, victualler or ale-house keeper liable to a fine of £5 for every head of game found in his possession. Any unqualified person keeping or using a greyhound, setter or lurcher was liable to a fine of £5 or imprisonment for three months; and Justices of the Peace and Lords and Ladies of manors were empowered to confiscate any dogs, nets or engines they might find in the hands of pedlars and those forbidden to have game in their possession. In this Act, too, we find heather burning made an offence for the first time. Only the forest of Sherwood in Notts and parts adjacent are thus protected, but legislative recognition of the fact that reckless heather burning "destroys the breed of game" is worth notice.

The law of 1710 (9 Anne, c. 27) perpetuated the preceding Act, and in addition forbade Lords of Manors to appoint more than one gamekeeper to each manor. It also forbade the driving and taking of wildfowl from July 1st to September 1st.

C.

The Chances of the Game.*

SOME TALES OF PLAY.

BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

Author of "My Grandfather's Journals," &c., &c.

I.—DE SOTO'S SYSTEM.

SOME thirty years ago the last stronghold of public play was installed upon the hill of Spelugues as it was then called, a spur of the great Mont Agel above, forming a narrow plateau with sides that dropped steeply into the blue Mediterranean. At that time the gaming tables that had long flourished in the watering places of Ems, Homburg, Baden Baden, had been closed by the newly formed authority of the North German Confederation, and all other European Governments were too virtuous to give harbourage to hazard. Only in the small principality of Monaco the temptation of great profit was too strong for a needy monarch whose kingdom was no more than a good sized tablecloth could cover, and whose revenue did not amount to many hundreds a year. Charles III. of Monaco gave a concession to certain enterprising speculators who opened a small hell under his palace walls in the ancient town, then moved down into Condamine, then returned to the Villa Gabarini in Monaco, and finally began to build a lordly pleasure house for the seductive games of roulette and *trente et quarante* upon the above-mentioned hill. Charles III., however, stood godfather, and the place was re-christened by its present widely known name, Monte Carlo.

Hazard did not greatly prosper, however, in those early days.

The Casino buildings did not advance very rapidly; punters were few, for the means of access to this new temple of fortune were limited. One way of reaching Monaco was by steamer from Nice; pleasant enough in smiling weather, but the boats were cockleshells, and horribly uncomfortable in the sharp squalls that are too common on this storm-tossed inland sea. Yet some extended the voyage to Mentone—a better port—where they landed and returned to Monte Carlo by road. Others again drove from Nice by Great Corniche highway, and halting at La Turbie dropped down to the Casino by the bridle paths, on foot or mule-back. They made shift perforce with such accommodation as they found in the new suburb of Condamine, on which a contractor in advance of his time had erected a small town of villas, and had ruined himself in the speculation. At the tables the play was meagre and limited; any person might put down a minimum stake of two francs, and yet the croupiers often sat idle, twirling their rakes in their hands, trying the run of the cards, or spinning the ball in the roulette board, without a single *mise* on the table.

Two of them, old veterans attracted here from Homburg, where their occupation now was gone, were exchanging melancholy confidences in the intervals of a dreary uninteresting day's play.

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"*Ach So!* We shall soon be in the street, my fine friend. 'Twas a bad day that brought us to this desolate spot. Better to have turned couriers or kellers, or gone into the tobacco trade over yonder at home."

"*Saperlotte!* This barren rock after the *Kursaal*, with all its movement, its gardens, music, the gay crowds: the exchange is for the worse indeed."

"I had hoped better things when the old *patron* arrived, and bought out the last proprietor. A famous sum he paid, so they tell me. A million and a half of francs, and for this!" The croupier pointed disdainfully to the handful of vulgar punters seated round the table. "He will be surely ruined unless matters mend."

"*Le père Blanc* has money in the sack. He can afford to wait, and he can get more if he needs it. There are friends in Paris would back him, for they believe in his long head."

"Provided players come."

"Wait till the railway is brought to our door, *Gustaf*. The place will then be full enough. Trust the *patron*. He is *malin*, *quoi*; and knows how to bait the trap. *Tiens*, there is a face I remember. See."

"*Ja, Ja*. 'Tis the Spaniard, *De Soto*, who won that *masse* at *Homburg* the very night the *Kursaal* was closed. He had the devil's luck. The same number came up seven times, and he backed it always."

"Truly miraculous it was, as you say; I never saw it happen before. Five is the most I had seen, or you. Eh! *Gustaf*?"

"*So*. I had thought till now the money was lost for ever. But we shall have it back and more. For our tables never forgive or forget. 'Twas the *patron* himself

who said it, and he has proved it often enough you may depend."

The man they called *De Soto* was that rare type of Spaniard, a *rubio*, tan complexion, with vivid startlingly red hair. He was young, short in stature, but broad-shouldered; had an impassive face, but his air was rather defiant as he squared himself and threw back his head in a firm, resolute way. A man to go his own road, neither seeking nor taking advice, but yet given to reverie, for his eyes at times had an abstracted, far-away look in them, as though he was deep in thought working out some mental problem or abstruse calculation.

Just now he was concentrated upon the game of roulette that went on rather languidly before him. He followed all its processes closely, intently watching the wheel as it revolved, noting the drop of the ball, and recording every result, the whole of the chances as they came up, in a pocket-book, the pages of which were ruled and sub-divided into columns after a peculiar fashion.

"He is going to try some precious system of his own," whispered *Gustaf* to his friend. "That is better for us. Last time it was sheer luck. Now he will surely lose."

But all that day *De Soto* stood aloof, and never staked a *sou*. Still the game went on, to the monotonous invitation of "*faites vos jeux*," the constant chorus "*le jeu est fait*," "*rien ne va plus*," and still *De Soto* kept his score with minute unwearied patience, and still he never played; neither that day nor the next, nor yet the third, and when at last he began it was tentatively, cautiously, a two-franc piece upon one even chance after another—the two colours *passé* or *manqué*, *pair* or

impair. He was trying his luck, testing it, tasting it, asking the fickle goddess whether she would extend or withhold her favours.

He won three times, and thus encouraged, started to play in real earnest.

"Now we shall see," whispered the croupiers to each other. "A large game and a bold."

"The *finials* of zero; a louis on each, *en plein*," said De Soto, quietly entrusting four louis to the nearest croupier, who placed one on the numbers 0, 10, 20 and 30. Then the wheel ran round, and the ball whizzed fast, rolling and rattling but with weakening impetus, till presently it fell into a niche, and the croupier announced the *coup*.

"*Vingt. Noir, pair et passe.*"

It was one of De Soto's numbers 20, and he now proceeded to back his luck. This number 20 which had thus favoured him he followed up, staking again upon it *en plein* full, and all around it, *à cheval*, the *carrés*, and *transversales*. He was careful to keep within the maximum stake for the single great *coup*, and put no more than eight pieces, or 160 francs, *en plein*. But he could win at least two maximums more by the more remote chances into which 20 entered, and when it came up, as it did, five times in succession, De Soto found that he had netted something over 30,000 francs in less than half an hour. He was perfectly satisfied, and buttoning up his pockets, walked quietly away.

He reappeared next morning directly the room was opened, and pursued precisely the same plan. For three days he made his observations with the same elaborate exactitude; at the end he staked as before on the "*finials*," but of a different number, 3,

which did not answer his expectations; he then tried 5, staking on 5, 15, 25, and 35, with the result that he won on "5," which rewarded him by reappearing three times.

It would be tedious to follow De Soto day after day, to describe all the game in detail, which varied continually, but which he caught as continually, and ever turned to his own advantage. His peculiar play, his patience, his impassive demeanour, the restraint he put upon himself never to tempt his luck too far, above all that luck, so unvarying, so phenomenally in his favour, attracted general attention. It drew the head of the establishment, M. Blanc himself, to watch his proceedings a little anxiously perhaps, although he gave no sign. De Soto's winnings were making serious inroads into the bank, and although the old *patron* knew that the game was full of vicissitudes, and the balance of chances must be on his side in the long run, he felt that he might be sorely pressed; might have to draw upon his reserves before the turn of the tide.

This seemed the more likely when De Soto sought to change the conditions of the game. Under the existing rules the maximum paid for a single *coup* was 6,000 francs (£240), or 35 times a single stake of 170 francs. De Soto wished to increase the single stake to 15,000 francs, whereby the maximum would be raised to 52,500 francs for the full win on a single number.

To this request M. Blanc at first demurred; it might mean very heavy outgoings if the man's extraordinary luck continued. But then, why should it continue? All his experience, and it was now of many years, went the other way; he had had to deal

with great runs before now, when his bank, in agony, and on the point of breaking, had been saved only at the last moment by some marvellous change of luck. His resources were considerable; over and above the cash in his coffers here at Monte Carlo, he had credits in Paris and Vienna, where one or two capitalists were prepared to give secret support in the generally profitable business of gambling. But what probably clinched the matter was the argument adduced by De Soto that the bank would benefit indirectly whether it lost or won. Such high play, so far above anything that had happened as yet in this little-known corner of Europe, would be certainly talked about everywhere. Judicious *communiqués* to the Press, giving full particulars, would be readily published throughout Europe, and the advertisement must be excellent. "If I win," said De Soto, "you will have this consolation, that all the world will want to try their luck at your tables, and you will soon recoup yourself a hundred fold. If I lose, well, you are on velvet, and get your *réclame* besides."

In the end M. Blanc consented, seeing his advantage, as he thought, in the greater adventure; he would the sooner recoup himself, moreover, when the luck changed, as it inevitably must, unless every tradition of the game were falsified.

Yet he was doomed to bitter disappointment, for De Soto continued to win, piling up rapidly colossal sums, as it was generally said, although the sum total of his winnings did not exceed a million francs. But the strain upon the bank in those early days was tremendous, and twice it was necessary to stop play until fresh

funds could be fetched from Nice, and even beyond.

De Soto's prediction that these great gambling transactions would be bruited about the world was speedily verified; in every great capital deep interest was shown in the progress of the game. Numbers of people were stirred by his transcendent success to try their chances too, and the affluence of visitors to the Casino at Monte Carlo became more and more considerable. There was no more complaint amongst the croupiers of slack times and common-place play. Crowds two or three deep constantly surrounded every table; large sums were staked, and if the outgoings on De Soto's account had been costly, they were more than compensated for by the incomings of his less successful imitators.

In the middle of all this De Soto disappeared, no one knew exactly where, although it was certain that he had gradually transmitted his specie to Spain through sure channels. But his name remained as a treasured memory where "De Soto's System" was often discussed, and of the fortune he had achieved at the expense of the bank.

Had it forgotten him? forgiven him? who shall say? De Soto himself always maintained that the Bank, the Administration of the Compagnie des Bains des Mers de Monaco, as it was now called, had been at great pains to lure him back to the tables, to which undoubtedly he returned, as we shall see.

Some half a dozen years later, a visitor came to that rising watering place, San Sebastian, and enquired his way to the Villa Buena Suerte. It stood high upon the cliff on the side towards Passages, a brand new white fronted, coquettish-looking house,

with a trim garden, and all the aspects of a rich man's residence. It was the home of Don Manoel De Soto, who had built it for himself out of his winnings, and who lived here respected and esteemed by the whole country side, for he was free handed, charitable, and a good son of the Church. In his little native village, Guetaria, hard by, he had raised a shrine to his patron saint, and paid a yearly stipend to the priest who served in it. The visitor, who called himself the Marquis de Casalbigi, soon explained the object of his call; he said frankly that he had come prepared to secure, at any price, the secret of De Soto's successful play.

De Soto at first declined positively to talk at all on the subject, but the Marquis was very persistent, appealing to him almost *ad misericordiam*. "I have been terribly punished there," he said. "They have all but cleaned me out, and as a last chance, I came to you, for you are still remembered, Don Manoel, and the marvellous things you did there."

"But I have no system. I did no more than use my wits. There are certain golden rules in play, as I believe, that bring, nay command, good fortune, and these I have found for myself, after some observation.

"In the first place," he said, warming to his subject, and forgetting his refusal, "I believe there are two sets of chances: one dependent on the player, the other on the game. The man who would win at hazard must be perfectly master of himself. He should be cool, calm, collected; in perfect health and spirits; the least excitement, the least nervousness as to results militates against that perfect self-possession which is indispensable to success. Otherwise, he may be drawn on

to neglect his principles, and forget prudence, and be drawn on when all the indications show that he should stop his game.

"Next as to chances. It is mathematically certain, under the law of probabilities, which I have studied, and which, believe me, are full of absorbing interest—it is certain, I say, that every number must come up in turn: the longer they have failed to do so, the more positive is it that their turn is approaching. It has been my invariable rule to wait until the chance (a number or an even chance) is approaching maturity, is ripe, that is to say, for turning up, and then I went upon it without hesitation, and to the fullest extent. That is the whole secret, sir, and it is at your service."

"And you invariably won?"

"As a rule, yes. But remember that I never began to play seriously until I had first tested my luck in a small way. Every one has his good and bad days. You can tell after the third or fourth *coup* how fortune inclines."

"But there are some players, and I believe I myself am one, who are decidedly unlucky, and cannot win; who never will win however long they play."

De Soto laughed. "You have never arrived at personal maturity, that is all. Continue your play long enough, if you can afford it, and you must come home at the end. That, at least, is my experience."

"I wish I could think so," said the Marquis, shaking his head gloomily. "I fear you do not convince me. Had I known there was no more to learn than this from you I think I should have spared myself so long a journey. I could, of course, play on, for I have means of obtaining further supplies, but they are

desperate means, and I was loath to risk the balance of my substance without some more definite hope of substantial return. That is why I came to you, and I confess I have been greatly disappointed."

"You do not, in fact, believe what I tell you."

"Frankly, I do not and, you will pardon me saying so, I cannot think that you have told me all. There is surely something more?"

"No; I assure you. Whatever results I achieved were in the way I have told you, by calculation, observation and judgment, and what I did then I could do again, or any one could who worked on the same system."

"You say so, and it is easy enough to believe it here in San Sebastian, under your own roof, talking in the abstract, and in cold blood. I don't think that you could do it again at Monte Carlo if you tried. Your system would break down somewhere."

"It cannot break down, I tell you. Figures are the only certainties in this world. I have proved it, and I am ready to do so again."

"Nothing less, I confess, would convince me. I am willing enough to put your system to the test, and to the full value of all I possess, but I fear that I lack the necessary qualities. Come, now; listen to what I propose. I will provide the capital up to—what shall we say? 100,000, 200,000 francs or more? Will you come back with me to Monte Carlo and try your system again?"

De Soto shook his head. "I am under an oath never to enter the principality again."

"Bah!" cried the Marquis, laughing scornfully. "What is such an oath worth?"

"I, moreover, have a sufficiency and more, far more than I need for my simple wants."

"You could double, treble your fortune, by your own showing. Really, it is childish to reject such a chance."

De Soto, who had in his secret heart a longing to see the tables once more, allowed himself to be over persuaded, and soon afterwards, in company with Casalbigi, he revisited the principality of play, finding it now grown almost out of recollection, owning many fine hotels, enriched with beautiful gardens, filled to overflowing by the crowds, who travelled comfortably by train.

The rest of his story is soon told. His theories, and the glowing anticipations based upon them, were entirely falsified. He followed out his system to the letter, playing his old game, with the one fatal exception that he despised all warnings. He could not check himself when he found he was not in the vein. No doubt his luck played many dirty tricks, the worst being that it lured him on by seeming propitious, and then deserting him entirely when he was heavily engaged. In the fierce struggle, and he fought hard, he lost not only his stake, but his *sang froid* and his judgment, with the result that he could not control his operations, or adhere to any plan, and was soon completely ruined. Very early in his campaign his associate, Casalbigi, disappeared, cleaned out, according to his own account, paid off, so De Soto said, for the wretched man obstinately declared that the whole thing was a "plant," and that the *soi disant* Marquis was only an agent employed by the administration.

Now, among the privileged paupers who infest the approaches to Monte Carlo there is one stalwart mendicant, whom people point out to newcomers as the once fortunate Don Manoel De Soto.

"Faute de Mieux."

'Tis a fine day at last, the blizzard has passed,
Put the saddle upon the old grey ;
When the hounds we let out, how they gambol about !
We'll hunt up a coyote to-day.

Then over the hill, where the snow lingers still,
We go jogging along, pipe in mouth ;
The sky is quite clear, no bad weather we fear,
As long as the wind's in the south.

See ! out on the flat something's moving, what's that ?
As soon as it saw us it ran ;

'Tis a coyote, that's clear ! give your good hounds a cheer,
And encourage them all that you can.

They have all got a view, and you'll own it is true,
That they're getting right down to their work ;
In your stirrups you stand, and I hope you will land
On your head, if your fences you shirk.

You had better look out, there are holes hereabout,
By badgers and prairie-dogs made,
Though hedges and walls may give you bad falls,
A hole throws them both in the shade.

Now " Larry " and " Speed " are right in the lead,
And " Queen's " coming up like the wind,
But old " Happy Jack's " nearly last in the pack,
And the puppies are toiling behind.

I never aspire to ride at barbed wire,
But a " buck-fence " *when low* is all right,
So regardless of holes and of straggling poles,
You pop over, easy and light.

They are close to him now, they've got him I vow !
In the grease-wood, down there by the gate ;
Look out for a spill, as you go down the hill,
The grey's shoulders are fearfully straight.

From the saddle you leap, for they're all in a heap,
But the coyote by no means is dead,
You had better be quick, if you can't find a stick,
With a stone rap him over the head.

" That'll do then, old Speed, there is not the least need
To worry, he's dead as a log,"
I thought I was right, by the way he showed fight,
That the brute was a big 'un, a dog.

Then off with his hide, to the saddle it's tied,
For the bounty's a dollar you know ;
In a country so rough, hounds have soon had enough,
So homeward we'll quietly go.

When your hounds have been fed, and are warm in their bed,
And the wind howls around the closed door,
You can sit by the fire and pull at your briar,
And kill your wolf over once more.

" Lookout," Wyoming.

C. S. B.





ROBERT FORFEIT.

HUNTSMAN TO JOHN WARDE, ESQ.

From the engraving after Biederman ; engraved by A. Fogg.

Bob Forfeit.

LIKE "Pop" Henessey, Arber, and one or two other huntsmen of whom very little is known, Bob Forfeit at one time or another earned his money in some other way than by hunting hounds. His father is believed to have been a farmer, and for some time Bob Forfeit took some share in farming the land, but always hunting as often as possible. It is supposed that the Forfeit family farmed in Kent, and that Mr. Warde became acquainted with him in that county, where his own estate was situated. Be that as it may, Bob Forfeit soon became whipper-in, and afterwards huntsman to some harriers. On leaving them he

whipped-in to some foxhounds, but in what county cannot be ascertained, and was employed by Mr. Warde when he hunted in Oxfordshire. When the "father of fox-hunting" became master of the Pytchley Bob Forfeit was his huntsman, though curiously enough no mention is made of him in the late Mr. Nethercote's history of that hunt. We know, however, that he was considered a huntsman of considerable skill, and was a bold rider. On one occasion he pounded the whole of the Pytchley field at a brook, he himself getting a bad fall on landing. With whom he lived afterwards; when or where he died, is not known.

Bicester and Warden Hill Hunt.

WE have received a copy of the following circular, which, in view of its importance, is printed in full:—

At a general meeting of the members of the Bicester and Warden Hill Hunt, held at the Cartwright Arms, Aynho, on April 1st, 1899, the following rules dealing with the question of subscriptions by non-residents and strangers hunting with the Bicester and Warden Hill Hounds were adopted and ordered to be circulated:

RULE 1.—Non-residents taking houses for the season, living in hotels or lodgings, or keeping their horses within the limits of the Bicester and Warden Hill Hunt, are expected to pay at least £10 per horse. This rule also applies to ladies and gentlemen hunting with the Bicester and Warden Hill Hounds from Brackley, Buckingham, Winslow, or from any town, house, or place on the borders of the country south of Thorpe Mandeville.

RULE 2.—All strangers, to whom

Rule 1 does not apply, will be expected to pay at least £35 each.

RULE 3.—Strangers hunting with the Bicester and Warden Hill Hounds on Saturdays only in the Northamptonshire part of the country north of Thorpe Mandeville inclusive, will be expected to pay £35 each, unless they are also subscribers of at least £25 to an adjoining pack of hounds; in such cases only £10 will be required.

RULE 4.—These subscriptions are personal, and cannot be considered as including the friends of subscribers.

RULE 5.—These conditions apply to those hunting for a part as well as for the whole season.

These rules do not apply to landowners or covert owners in the adjoining Hunts, or to members of the University of Oxford in residence, or to officers quartered in the Bicester and Warden Hill country.

HENRY TUBB,
Hon. Sec. Bicester and
Warden Hill Hunt.

Chesterton, Bicester,
April 8th, 1899.

Anecdotal Sport.

BY "THORMANBY."

Author of "Kings of the Hunting-Field," "Kings of the Turf," &c.

IN reading "Digby Grand" over again in the new edition of Whyte Melville's novels, I have been struck with the change that has come over the sports and pastimes of the man-about-town in London since that book was written. Even ten years after the story was first published when I was first introduced to life in London there was something rowdy and sordid and degrading about what was commonly known as sport. It was thought the correct thing to patronise sparring matches at the saloons attached to public-houses kept by retired prize-fighters, or ratting matches at the rat-pits kept by such celebrities in the canine world as Jammy Shaw. Now and then the ardent lover of "The Fancy" "snatched a fearful joy" from being privileged to assist at a "little mill with the 'raw 'uns' on the strict Q.T." in some secluded stable in the slums, or a main of cocks in some damp and dingy and evil-smelling cellar. The illegality of these pastimes and the risk of being pounced on by the police gave them, I suppose, an unholy zest.

It was the same at the Universities before boating and athletics came and purified the atmosphere and swept these miserable and degrading abortions of sport out of existence. But there must be many old 'Varsity men now living who can remember the time when badger-drawing, rat-killing, dog-fighting, surreptitious excursions to prize-fights and the like were the staple amusements of our academic youth. Cricket was

then a game only played by a few enthusiasts, football was but a pastime for schoolboys, athletics were unknown, and not one man in ten cared for rowing. Those who could afford it hunted, kept their stud of hunters if they were very rich, if only moderately so, hired a hunter for a couple of guineas for the day from a livery-stable keeper. But to the great bulk of undergraduates such amusement was beyond their means, and then, if their tastes were sporting, they could only gratify them by those recreations of the "Fancy" which I have named. Billiards were long tabooed. It is not long since I met an old Devonshire parson, who told me that in his day at Cambridge any one who yearned for a game of billiards had to sneak over to Chesterton, at the risk of being proctorised, to indulge his taste for the board of green cloth. It is recognised now that billiards and boxing, if stripped of their old unsavoury associations, are pastimes in which young men can indulge without any detriment to their morals.

In the days of the Regency sparring exhibitions between members of the Upper Ten were almost as common as they are now between gentlemen of the gutter. Lord Mexborough and Fletcher Norton were at one time the favourite pupils of "Gentleman Jackson," the famous pugilist, and so nearly matched that a challenge was given and accepted between the two to try which was the better man. Such a sensation

was created by this event that on the afternoon on which it was to come off Rotten Row was literally deserted by the male sex. Jackson's rooms in Bond Street were crammed like a Drury Lane gallery on a Boxing-night, while the passages and even the stairs were crowded by perspiring swells unable to gain admission, for it was regarded as a match of the House of Lords against the House of Commons. Both the combatants were light weights and splendid boxers, and for a long time victory hung in the balance; for while Mexborough was the quicker at out fighting, Norton was stronger in the rally; but strength prevailed at last, and my lord was knocked clean over the benches, and amidst the tremendous cheers of the Commons, Fletcher Norton was proclaimed the victor. Grantley Berkeley tells us in his memoirs that after a dinner at Crockford's the tables would frequently be put aside and the room converted into an arena, wherein Tom Spring and Owen Swift and other famous boxers of the day would amuse the company with a display of their science. At other times the room would be temporarily turned into a cock-pit, and a main would be fought by candle-light.

In no part of England, in the old days, was cock-fighting more enthusiastically followed than at Newcastle-on-Tyne. The *Newcastle Chronicle* of a century ago was full of advertisements bearing upon this favourite sport, and in one issue six mains are announced, the aggregate prizes of which amounted to £720. Nearly all the principal inns had covered pits attached to them, those of more ancient times being open. At first the sports were carried on at very short intervals during

the season, but by degrees the principal attendance was concentrated in the race week, when the fights were introduced under more imposing auspices, the gentlemen of Northumberland appearing as the competitors of the gentlemen of Durham, Cumberland, or Yorkshire, the pastime being then patronised by the highest personages in the realm. Amongst the competitors in Newcastle cock-pits were the Duke of Hamilton, Sir Henry Liddell, General Beckwith, Mr. Fenwick of Bywell, &c. In 1790 a main was fought between the Duke of Northumberland and Charles Grey, Esq. (afterwards Earl Grey), jointly, and Mr. Fenwick. After the death of that great cocker, Sir Harry Vane, however, the sport was little patronised by the gentry. The pit in Newcastle was usually the centre of a large room round which seats were ranged, and with an inner circle railed off for book-makers. Among these, about sixty years ago, was one named Sinclair, noted for his extraordinary memory; he never used pen or pencil, never entered a bet, yet would give or take the odds thirty or forty times without making the slightest mistake. The pit-men were passionately fond of cocking, and on pay Saturday there was always a regular tournament got up for their delectation, and although the price of admission was as high as half-a-crown, the place would be crowded with eager and interested miners.

Long after the sport was put down by Act of Parliament, mains continued to be fought in spite of law, police and fines, and that not only among the working classes, but among the influential people of the town. A well-known magistrate, who died only a few years ago, kept game-cocks, and the

back part of his house being well screened from public view, he frequently had a fight for his own entertainment and that of a select number of friends, amongst the latter being a learned judge, who was delighted to assist in breaking the law—at least, when on the Northern circuit. Cocking, however, is dead and gone, even in the North, though I fancy there are still some enthusiasts who carry on the sport in secret. Indeed, I was once taken, not so very long ago, to an underground establishment in London where a large number of game-cocks were kept, and I was told that there were Members of Parliament who sometimes came to these subterranean vaults to witness a main *sub rosa*.

Every one wagered frantically in those good old days. Horace Walpole tells a story of a man falling down in St. James' Street and being carried into White's Club-house, the members of which began to bet on the probabilities of his recovery, those who laid against objecting to any restoratives being applied as affecting their chance. This tale is almost capped by the following:—Colonel Hay, notorious for his love of betting and gambling, had been struck down by a bullet on one of the battlefields of the Peninsula. As he lay apparently lifeless, two brother officers came up, one of whom exclaimed sadly, "Poor Hay; he's gone at last." The words were scarcely spoken when a faint voice came up from the ground, "I'll lay you a cool hundred he's not." The Colonel had opened his eyes, but the glaze of death seemed on them, and the end appeared only a question of a few minutes. "Book the bet," said the Colonel, faintly, "and you, Captain Marston, be witness."

Then he lay quite motionless. Unlike the gamblers at White's, Major Winsor, with whom the bet was made, had the Colonel conveyed to the hospital. After the patient had been brought back to consciousness by restoratives, the surgeon told him there was a ball in his body which could only be got at by sawing through two of his ribs, and introducing a child's hand, as the forceps would not touch it. "But," added the surgeon, "the chances are that you will die under the operation." "If anybody will bet me fifty pounds on the event I'll consent," said the Colonel; "send for Winsor, and I'll get him to make it double or quits." Winsor was sent for, and agreed to the terms. "Now saw away and be d——d!" cried the Colonel. "I won't die." And he did not; the operation was successfully performed, and the Major, much to his satisfaction, as he averred, for the two were fast friends, paid the two hundred. "I tell you," the Colonel used to say, "that but for that bet I should be a dead man now; it was only my determination to win it that kept me alive."

Even the great Henry Brougham was not above making a catchbet, in the days, of course, before he reached the Woolsack. He once made a bet of £50 that no one would tell the conveyance in which he would be carried to Ascot. All kinds of surmises were made, but no one hit the mark. He went in a Sedan chair. Elated by this success, he laid another £50 that nobody would guess the way in which he would return to London; again the most extraordinary vehicles that had ever been invented were mentioned, and again everybody was wrong. This time the future

Chancellor quietly and decorously drove back in a postchaise. No one had ever dreamed of mentioning such a commonplace vehicle, and once more the canny Scotchman pocketed the stakes.

Frank Buckle, the famous jockey, once made an extraordinarily lucky bet. He took 100 to 1 that he won the Derby and Oaks on horses not supposed to have the slightest chance of being anywhere in either race. He won the Derby on the Duke of Grafton's Tyrant, beating Young Eclipse and a fair field of horses. Young Eclipse made the running, and was opposed by Sir Charles Bunbury's Orlando, who contested every inch of ground with him for the first mile. From Buckle's fine judgment of pace he was convinced they could not keep it up, so following and watching with Tyrant he came up, and was first past the post on one of the worst horses that ever won a Derby. Having made one of his two events safe, Buckle had a fancy that Mr. Wastell's Scotia could win the Oaks, if he were on her back, and though she was beaten three times between Tattenham Corner and home, he got her to the front, and won by a head.

In connection with betting, I recall an amusing story told of an eccentric Yankee gentleman named Duffie, who was preacher, pedagogue, and politician, and who flogged and drank to excess. One Saturday there was to be a horse race, in which the horse of a brother politician was to run. On the Friday Mr. Duffie addressed his pupils in the following terms:—"Boys, I suppose you know that there is to be a horse race in town to-morrow. Now, boys, don't you go to it; but, boys, if you do go, don't you bet.

Whatever you do, don't you bet; but, boys, if you do, mind what I tell you—if you do bet, be sure you bet on Abercrombie's mare."

There have been one or two glaring cases of foul-riding lately both on the English and Continental Turf which have provoked the exasperating parrot cry that racing is going to the dogs—that the morals of the Turf are rotten and so forth. I wonder if it ever occurs to these quack Jeremiahs that they are talking the most utter nonsense when they point to isolated cases of misdemeanour on the part of jockeys and cry out that the great national sport is degenerating. If they don't know that they are talking nonsense it is just as well to show them that they are doing so and making themselves supremely ridiculous thereby. Let me give two or three instances of what foul riding was in "the good old days" of which so much rubbish is talked and written.

In the days when the York Summer Meeting was one of the greatest events of the year, Mr. Childers' brown mare Duchess, ridden by Robert Hesselteine, ran a very severe and punishing race for the Gold Cup with Mr. Peirson's brown horse Foxhunter, ridden by Stephen Jefferson. Those were days when jostling and cannoning were regarded as a perfectly legitimate means of besting a rival. On this occasion Hesselteine made Duchess run Foxhunter so near the cords that his jockey was obliged to whip over the horse's shoulder. Duchess was thus enabled to gain the judge's verdict by a length. But no sooner had Hesselteine pulled up than Jefferson rode alongside of him and struck him across the face with his whip. Hesselteine

returned the compliment and they cut away at one another amidst the cheers of the bystanders till the blood was streaming down their faces. When both were exhausted the owner of Foxhunter claimed the race on the ground that his horse had been deliberately run up against the cords by Duchess's jockey. A committee of "Tryers" was empanelled to consider the objection, and after mature deliberation they awarded the race to Foxhunter.

Then there was a row between the two owners and strong words were exchanged which must infallibly have ended in a duel had not the friends of both parties interfered and suggested that the heat should be run again. It was run, and Duchess won by a clear length. But so far was the result from satisfying either owner that both claimed the prize, the owner of Duchess on the ground that his mare had won the deciding heat; the owner of Foxhunter on the ground that Duchess having been once disqualified by the "Tryers" was not entitled to run again. There were mutual charges of foul riding and foul play—the jockeys had another set-to, this time on foot, which ended in the discomfiture of Hesselteine, whilst a challenge passed between the owners with the result that the next morning Mr. Peirson got a pistol-bullet in the thigh which lamed him for life.

A similar incident happened in the case of the two famous jockeys, Sam Chiffney (the elder) and Dick Goodisson. Each accused the other of deliberate jostling in a race. From words they came to blows and slashed at one another with their whips. But as nothing but a fight would let out

the bad blood between them, they agreed to have it out with fists for a stake of twenty-five guineas a side according to the rules of the Prize Ring. Both went into training under the ablest pugilists of the day, and in due course they fought out their quarrel inside a roped ring before a select aristocratic assembly in a room in the Duke of Queensberry's house at Newmarket. The battle was long and desperate. Both were game to the backbone, and it was only after an hour of fierce and furious fighting that Goodisson's superior stamina gave him the victory. The fight, however, had the desired effect, it let the bad blood out of both men; from that time forward they were good friends, and their rivalry in the saddle was manly and generous.

Even in far later days there was a recklessness and ferocity tolerated in racing which would raise a storm of indignation nowadays. Take as an example the great match between Lord Kennedy and Captain Ross. Lord Kennedy backed Captain Douglas on Radical against Captain Ross on Clinker over four miles of Leicestershire hunting country for £1,000 a side. "The night before the race," says Captain Ross, "Lord Kennedy wrote me a note, stating he wished very much to see me and come to an understanding about an important point connected with next day's race. I met him and he then said: As such an enormous sum was pending on the match both between ourselves and others, he thought it advisable that we should start with as few openings for a wrangle as possible; that in a flat race crossing or jostling was not allowed, but that tomorrow he thought it would be best that we should do just as we

pleased. 'In short,' I replied, 'I understand that we may ride over each other and kill each other if we can. Is it so?' 'Just so,' was his lordship's answer. "Oddly enough, the first jump was a five-barred gate. I lay with Clinker's head about opposite to Douglas's knee. When within, say, forty or fifty yards of the gate, I saw clearly that Radical meant to refuse, and, recollecting my last night's bargain, I held Clinker well in hand.. Radical, as I expected, when close to the gate, turned right across Clinker. I stuck the spurs in, knocked Douglas over the gate and sent Radical heels over head, and lying on this side of it. Douglas did not lose his horse, his snaffle-rein was fastened to his wrist, and he was soon back again and mounted: but it finished the match effectually. I turned round, jumped the corner of the fence and gained such a lead that he never got near me again. I suppose in these shop-keeping days killing a man in that way would be brought in 'Wilful Murder.' Not so in 1826: the verdict would have been 'justifiable homicide.'"

There were some queer scenes too in the hunting-field in those days, when the whip occasionally played the part I have described it as playing in the hands of some old-time jockeys. Dick Christian, the famous rough rider, used to tell a story of how he and Bill Wright got on ill terms through a misunderstanding—Bill believing wrongly that Dick had been finding fault with a horse the other was trying to sell. I will give the anecdote in Dick's own graphic phraseology. "Bill Wright, of Uppingham, was a

good-hearted chap, but given to such very vulgar language. Bill and me were always very partikler intimate—boys together in the racing stables. We once quarrelled out hunting with Lord Lonsdale. If we didn't get to horse-whipping each other!—we did, indeed!—for three miles straight across country, cut for cut. It was from Preston Gorse in the Prior's Coppice country. All the gentlemen shouted 'Well done, Dick!' 'Well done, Bill!' It pleased them uncommonly. We took our fences reg'lar all the time. If he was first over he stopped for me. If I'd a have fell, he'd have jumped on me, and, blame me, if I wouldn't ha' jumped smack on top of him. We fought back hand, or any way we could cut. Dal! I was as strong as an elephant then. We pulled our horses slap bang against each other. He gives me such tinglers on the back and shoulders, but I fetches him a clip with the hook end of my whip on the side of his head—such a settler—and gives him a black eye. Then I says, 'Bill, will you have any more, 'cos I'm ready prepared for you?' But he'd got his dose for that day. Six weeks after that, Reeves, the landlord of the Falcon at Uppingham, says to me, 'What's this between you and Bill? I'll stand a bottle of wine to see you make it up. Let's send for him.' 'Well,' I says, 'I don't malice him if he don't malice me;' so he comes, and though we was rather awkward at first, after we'd had a glass we shook hands and cleared up our differences, and after that we was like brothers. Lord bless thee, if you want to like a man thorough there's nothing like fighting him first."

The Sportsman's Library.

VERY timely is the appearance of this revised edition of Mr. Frederick Halford's "Dry Fly Fishing."* Few men possess the many qualities necessary to make a really expert fisherman, and fewer still combine with those qualities the ability to impart their knowledge on paper, however well they may be able to coach a pupil at the river-side. Mr. Halford is one of the latter. Readers of the delightful articles contributed by "Detached Badger" to the *Field*, know that they are following the fortunes of a man who has few superiors when matched against the educated trout of our chalk streams, and the first edition of his work proved his talent as an instructor. The new edition has had the advantage of the author's longer experience, and also of the helpful criticism of angling friends. Too often the disciple of the floating fly method adopts an attitude of pitying contempt towards the sunk fly; so wide a difference does he discover between the two that one might suppose dry fly fishing is to wet fly fishing what picking your bird is to blazing into the brown. Mr. Halford is far too good a sportsman to ridicule the time-honoured form of sport; he greatly prefers the method he is at such praiseworthy pains to teach, but does not seek to minimise the skill required for success with the drowned fly. His frankness concerning the drawbacks of dry fly fishing is in keeping with this attitude.

"A dry fly fisher must expect to miss an abnormally large proportion of rises, owing to the small flies he uses, and some of our

friends are apt to quote this as an argument against the Hampshire school, forgetting that even if an unduly large proportion are missed, yet in places, and on days hot, bright and calm, when the sunk fly is utterly hopeless, the chalk stream fisher will rise fish after fish, and his excitement will be kept up by hopes of success from morning to night."

This is a perfectly fair and judicial comparison. It is the difference between seeing your stag, stalking and missing, and tramping the hills without seeing game. The care and minuteness with which the author describes the several modes of casting under varying conditions of wind and surroundings cannot be too highly commended, and equally deserving of study are his many valuable hints for extricating one's tackle from those frequent mishaps which befall a score of times in a day's fishing. In regard to the much discussed question of the ability of fish to discriminate between shades of colour, Mr. Halford belongs to the school which adopts a middle course: which school, we think, has the largest number of pupils. He holds that judgment as to where, how and when to place the fly is of greater importance than the exact shade of colour. The author's careful directions for mastery of the several styles of casting are admirably pictured by Mr. D. Moul, who can evidently handle his rod as cleverly as his pencil. Witness the frontispiece here reproduced, showing an angler in the act of scientifically using the landing net. Short of a course of personal instruction from the author, the ambitious dry fly pupil could not better equip himself for success than by careful study of Mr. Halford's "Dry Fly Fishing" and "Dry Fly Entomology."

* "Dry Fly Fishing in Theory and Practice." New and revised edition. By Frederick M. Halford. (Vinton & Co.) 15s.



LANDING A TROUT.

(Woodcut copy of Frontispiece to "Dry Fly Fishing.")



The Turf and its Tipsters.

ON the night of Sunday, April 9th, there passed away an old man who for many years has been a familiar figure on most racecourses, especially those in the north. There are few *habitués* of racing grounds who have not seen the banner inscribed "Old Jack Dickinson," or seen that worthy make a slow, if somewhat triumphal, progress over the unenclosed parts of the course, selling his tips broadcast. For years Old Jack had made an excellent living out of tipping winners, and he was himself a living example of the fallacy of trying to diagnose the future, for whether he backed his own tips or those of somebody else, the fact remains that, in spite of his large gains, he was a very heavy loser. He ran through three or four "competencies," and could never manage to retain the money which poured into his pocket on the occasion of the great meeting. Not less than £200 or £300 came to him at meetings like Doncaster, and then, when he was in great feather, he would buy a low-priced horse, generally the outcome of a selling race, but his steeds as a rule were badly placed, and Mr. Jack Dickinson's name never figured among the winning owners.

Jack, in his way, however, knew a good deal about horses, he had a marvellously retentive memory, and could retail numerous anecdotes about races, the horses which competed for them, the men who trained them, and the jockeys who rode them, and anybody who got hold of Old Jack out of business hours spent a by no means unentertaining time in listening to the old tipster's reminiscences. He thoroughly enjoyed racing, and

would even sometimes, when a race is what is known as "open," forego the pecuniary advantage of selling a certain number of marked cards in order to clamber into some place where he could obtain a good view of the contest. Old Jack Dickinson, however, though frequently himself unsuccessful, was very far removed from being one of the fraudulent brotherhood who make a living by selling tips. No matter how early horses might be out at exercise, Old Jack was there before them. He knew book-form himself thoroughly, and had his own ideas as to how far public performances accorded with what was in the book. He did his best to gather up all scraps of information, and there is not the least doubt that his tips were based on some sort of knowledge, inefficient though it often was. Old Jack Dickinson's prices necessarily varied according to the state of his finances and the status of the purchaser; but for a shilling one would generally obtain the best that Old Jack had to sell.

When the racing tipster first came into existence it were perhaps hard to tell, but certainly not until bookmakers became fairly plentiful, and the general public had an opportunity of putting on their pence, shillings and pounds. Nor was it until the days of sporting papers that tipsters greatly came to the front, for until publicity was given to their existence by advertisement they would necessarily have flourished unseen, since the practical racing man was not likely to pay for information which was unquestionably inferior to that of which he was himself possessed.

In the fifties, however, we find the tipster issuing advertisements. Through the undying columns of *Bell's Life* we find John Playfair informing backers of horses that he could be communicated with by letter, and would send full particulars to anybody who enclosed a stamped and directed envelope, while later on the talent was strenuously recommended to try "Fairplay's Long Shots."

In the comparatively non-racing neighbourhood of Ipswich—though one must not forget that at one time there were Ipswich Races—there lived a certain Mr. John Stamford, who professed himself willing to divulge "the Golden Secret" gratis, and in putting forth his advertisement we observe that from his position in the sporting world he was always in possession of the best information with respect to the great events in the Turf market. If this had been true Mr. Stamford might have saved himself an infinity of trouble by acting upon this, amassing a fortune, and then retiring, but instead of so doing he kept advertising and tipping, though apparently he never really parted with his "Golden Secret."

Perhaps one of the most alluring baits was that cast by a tipster who placed his gains no higher than £200 a year. Through the medium of the Press the public were informed that a gentleman who for some years had realised that income by a novel system of betting was willing to impart his secret to a select number of subscribers. The system was described as being simple, safe, and certain, while it had the additional merit of entailing neither trouble nor risk, and could be carried on with a capital of no more than Four Pounds. Whatever income this

person may have realised by his betting, it was certainly greatly augmented by his gains as a tipster, and he was eventually able to take a nice house in the neighbourhood of Brentford, where he lived in great comfort and almost luxury, but he appears to have been one who, unlike poor old Jack Dickinson, never backed anyone's tips, not even his own.

Bashi-Bazouk, who won the Liverpool Cup in 1857, started at 7 to 1, but a tipster of the time professed to have sent the horse to all his subscribers when he was at 20 to 1, and also professed to have a still better rod in pickle for the Goodwood Cup and Stakes, and for this good thing no more than seven stamps was asked.

The Derby of 1857 was, as most racing people know, won by Mr. I'Anson's flying mare Blink Bonny, and in that year a Mr. Charles Buckthorn advertised his circular of information, which he declared would put everybody on the right scent. It unravelled the Malton mystery, peeped into the dangerous training stables, and after trotting out the likely ones, selected a nag which would run in from Tattenham Corner an easy winner. In what way the Malton mystery was solved it is not said, so Mr. Buckthorn was just as likely to have plumped against as for Blink Bonny.

Sundry specious efforts were made to induce the public to invest, but Mr. Playfair was, I believe, the first to adopt the "no winner no pay" system, and he was so certain that he knew the winner of the National in 1857 that he invited people to send to him for information, and not to pay unless the horse won. A somewhat new line, however, was struck out by a Mr. Joyce, who published what he called

"the Art of Betting," a guide to the luckless though haphazard and reckless speculation, and containing, it was asserted, the celebrated Captain Barclay's secret, by which that gentleman kept up a four-in-hand, and puzzled the sporting world for twenty years. Although the Captain was so long a time in finding out this great secret, Mr. Joyce was content to sell it for the absurd sum of five shillings.

Probably as long as racing has been an amusement there have been people just as greedy to make money over it as was Madame de Goncourt, out of whom Benson and his gang of "sworn bookmakers" extracted so many scores of pounds; and perhaps were it not for the ignorance and cupidity combined of those who hardly know a black horse from a white one, the tipster's business would fall to the ground to-morrow.

Some of the readers of *BAILY* doubtless remember that some years ago a tipster advertised in the name of "Coles," and it may also be within their recollection that the late Mr. Comyns Cole, who wrote the introductions for the *Field* newspaper, was also the valued "Van Driver" for this magazine. One day at Goodwood an excited gentleman appeared at the Press Room and asked whether "Mr. Coles" were present. The name was not quite correct, but someone in the room suggested that Mr. Cole might probably be the person of whom he was in search. Mr. Cole was seated in his usual corner writing, and to him the excited punter rushed, with the expression—"Why the devil did you not send me your finals?"

Only those who knew the late Mr. Cole's personal appearance and dignified bearing can realise

completely the effect this question had upon him. Always suave in manner, he rose, stroked his well-trimmed moustache, and suggested that there might be some mistake, for, as he never sent out tips he necessarily never gave finals, but the punter was implacable. "I sent you a guinea," he said, "to receive some finals, and the d—d things have never come."

Mr. Cole protested that this was a case of mistaken identity, and eventually the representative of another paper explained to the gentleman that there was a tipster of the name of Coles, for whom he had mistaken our respected friend. At that moment the real Mr. Coles, who was a blaze of jewellery, was sunning himself on the lawn, in utter ignorance of the scene which was being enacted no more than a few yards off. Whether the speculator eventually succeeded in getting his finals, or whether they came off, I do not know.

The resources of the tipster are certainly varied, and it was early in the eighties that one of the fraternity set up in business and certainly showed a remarkable amount of impudence. There was a paper at that time which asked its readers to fill up a coupon stating who, in their opinion, was the most trustworthy tipster of the day. Here was a chance far too good to be lost. The man in question bought up the papers with no niggard hand; he of course gave his own name under a variety of aliases, and in so doing he went to enormous cost, but the scheme paid, of course, and he came out nearly if not quite, the head of the poll, and from that time money poured in upon him.

I remember once hearing a man say at Ascot that in three days something like 1,200 letters,

each containing a sovereign, had reached him as the price of a tip for certain races.

It need hardly be said that the advertising tipster is probably in bed when the horses are at exercise, and knows very little about horses at all. If he happen to be in luck, he may have a hundred or more people to whom he can telegraph daily, and of course it is hard lines if he cannot now and then manage to spot a winner among them. Tipsters, however, must not be confused with those who really do their best to supply their patrons with trustworthy information. The energetic and best known horse watchers, though frequently very bad judges of racing, at least earn their money. They are up betimes, they detail to readers of the papers for which they correspond a good deal of what is of value to them, and one must never forget, whatever may be said about touting or watching, that the publication of training news saves many a man from loss, for no sooner is a horse missed from exercise than the fact is stated in the newspapers. At the present day it would be very difficult for the most unprincipled person or stable to gammon backers, as used to be the case many years ago, when, a horse was simply led out of one door through another, and then taken out and galloped in the opposite direction.

Still, there is such a thing as throwing dust in the face of observers. Some years ago an owner was desirous of trying a certain two-year-old of his, and it was arranged with the trainer that the trial should come on on a certain day. When he went down overnight the trainer met him with the announcement, "We must not try our horses tomorrow." "Why not?" asked the owner. "We shall be

watched, sir," replied the other, "and the old horse's white foreleg will enable anyone to spot him." The old horse was of course the schoolmaster, whose form was known, and against whom the two-year-old was to gallop. "We will chance that, and try them, and I will be down at the stables early," replied the owner. And so he was, very early, for when the trainer arrived he found that the old horse's white foreleg had been painted bay, while the two-year-old rejoiced in a beautiful white stocking. Such, at least, is the story.

To return, however, to the class of what may be termed Turf informants. Racing men of an older generation will remember there was a "Lockett's Circular," and the author thereof was exceedingly keen about racing. He took a genuine interest in his small four-page publication, and gave his readers the very best information he could obtain. The late Mr. Bradley, too, who issued "Judex's Opinion," was another most conscientious Turf adviser. Wherever racehorses were to be seen, there he was taking notes of them, and others might be cited. They could not, of course, command success, but they certainly did their best to deserve it. Nor must one rank in the category of tipsters the accredited representatives of the daily and weekly papers, who do no more than in this public form express their opinion of the chances of the horses engaged in the different races. They may of course be right, or they may be wrong, and very often they are misled from the fact that people who, in the racing parlance, know something, refrain from communicating it to members of the Press lest the information should gain more publicity than they desire.

W. C. A. B.

"Our Van."

Lincoln.—If we go racing in March we must not be surprised if now and again we have a rough time of it. The rough time is, perhaps, more the rule than the exception at the Lincoln Spring meeting, so-called, of course, to distinguish it from the autumn meeting, since there is almost invariably a far stronger touch of winter about it than spring. Last year we had an open winter, and Mark Tapley would have derived no satisfaction from enjoying himself, but on the 1897 anniversary there was blowing one of those March winds that endeavours to cram inside of twenty-four hours the typical attributes of the whole of the windy month. As to the dust which is a king's ransom, at this valuation there was enough flying about on that occasion to redeem from captivity every monarch that had ever been made prisoner since it became the fashion to treat monarchs in that manner. This year, another terrible time was experienced, and the finest attributes of the British character had every opportunity for being brought into high relief. The cold was bitter on the first day, more bitter on the second, and still more bitter on the third. How the jockeys stood it, in their apology for clothing, what time men in furs prayed for the end to come, is not to be explained, save on the score of condition. No one could have been surprised had pneumonia attacked some of them.

Just as one condones some three weeks of consecutive days' racing at the very end of the season, one puts up with six days in succession at the commencement; though it is decidedly irksome to have to reach Lincoln

from elsewhere on Sunday in order to be on hand in good time on Monday. Many enthusiasts like to be on the spot, so that they may witness the early morning gallops. One had to be very fond indeed of this sort of thing to be out early at Lincoln this year. Most people were satisfied to hear what the professional touts had to say about it. Under more favourable conditions, watching the morning gallops would have been a very pleasurable occupation. The arrival list was large, and the field for the Lincolnshire Handicap promised to be one of the best that had ever contested the race. This promise was borne out, though nothing as good as several horses that have run in the race, was on view. We doubt whether more good racers have ever been seen together on the occasion. The race should have been a very close affair, but as a matter of fact, it was a one-horse race, General Peace taking the lead at half a mile, and keeping it, with the greatest ease, to the end. What the others did is neither here nor there, such was the pulling up when the winner was seen to be uncatchable. Nun Nicer, for instance, could certainly have been third, and very possibly second. General Peace by no means won out of his turn, and though his connections must have won a large stake, it should not be forgotten that they suffered severe disappointments on the two occasions when General Peace was beaten by a head only, with the money down.

The Brocklesby gave us a record inasmuch as Hulcot, the winner, was the fourth in succession that John Watson has trained. Three of these, Jest, Gay Lothair

and Hulcot, have been for Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, the fourth, Amurath, being for Mr. Raphael. Hulcot is by Crafton, and whether or no he proves to be above the ordinary run of Brocklesby winners, his engagements give him no chance of attaining the highest honours, the St. Leger being the only one of the "classics" for which he has been entered. Of the rest of the racing it need only be said that fields were unusually large, and the delays proportionately long, unpunctuality being the natural result. The Lincoln management is not one that prides itself on moving with the times, so we do not there find the horses, even for the big race, provided with numbered badges, by which they can be recognised in the paddock.

Liverpool.—What with the experiences of 1898, and the weather that had preceded it at Lincoln, dismal were the forebodings of Liverpool, where the earth was frost-bound in the early morning of the first day's racing, and the wind blew with cutting chilliness. To those whose vocation or inclination took them at an early hour to the course to witness morning canters, the idea of racing at all that day seemed a preposterous joke, so hard was the ground, and the snow lay in very ominous-looking patches. The removal of this saved the situation, for the powerful sun was given a chance, of which he availed himself, and although there was not much to spare, the course became safe just in time. A welcome innovation in the programme was the shifting of the Spring Cup from the third day to the first. For this race, Bedford Cottage, of course, always makes a bold bid, with Knowsley so strongly represented in the private stand. Last year it was

won in this interest by Golden Rule, and on the present occasion Crestfallen was their champion. That Mr. Lambton had performed his share well was made evident, and it was not his fault that Crestfallen could do no better than make a dead-heat of it with Grodno, to whom he was giving 8 lbs. Anything more exciting than this finish we are not likely to see, nor is it mundanely possible, between three horses. The third to be mentioned is Chubb, who raced with Grodno the entire length of the straight, once heading him, with Crestfallen, with a length or so to make up, gaining on them, and in the final rush dead-heating Grodno, Chubb being but a short head behind the pair. Grodno was given every chance by Sloan, who got the inside berth in the cleverest manner, and had Crestfallen enjoyed the same advantage he must have won.

A weather surprise was in store for the second day, Friday. There was again frost overnight, but a glorious sun made light of the effects of this. Cold wind and every other disagreeable had disappeared, and for the Grand National a day of a thousand was provided. Never can one hope to have a better view of this race from the stands, for the light was perfect. The French element had dwindled down to a single horse in Pistache—no indifferent chaser indeed; but her chance was not improved by the fact that she was to be ridden by her owner, Count de Geloe. It is not in Englishmen to refrain from admiring the pluck of an owner who ventures to take his horse over a "country" like that of Aintree, but, "magnificent" as was the act, it was scarcely "war" with winning the race the objective. We do not think that anyone was surprised when Pis-

tache blundered badly at the fence opposite the stand and lost her rider, whose brains had a very narrow escape from the hoofs of following horses. Pistache was far from being the only one that fell that day, and these included several much fancied ones. First and foremost was Gentle Ida, who had been backed into the position of first favourite, though there was no mistaking the steadiness with which Manifesto was being supported. In races of this importance the betting does not always accurately represent the public fancy of the hour, the price current being often materially affected by the "covering" money that comes in at the last moment, principally from the double event "merchants." If besides the first and second favourites I had to name horses that were really strongly fancied by their connections they would be Lotus Lily, Sheriff Hutton and The Sapper. Lotus Lily and The Sapper fell, and Sheriff Hutton was beaten to a standstill. That Ambush II. was well backed the figures tell us, but it is difficult to believe that a strong fancy in expert quarters could have been felt for a five-year-old in such a contest, good as he had shown himself to be for his age. The day was absolutely made for Manifesto, and no one knows better than George Williamson how to ride a heavy weight over a severe country. The horse, by the way, had been improved wonderfully in condition since we last saw him, and anyone seeing the field for the first time would have had no difficulty in selecting Mr. Bulteel's horse as the pick of the lot. Though a different kind of animal, Gentle Ida looked very well, as also did Ambush II., Sheriff Hutton, Xeebee and Dead

Level. How far the six that fell cleared the way for Manifesto must remain a matter of opinion. Fortunately the loose horses interfered with none of those that stood up, and the race from Valentine's Brook was extremely interesting, half-a-dozen being in it, and first one and then the other looked like going decisively to the front. But when the critical point, the last fence but one, was reached, Manifesto came irresistibly past and finished with an advantage of five lengths, that might have been five and twenty possibly, had Williamson chosen to go to the front sooner than he did. He stood to win a large stake (£2,000 has been mentioned) to nothing, and no doubt most of us, after taking a look at the fences, would want some such sum as this to go over it at all, without any winning contingency attached. Need I add that this was Manifesto's second win and that he joins Cloister in the singularity of having won with 12st. 7lb.

On the third day "general utility" Crestfallen came out as a hurdler and won the Liverpool Hurdle Handicap. Constantine finished first, but was disqualified for crossing. The interesting race of the day was the Champion Steeplechase, in which Pistache ran with a professional on her back. This was George Morris, who was to have the stake if he won. The distance was three miles, and Morris waited to the very run in, commencing which Sweet Charlotte, who was giving Pistache 9lbs., looked like an easy winner, but Pistache had all the pace, and Morris easily won his 335 sovs.

Before leaving Liverpool let me compliment the management on the erection of a capacious stand near Valentine's Brook, whence a splendid view of the

race can be had. I wish I could compliment the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway on their arrangements at Aintree. Beyond the classification of first and second class passengers in separate pens there are no arrangements, and when, after long waiting, a train arrives, there is a free fight for the seats, and one is fortunate if not more than a dozen people crowd into a first-class compartment. I understand that the manager of this particular traffic is perfectly satisfied with the existing state of things, to which I can but reply with the old adage, "there are none so blind as those who will not see." If that particular manager were to travel up and down in his own trains a few times as an ordinary passenger he might be less satisfied. The situation would be further improved upon if he took a couple of ladies with him. He would then spend most of his time on the Aintree platform.

Northampton.—Northampton survives as a link with the past, and one that we would be sorry to see severed, badly as the racing there compares with that to be had on other courses. As the course cannot be altered, one must even take things as they come, and there is no gainsaying that large numbers of all classes are very glad to do this each year. The occasion is made high holiday in the town, and in the county stand there is a brave assemblage of "quality." The class of racing does not improve, it is true, which, I suppose, must be taken to mean that owners prefer straighter courses. The chief races are the Earl Spencer's Plate of five furlongs, and the Northamptonshire Stakes of a mile and 1,080 yards. The Cannons made sure of the sprint race with Deep Sea, whilst Neish unexpectedly won the Stakes, which

he scarcely would have done had South Australian, who was beaten a head only, got away on equal terms, instead of losing some lengths at the start. A curious resuscitation was seen in the case of Rodomont, who won the Stakes in 1894, and after being subjected to various indignities, including the pulling of a cab, was put into training again, and appeared in a Selling Race. The period of training however, had been too brief to enable him to stand any chance even in this class of race.

Alexandra Park.—This meeting is one to be cited because of the wonderful results arrived at by the lessees, Pratt and Co., in the way of purification. Left to itself, this meeting must have rapidly gone the way of Kingsbury, West Drayton, *et hoc genus*. It certainly was not a place to take one's women folk to; but in a trice all is changed, and we have a well-ordered meeting within the clutches of London bricks and mortar that would be at the mercy of the thieving brigade, but for the vigilance that is exercised. The fact that Easter Monday was but two days off has no effect upon the attendance, and the rows upon rows of cabs that are seen in waiting whilst racing is in progress is only to be equalled by the array of vehicles to be seen on a Sunday at one of the Paris meetings. The new racing regulations were thought likely to press hard upon Alexandra Park, but distances of a mile and a quarter are obtained with the aid of one turn only. For longer distances a circuit of the circular course has to be made, and it must be confessed that it is a rather small circle for horse-racing. Ten years since no one could have expected to live to see a stake of 1,000 sovs. run for on this course, but the thing is, and

the London Cup is its name. That it was won by Hawfinch was a matter for some congratulation, for Mr. Bottomley has had none the best of luck with his by no means ill-considered purchases of blood stock. The City Selling Handicap of 500 sovs., an invention of Pratt and Co., enabled Villager to give strength to the adage of horses for courses, for he seems to be able to win nowhere else.

Manchester Steeplechases and Hurdle Races.—Of the multitude of Eastertide races, those held at Manchester were the most interesting, and chief amongst them was the Lancashire Handicap Steeplechase of $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles. The fact that Manifesto (12st. 12lb.) and Gentle Ida (12st. 5lb.) were meeting was sufficient to make the race a very important one; but besides these, other competitors in the Grand National—Lotus Lily, Pistache, Sheriff Hutton, and Mum—were running. The result was not too satisfactory, for Manifesto was brought down through the falling of his stable companion, Glen Royal, who was put in the race to assist him, and the question whether he could give Gentle Ida 7lbs. was as far off decision as ever. Gentle Ida stood up this time, and if poetical justice had been meted out, should have won. She all but did so, Breemount's Pride, to whom she was giving a trifle of 33lbs., beating her by three-quarters of a length. Breemount's Pride had been leased by Mr. Edwardes from his Irish owner, on the strength of her early form in Ireland. She went very much to the bad, however, in this country, and turned roarer. The remedy that was sought for this was tracheotomy, performed a few weeks before the race, and the operation enabled the mare to win the race. Of

course the party were "not on," so the race was run for the benefit of the bookmakers, and Gentle Ida was just prevented from winning the race for the second time, the first win having been in 1895. For this result we think most people were sorry. The race gave rise to some newspaper talk of a match between Manifesto and Gentle Ida, which Mr. Bulteel seemed anxious to bring about, but in view of the important engagement of Gentle Ida in France, it was deemed judicious to decline the challenge. Four miles at Sandown Park was suggested for the distance by some one who, like most of us, would be delighted to see such a race within convenient distance of town. No one, however, seems to have suggested the propriety of providing a stake to be run for, it being taken for granted that the owners will put down a sum of, say, 2,000 sovs. apiece. They are not only to find the horses and jockeys, but the stakes as well, in order that the public shall see an interesting race. And because Mr. Bottomley does not immediately fall in with a one-sided arrangement like this, his lack of good sportsmanship is hinted at. He is to pay the piper, but the public are to call the tune.

Newmarket Craven.—After the Eastertide crowds it was a pleasant relief to turn one's steps, which is metaphor for journeying by Great Eastern special, to Newmarket. It is always sad to see old customs, though they be but superstitions, falling into abeyance, and it is my painful duty to record a waning belief in the efficacy of the salute to the Ditch. The reverential raising of the hat having failed to produce the desired effect on the Monday's account, salutes the reverse of dignified are coming into fashion

with, one learns with horror, satisfactory results so far as the winning of bets is concerned. Happy those *habitués* of Newmarket Heath who are in their graves, in that they are spared such desecration as this.

It may as well be admitted sooner as later that the prominent figure of the meeting was once more Sloan. He was not obtrusive on either the first day or the second, contenting himself with winning a couple of races on each day. Out on the third day he came out with a performance that nearly matched what he did at the First October Meeting in 1898, when he won five races in succession. This time he won four consecutively, the first three being for the same owner, Sir Waldie Griffiths, for whom Sloan had five winning rides on the three days, out of eight successes. Last days at Newmarket are not, as a rule, remarkable for the quality of the racing, so Sloan on two occasions has to be thanked for providing excitement. Whether the bookmakers thanked him or not I have not heard, but I incline to think that they wished him further.

In the way of horseflesh, we saw Trident following up the form he left off with last season at Derby by winning the Forty-first Biennial with 9st. 5lb. His was a taking appearance; much more so than that of Solennis, who won the Craven Stakes, the last race of the meeting, on the tiring Ancaster mile, which shows no horse, even when a winner, at its best. Harrow rather upset matters by winning the Column Produce Stakes, beating St. Gris somewhat decisively at 8lbs. In this race were Millennium, entered for the Derby, and Santa Casa, entered for the Oaks, and if this was their true form, they might

as well be scratched. Millennium, by the way, is spelt Mellenneum in "Ruff," and I have been wondering whether this is the correct nomenclature—a subtle evolution of Melanion, the sire. I almost hope not.

Hunting—The Close of the Season—The Quorn at Melton.

It is of no use speaking ill of the hunting season that has gone, and indeed it has been disappointing at times. On the other hand, some runs have been very good. Captain Burns Hartopp finished up the season with a meet at Melton. There were not many people out, most of the visitors have left. The going was good, the scent capital, and hounds raced from Ashby Pastures to Kirby. The fox was headed, of course, that goes without saying, at Ashby, but when after some hesitation he was forced away, hounds which had shown no great scent in covert raced outside. The field need not have been so eager, for after all most of them were left behind, and but a chosen few lived with hounds in the short and merry burst that followed.

Changes.—When the new edition of the "Hunting Directory" makes its appearance next year there will be a good many changes among the hunt servants to record. Jem Cooper has had to retire from active work for some time to come, and Brown fills his place. Mr. Hardy, of the Atherstone, will have a new huntsman next season in Whitmore. It is with great regret that I note that Lord Willoughby de Broke's health still remains very unsatisfactory. Tom Firr's testimonial was a great success, the amount, £3,200, being not unworthy of his great career in the field and in the kennel. There are not many packs which have improved more on the flags than the Quorn.

Another scarcely less leading figure among huntsmen is that of Frank Goodall, of the Kildare. For twenty-nine seasons he has been a hunt servant, always valued and respected, and never for a day absent from his work. He was with Lord Middleton for five years as first whipper-in. At twenty-two he became huntsman to the Meath for seven years. Then for two years he hunted Sir Watkin Wynn's, and showed sport which is still remembered, and then came to the Kildare, where he has remained ever since. Naturally a testimonial will be got up for him, and it will probably be a large one. Another much-esteemed huntsman who has had a testimonial is Scott, of the Albrighton, who leaves, as Mr. Munro will hunt his own hounds, as he has done with so much success in East Sussex.

The Eastbourne.—This pack has had a fair season, but like most others nothing extraordinary. Foxes have been scarcer, in all the countries which share the South Downs, of late years than of old, for the gorse coverts on which they depend have never recovered the severe frosts which destroyed so many of them some years ago. There is not much lying for the foxes, and they have sought more comfortable quarters. In consequence, the Eastbourne have met more frequently in the low-lying, deep, and rather stiff country which they have at the foot of the hills. Colonel Cardwell and his son are as keen as ever, but are no doubt now turning their attention to the County Cup team of their Polo Club. The hunt has accounted for a good number of foxes fairly killed, for the master is well known to be averse from digging.

The North Cheshire.—As

BAILY has recorded, this pack, under the mastership of Lord Enniskillen and with Gosden to carry the horn, have had a good season, better than has fallen to the lot of many packs. This season has beaten the record of the country with a score of forty-five more foxes killed than in any previous year. This, as Lord Enniskillen remarked at the luncheon given by the hunt to the farmers, was a clear witness to the good feeling existing between the hunt and those over whose land they rode. The great secret of managing a hunting country is to encourage the existence of a friendly and neighbourly feeling between all classes. It is the prevalence of this friendship which has enabled foxhunting to become a national sport, it is the continuance of it which will be the security for the endurance of the chase.

The Badsworth.—The writer is in a position to contradict any rumours about difficulties or want of sport in this country. The mastership of Mr. Fullerton is most successful and popular, and the difficulties are not other than those common to all countries. There was, of course, the hard ground in the early part of the season, and the bad scent which seems so often to follow on a dry autumn. Foxes do not run as well in dry, warm winters as in colder weather and are more difficult to find. All the countries with which a large correspondence makes the V.D. acquainted, are better supplied with foxes in some parts than in others. So far as the V.D. has read hunting history, this has always been so. Probably on the whole, whatever be the troubles of hunting in our day, there never were so many foxes kept as there have been of late years.

The Tedworth Hunt.—This pack has not yet found a master to replace Mr. Shrubbs. The committee have declined to divide the country, and in this they are wise. The Tedworth country, which is not a bad scenting one, should remain as Mr. Assheton Smith made it, and probably the hunt will have better sport under one master who will take the rough with the smooth, than if they cut off some of the best of their country. It is just the place for an amateur huntsman, who enjoys the working of hounds, varied by a gallop at times, and the Tedworth go very fast when scent is favourable. The fences, except in the vale, are few, and not very large. The retirement of the secretary, Mr. T. Lamb, of Andover, at the same time that they have lost the master, is an unlucky occurrence for the hunt.

The Hambledon.—This hunt is to make an effort to revive hunting in that part of their country which borders on the Hursley. Practically, hounds seldom come there, and when they do it is an open secret that they do not always find. If the members of the hunt will turn back to the *Sporting Review* of 1841 they will find this was not always so, and that in Mr. King's time much good sport was shown in that country. Mr. Baring has very liberally offered to restore the Wednesday meeting places, even if it should be necessary to add another day a week to the present number of hunting days, and this suggestion has met with warm approval. No doubt, the more a country is hunted the more foxes there are, and the V.D. hopes it may be so in this case. The Hambledon is an old hunt, with a long history, and its success must always be of interest to sportsmen. It was something of a novelty that the Ham-

bledon ladies, who are rather noted riders, had a point-to-point of their own at the close of the season, not only entering their own horses but riding.

The Meynell.—The suggestion made in BAILY a short time back for a valuation of the poultry within the limit of a hunt *before* the season begins, seems to have been timely. I was writing then from my knowledge of the sums paid by one or two hunts, but the Meynell accounts lately published establish a record. The foxes, which have consumed nearly 10,000 fowls, ought to be in good condition, but all the foxes of which I have knowledge are content with much humbler fare as a rule, though no doubt an occasional fowl or pheasant does not come amiss. At the same time, it must not be forgotten that more poultry, and those of a more valuable kind than ever before, are now reared in England, and committees will have to make distinctions between fancy fowls and the ordinary barn-door hen. Hunting finance is becoming a very difficult matter, for damage funds have greatly increased. I have the original balance sheet of a celebrated hunt in the Midlands dated 1786, in my possession, and I note that damage amounted only to £3 3s. in a total of some £700.

Staghounds.—The Devon and Somerset have taken over 130 stags and hinds, without counting those killed by Sir John Amory's hounds, the largest number ever killed in one season. This is the result of a very successful year, and shows how fine a stock of deer there must be on Exmoor.

The Atherstone.—Mr. Gerald Hardy has been again unlucky in getting a nasty fall over a strand of wire which has deprived him of the close of his season. He has provided such good sport for

others that it is always a matter of regret when he is unable to share it himself. The V.D. has not been at Arley Village for many years, and then the errand was to find a fox-terrier of which the rector had such a celebrated strain in the sons of Buffer, one of the gamest of the game. An outlying fox which jumped up close in front of hounds, but making the best of his way to Arley Wood, went to ground. After this various foxes were hunted about till hounds forced a fresh fox out of Wilkinson Wood. This is in that woodland county of the Atherstone that a hunting man of bygone days has said is so delightful to the sportsman's eye. It carries a fair scent, and the day was good, for hounds were only once checked and ran at a pace that tried even April condition in our horses. Their fox went to ground in the main earths at Hartshill Hayes, which were of course open.

The South Notts.—The Atherstone's neighbours finished up the season with a novel entertainment. After the point-to-point they had a paper chase to Oxtown Park, two men and two ladies acting as hares.

Lord Rothschild's Stag hounds.—Wednesday, March 15th, found this popular pack at Mentmore Cross Roads, the occasion a repetition of the excellent sport they have shown throughout the season, though I am sorry to say Mr. Leopold de Rothschild met with a very serious accident during the gallop, the remarkable coincidence being that he was riding the same horse as on the previous occasion that he came to grief. He uncartered his stag at Wingrave, and a fourteen-mile point occupied hounds for an hour and a half after they were laid on, a beautiful line of country being crossed to Rousham, Aston

Abbotts and Norduck, the famous Creslow being touched ere hounds sank the hill to North Marston, the valley below the Denham Hills being traversed to Lower Hogshaw. Running parallel to the Metropolitan Railway by Claydon Road to Addington they got on better terms with their quarry, and turning into Padbury re-captured him in the village at Mr. Chapman's house, the heroes of the hour being Mr. Gerald Pratt and Mr. E. P. Saunders, who held the pride of place during the latter portion of the gallop, and in fact, had shut up the deer before the remainder of the field, fifteen all told, arrived.

The following day was selected for the retaking of the outlying deer which had beaten hounds about three weeks previously near Buckingham, and Boore took nine couples of hounds to Mr. Coates' farm at Hillesden. The animal had not been harboured very successfully, hence the opening proceedings of the day were not very interesting, for a great deal of country was drawn before the welcome holloa was heard which told that he had been roused from his lair near Stocking Wood. Boore galloped his pack to the spot, and they unfortunately took up heelway, so that a few minutes were lost ere they tackled to work. However, when they did there was no mistake about it, and a charming line of grass was traversed by Lenborough to the London and North Western Railway, along which hounds coasted to Buckingham, and their followers were obliged to make a detour by the station to effect a crossing of the line, finding that the pack had secured a strong lead of them by the time Benthill Farm was reached. Twice this stag soiled in the river Ouse before he worked out a

short circle to the Lone Tree, Thornborough, and returned to the water below Mr. John Harper's house, where a capital five and twenty minutes was finished.

March 17th was marked by another excellent gallop from Berton, for after leaving Aylesbury hounds ran well across the Vale by Hardwicke and Creslow to Mr. Guy's Thorns under Oving, where the end came.

March 20th found them right out of their country, their fixture being Leap Hill Farm, Brill. Only a few regular stag-hunters patronised them, but those who did were rewarded for their constancy by a run extending over an hour and eighteen minutes, the first portion of which to the river Thame at Notley was very fine, but owing to the want of a pilot to the ford the field let hounds slip them and never saw them again until they had set their stag at bay at Postcombe, near Tetsworth.

March was brought to a close by yet two other good gallops, the first from Wingrave Cross Roads on the 27th, when they crossed some of the cream of the country to Dunton Muresley and Swanborne, and after testing the severity of the Grandborough district, recaptured their deer between Hoggeston and Mains Hill. The second originated at Fleet Marston, where Mr. John Sanders entertained the field before the deer was enlarged. Going away by Berryfield to Aylesbury, hounds ran well to Broughton and Puttenham, where he was retaken in the canal.

April 3rd, Easter Monday, found them at Mentmore Cross Roads, and the deer-van sent on to Wingrave to uncart. There was little scent, yet hounds hunted well for five and fifty minutes, running by Aston Ab-

botts and Hoxleys to Wing Old Park, and having nearly reached Liscombe, turned back to Ascott and Southcourt, where their deer was safely shut up.

The concluding day in the regular country came with April 5th, when from Pendley Tring they showed an interesting run in the hill district, finishing at the Museum Tring.

The Whaddon Chase.—March 14th was a brilliant day in the Whaddon country, for meeting at Mr. John White's at Pitchcott, they found at once, and ran by Lionel Gorse to the Bicester territories, threading Mason's Gorse as they ran on to Waddesdon Cross Roads, ere they swung round to their own country again and lost him at Lionel Gorse. In Mr. J. Guy's Thorns a brace were found, but getting away with one, a short but merry scurry ended with his death at North Marston, while from Winslow Spinneys hounds worked out a cold hunting run to Creslow.

March 18th was also remarkable for a great run, which ended with blood. The morning had not been very auspicious, but when Shenley Wood was reached a stout fox was found and hounds drove with great determination to Howe Park Wood, threaded it to Water Spinney, and held on as if for Newton Longville. Bearing to the right at the railway, however, the chase went forward merrily to Salden Woods, threaded them, and crossing Crab Tree Farm, reached Narberries. Even this stronghold did not tempt their fox to linger, and going away on the Little Horwood side, hounds ran on with College Wood on the right to Nash Brakes and the Furzen Fields coverts. Going straight through to the valley of the Ouse beyond, they ran into their fox near Thornton Hall at

the end of about one hour and twenty minutes.

March 28th found Mr. Selby Lowndes at Drayton Potash, from which, with Highhavens as the stereotyped draw, a capital day's sport was worked out, and that in spite of the fact that the staghounds had been over the same country on the previous day, and the Association of Bloodhound Breeders were at that time running off a match in the same district. The first gallop from Mr. Amos's covert was a fast ring by Littlecot and Dunton to the Hoggston Valley, which the bloodhounds had just vacated, a curious incident happening at Highhavens, a vixen being seen leaving the covert with a cub in her mouth. This she dropped, and Bentley being present secured it and sent it to Whaddon to be reared. Going away from Highhavens again, hounds recrossed the Hoggston Valley to Swanborne and Dodlay Hill, where Sturman was obliged to help his hounds, and settling them to work, crossed Mrs. Dauncey's park at Little Horwood to Hollow Hole Farm, finally losing their fox between the Horwoods, his point apparently being College Wood.

April 1st saw the curtain ring down on their season at Salden Windmill, from which popular tryst a really hard day's work for hounds was carried out. Their first fox was found at Swanborne Gorse, and going away to Salden, succeeded in running them out of scent beyond Lord Orkney's coverts. From Villiers Gorse hounds ran well by Newton Longville to Bletchley and thence to Howe Park Wood, which covert was threaded as the hunt drove forward over Mr. Clarke's farm by Tattenhoe to Whaddon Thrift. Going back to Howe Park Wood

the remainder of the afternoon was worked out in the district, hounds being stopped at dark in Thrift.

The Bicester Hounds.—These hounds finished their season from Souldern Gate, the Pest House covert being first drawn at the conclusion of a hunt meeting at the Cartwright Arms, Aynho. Cox found at once, and hounds drove their fox into Aynho Park, killing him near the house, a companion also sharing the same fate before hounds got settled to the line of a traveller, and the chase swept merrily on by Fritwell Gorse to Stoke, and almost into Lord Jersey's coverts at Middleton before they doubled back to Ardley Wood, the pack being on such good terms with their fox that they coursed him up the last field to the covert, one hound actually grabbing at him. He gained the shelter of the wood, however, and stalled off the evil moment for a short time, the death knell ringing out before he could get fairly launched into the open again. The Hunt Committee framed strenuous rules for the guidance of subscribers to their pack next season, on that morning, which doubtless, if adhered to and enforced, will make some difference to the size of their fields.

Otters in the Thames.—Why does not some enterprising sportsman start a pack of otter hounds to hunt the tributaries of the Thames? The Conservancy, it is understood, have offered a reward for every otter killed in the interests of human catchers of fish, who complain loudly that otters in certain parts are on the increase. To trap or shoot an animal so plucky and capable of showing such pure sport is a crime little less reprehensible than vulpecide, and the V.D. sincerely

hopes that if otters must be kept down the operation will be conducted fairly, and not as though *lutra* were mere vermin.

The Wire Question.—The number of letters and suggestions on this question that have appeared in our leading sporting papers during the past season remind us that this is the question of the day for hunting men. With this view the writer agrees, wire and especially concealed wire, takes the heart out of the sport. Let us sum up the reasons given for the prevalence of wire. (1) Indifference to, or concealed hostility against, hunting as a sport. (2) The neglect of fencing on large estates owing to the poverty of landlords. (3) The efficiency and economy of wire as a fence and with which to repair gaps. (4) The scarcity of labour in the country districts, and the decay of the art of hedging and ditching, so that even where farmers are willing to make fences they cannot find labour for the purpose. Now for the remedies suggested. (1) A wire clause in the leases. (2) The repair by the hunt of all the fences in the area of the hunt. (3) That the hunt should take down and put up the wire again at their own expense and by labour employed by them. (4) That the hunt should pay the farmer a contribution towards the expenses of his fencing. Of the remedies (1) is only possible in peculiar cases, and generally speaking would be difficult to enforce. (2) Good but expensive, and entailing much supervision and much time. Who would give it continuously? (3) Good, too, only the hunt must also engage to make the gaps effective against cattle. (4) The best, if the money is paid after a reasonable bargain made and when the work is done. This last plan was suggested by a good

sporting farmer at a hunt dinner. Now for the V. D.'s suggestion. On large estates it would be well if the landlord could be approached and the property dealt with as a whole, the hunt to pay a specified contribution towards the fencing of the whole property. This would avoid the intervention of outsiders, which some landlords, agents, and farmers would object to. Where this is not possible, pay a sum of money to the farmer, one half at the beginning and one half at the end of the season, after inspection made. Lastly, let our lady members of the hunt use social influence with a certain class of wire users. It would be effectual.

Hound Race.—The "Trail Hound" race has been an institution in Westmoreland for very long past: there the sporting dalesmen train their hounds for the annual race as carefully as the trainer prepares his horses for Newmarket or Doncaster. This form of sport is rather a novelty in the south: I believe that the Royal Artillery and Staff College Drag Hunts held a hound race on Plumstead Marshes last year, but beyond the fact that the former won he is unacquainted with details. This year's race was a great success: the Royal Artillery, Household Brigade and Staff College Drag Hunts entered each three couples of hounds to run over a nice line of grass country near Bracknell. The race came off on the afternoon of Friday, 7th; a very wet morning reduced the attendance, and few beyond members of the competing hunts were present: happily the rain ceased and the race was run in cloudy but dry weather. The starting point was opposite the south lodge of Southill Park, in a large pasture wherein the spectators could watch from a low hill.

The nine couples poured through the gate, picked up the line and raced away over the grass: for the first quarter of a mile the "sheet" would have covered them, but a stiff post and rails over which the R.A. Racer led the way strung the lot out a bit, though they were well together a few hundred yards further on when crossing the road. At the finish there was a good deal of tailing: but Captain J. Hanwell, Master of the Gunners' Drag, must be congratulated on the success of his team, all three couples bearing the distinctive red stripe of paint of the R.A. being among the eight hounds first home. The Royal Artillery Whimsical (from the Croome), was 1st, the R.A. Larkspur, Stormer (Mr. Penr efather's), Roderick (Lord Portnan's), Alderman (Lord Eglinton's) and Racer coming in 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 6th and 8th respectively. By points the winners scored heavily; the first ten hounds counting by places, and all others twelve points, lowest score the best:—

R.A. (red), 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 8 = 24—1st.

Staff College (blue), 5, 7, 10, 12, 12,
12 = 58—2nd.

Household Brigade (white collars),
9, 12, 12, 12, 12, 12 = 69—3rd.

The Staff College hounds were the biggest, standing nearly 26 in.; the Household Brigade, a very good looking lot, stood $24\frac{1}{2}$ or 25 in., while the winning team must have been quite an inch smaller: they were however full of work.

The County Polo Association.

—It will be within the recollection of polo players that in accordance with the Rules adopted by the Association at their meeting of June 9th, 1898, held at the Nimrod Club, the annual tournament

is to take place in July of each year on the ground of a county club selected by the Committee of the Association. The first tournament on the Eden Park Club ground was conspicuously successful, no fewer than ten clubs sending teams. The competing teams were thoroughly representative of the polo clubs of the South and Midlands, but it was recognised at the time that when the fixture took place on the ground of a southern county club the long railway journey and consequent expense of transport must act as a deterrent against the participation of clubs in the north and in Scotland. It is felt that if the original scheme of the County Polo Association tournament be adhered to, such distant clubs as those whose headquarters are at Beverley, Catterick Bridge, Edinburgh, &c., will be practically debarred from entry when the tournament takes place on the ground of a southern county. At the same time, the number of clubs in the southern counties so considerably exceeds the number of those further north, that geographical convenience indicates a southern county ground as the most frequent *venue*.

The Van Driver learns that the Honorary Secretary of the Liverpool Polo Club, supported by the Honorary Secretaries of five very important northern clubs, has presented an alternative scheme for the consideration of the Committee of the County Polo Association, and this scheme has so much to recommend it that we hope to learn that it is adopted, at least, on the main lines proposed. It is suggested that the country shall be divided into four convenient districts; that the county clubs in each district shall meet and there play off the ties; the win-

ning teams of each district meeting at Hurlingham if the executive of that club be able to grant use of the ground, to play off the semi-final and final matches. Each district will appoint a Tournament Secretary, who shall be responsible for the due arrangement of matches and who will communicate with the Committee of the County Polo Association in London in regard to the meeting of the winning teams. The inability of the Hurlingham Committee to give up their ground for the County Cup Tournament was the original *raison d'être* of the County Polo Association, but it is hoped that the authorities at polo headquarters may see their way to place the Fulham ground at the disposal of the Association for the semi-final and final matches. Having examined the map of Great Britain by the light of the list of county polo clubs one can only come to the conclusion that the plan proposed by the northern clubs is quite practicable, and distinctly calculated to achieve the desire of the Association that all county clubs should join in the tournament. There would seem to be no great difficulty in dividing the country into Northern, Central and Southern Polo Districts, each having within its area at least eight clubs. Railway journeys of considerable length would still fall to the lot of some teams, more especially in the north and south districts, but the saving of time and expense would be so great that the new "district scheme" deserves at the hands of the Committee of the County Polo Association the careful consideration it is sure to receive.

Wimbledon Park Polo Club.

—The first London Club to open its grounds for play this season is

the new Wimbledon Park Club. Never before, so far as we are aware, has polo been played within five miles of Hyde Park Corner so early as the first day of April. Hurlingham and Ranelagh have not been in the habit of beginning play till shortly before the first Saturday in May.

The turf on the Wimbledon ground is home-grown, not imported, as is often the case, and has existed in the old park since the days of Oliver Cromwell, the chief of the many illustrious personages who have occupied the old Manor House. The polo field is a portion of the 120 acres acquired by the Wimbledon Park Sports Club from General Lane, the remainder of the acquisition supplying an eighteen-hole golf course, besides shooting, tennis, croquet and other grounds, with a twenty-two-acre lake for boating and skating. During winter strenuous exertions have been made by Mr. H. S. King, managing director of the Sports Club, advised by Mr. T. B. Drybrough, Captain of the Polo Club, with the result that what may be described as one of the finest polo grounds in London is now available for polo players.

The ground is 300 yds. by 170 yds.; greater breadth could easily have been allowed but was not considered advisable, an opinion which appears to be generally held, as witness the recent cutting down of the fine Eden Park ground from 200 yds. to 170 yds.

The Club has got together an efficient Committee, admirably representative of the military and civilian (including Anglo-Indian and American) elements. That veteran poloist, the Earl of Harrington, is President; Mr. T. B. Drybrough is Captain and Chairman of Committee, the other members of which are Mr. F. O.

Ellison, Captain C. G. Mackenzie, R.A., Mr. F. J. Mackey, Major M. F. Rimington, 6th Dragoons, Mr. Alfred Stuart, and Mr. Robert Young. Colonel Bonham (late Grenadier Guards) is Polo Manager, assisted by Mr. Drury. Matters of finance pass through the hands of Mr. Bayly Skinner, the Secretary of the Wimbledon Park Sports Club. Andrews (formerly stud-groom at Hurlingham) presides at the stables, where boxes and stalls are now ready, or being got ready for forty ponies. Dressing accommodation for players, lunch and Committee rooms, &c. are provided in what was previously the farm house. Two features of the polo arena deserve special mention. Instead of margins of $5\frac{1}{2}$ ft., as at Hurlingham, 12 ft. has been allowed between side boards and foot-rails—an arrangement of advantage alike to onlookers, players, and umpires. Again, the 4-in. turf slopes, instead of leaning against 11-in. boards, from which they would quickly gape away, are made double-sided solid turf banks with 7-in. boards placed on top of them. Playing members are joining so quickly—(the free list being nearly complete)—that the advisability of providing a second ground is being considered. Happily, the Sports Club is able to add one or more grounds of equal size and equally old turf whenever the need may arise.

The opening match was between a Royal Artillery team and a home quartette. The game was a thoroughly enjoyable one, the ball travelling very fast, and the home team winning—as was only right on an opening day. The teams were: *Royal Artillery*—Messrs. E. C. Sanders, J. L. Lamont, and Captains C. G. Mackenzie and F. Egerton-Green (substitute); *Wimbledon Park*—

Messrs. W. C. Symon, W. McCreery, F. J. Mackey and T. B. Drybrough. Umpires, Messrs. W. Gillman and A. Wallis. Music was supplied by the admirable band of the Royal Artillery. Polo matches will take place every Saturday during the season; there will also be a Pony Show, various gymkhanas, and three polo tournaments on novel lines, viz.:—An Age-cycles tournament, a Birth-zones tournament, and an Auld-lang-syne tournament, which is open to all clubs which have sent visiting teams to Wimbledon Park. Southfields Station, on the Metropolitan District Line—and with also frequent trains to Waterloo—is within a few hundred yards of the ground.

Prices of Ponies.—There is no disguising the fact that a most important incident in English polo is the sale of the Springhill ponies. An average of 250 guineas for thirty-four ponies is a success in which we may heartily congratulate the Messrs. Miller. It is not impossible, however, that as two ponies brought 750 and 700 guineas respectively, the former beating the record, we may hear something of the extravagance of such prices. But this is not the lesson the writer gathers from the sale. The true moral is the value of the systematic schooling of ponies. Messrs. Miller have given their ponies a thorough schooling. All who wished, might have seen them play in high class games, and the man who plays polo has learned that on well-trained ponies polo is the most delightful game on earth; on badly-schooled animals it is about as amusing as fishing when the fish won't bite. Had the writer of this note the means, and was he still playing polo, no price would seem too high for a pony that suited him. A

really good pony and a first-class hunter are not dear at any price that they will bring.

Cricklewood.—This old-established club has a fine level new ground, as well as a practice ground, the necessity of which latter is now felt by every club that wishes to enrol first-class players.

Polo Ponies at Dublin.—The two classes for polo ponies formed a strong attraction at Dublin Spring Show, whilst the fact that there were forty-two entries in the made class, and seventy-one in the unmade one, added materially to the success of this portion of the exhibition. Nor can it be denied that the judges—Captain T. Hine, of Navan, and Captain F. Wise, 13th Hussars—found plenty of most excellent material before them, but the fact remains that there was nevertheless a good deal of the miscellaneous element to be found amongst the entry. Still, the gentlemen who were instrumental in working up this portion of the Spring Show are to be congratulated upon the excellent results that attended their efforts, and it is safe to prophesy that the polo classes at Dublin have come to stay. If we are not mistaken, a large share of the success of this department is due to the efforts of Major Rimington.

According to the conditions of entry, speed, temper, mouth, manners, handiness, and height—14h. 2in.—had all to be taken into consideration by the judges in the made class, and the gentlemen who awarded the prizes are entitled to every possible credit for the patience they displayed in arriving at correct conclusions regarding the respective merits of the competitors; in fact, the judging operations became almost tediously protracted, so that by the time the names of the winners

in the last class were announced there were not a score of spectators left on the ground, the remainder having betaken of themselves home to dinner. It may perhaps be pointed out likewise that the practice of vetting the selected animals in public is scarcely one that is likely to commend itself to exhibitors, but that is a detail in the arrangements which can be settled between them and the management.

Premier honours in the made class were awarded to Dr. F. P. Colgan's bay mare Duchess, a very showy little seven-year-old, which made many friends at the ring side, as she moves beautifully and is very handy, though possibly there were better players behind her in the class; still, she was a popular winner. Next came Sir A. V. Foster's Trilby, by Don Frere, dam by Will-of-the-Wisp, a mare of quality, with charming manners and a first-rate back and quarters; third falling to Mr. W. E. Grogan's Grouse, a seven-year-old gelding which is fast, powerful and clever, but a little high in action; Colonel de Robeck securing the fourth prize with Folly IV., a six-year-old mare by Hambletonian, dam by Lord Jingle, a very bloodlike pony with an excellent back and quarters, and a fine player. Amongst other noticeable competitors in this class were Mr. T. L. Moore's Kickamaroo, by Peacemaker, a really nice pony all round, being full of quality and well under the size, but she seemed a trifle slower than the winners; but her cleverness is undeniable. Mr. W. E. Grogan also showed a wear-and-tear-looking, smart pony in the six-year-old Mermaid, by Xenophon; whilst Mr. E. J. R. Peel's gelding Cry Help, though not the player that some in the class are, gets off

his hocks in a style that must commend him to many judges.

In the unmade class Mr. T. J. Roach took first and fourth with the six-year-old Khedive by Egypt, and the brown mare Vixen by Pet Fox, the former being a very bloodlike chesnut with excellent action, but many considered him a trifle long in loin; whilst Vixen possessed one of the sweetest foreheads in the class and went well, so that her position was deserved. Second was awarded to Mr. T. Anderson's Doreen, a very stylish, workmanlike mare which made many friends at the ring side, as not only are both her ends exceptionally good, but she strips well and is a born mover. Both the last-named qualifications belong to Mr. J. Carpenter's fourth prize chesnut mare Jinnet of the Falcon, by Hermit, dam by Rotherhill, and she is a business-like mare that can move, added to which her manners are excellent. A capital pony, too, is Mr. Roach's Wisdom, as is Mr. John Leonard's Night-mare by Pedestrian; whilst Captain Cecil Wilson's Flirt, has plenty of bone and substance, but might move more freely; Mr. Rainey's Bobby being a real sort, with the best of joints and the loveliest of foreheads. In all respects it was a most successful venture.

Chislehurst v. Stansted.—A match between the above teams was played on the Stansted ground at Bishop's Stortford on Wednesday, April 19th. An exciting game was expected, inasmuch as these two clubs were left in the final for last year's County Cup at Eden Park. But anticipations were hardly realised; Chislehurst from the start assumed the command, and playing throughout better together always appeared to hold their opponents, and

eventually won by six goals to two—and if we are not mistaken, the winning team will undoubtedly take a prominent position during the coming season. The teams were as follows:—

CHISLEHURST.		STANSTED.	
C. P. Nickalls	.. 1	Tresham Gilbey	.. 1
M. Nickalls	.. 2	G. B. Gosling	.. 2
H. B. Cardwell	.. 3	Walter Buckmaster	.. 3
P. W. Nickalls	(back)	P. Gold	.. (back)

India.—Matters do not seem to be going quite smoothly with the Indian Polo Association. Mr. Winston Churchill has pointed out that it takes a whole year to make any alteration in the rules. Then the Association would have nothing to say to any increase in the height of ponies and the measuring rules, though good in themselves, do not seem to work quite well. In a country so large as India an official measurer seems well nigh an impossibility, and yet it is difficult to see how uniformity and fairness can be attained in any other way. It is said at a recent tournament that one team of ponies was much larger than the rest—"full 14-2"—my correspondent writes.

The Championship of India.—The real championship of India at polo rests once more with the Patiala team. The A and B teams of the Sikh State were left in the final and decided not to play off the tie.

The Mahomedan gentlemen of the Golconda team were beaten by Patiala B. It is only fair to say that the former were not in the best form, and that they play an old-fashioned dribbling game which can never succeed against modern tactics of galloping and riding off.

A very fine game indeed was that in the semi-final between Kotah (a Rajput State) and Patiala A. Thus it will be seen that no English teams even obtained a place in the semi-final.

The Durham Light Infantry and 18th Hussars have left a blank in Indian polo which has not yet been filled up. It was an interesting tournament, if only for the various races engaged. English, Irish, Scotch, Mahomedans from Hyderabad, Sikhs, and Rajputs. A fair commentary on the universally attractive nature of polo which seems to suit the most diverse races of men. There were two reigning princes, the eldest son of a Scotch peer, an ex-corporal of Native cavalry, and an English trainer in the service of a native prince among the players, so that the classes were various as well as the race and colour. It was unlucky that neither the 4th Hussars nor the 9th Lancers were able to take part, but the result would probably have been the same.

Man-Hunting by Bloodhounds.

—Although the members of the Association of Bloodhound Breeders claim the match between hounds owned by Mr. E. Brough (Yorkshire) and Col. Joynson (Midlands), to have been a success, much remains to be proved before the ordinary public can be convinced of the utility of the sleuth hound in tracking man. That this can be done, and on a cold scent too, was clearly demonstrated in the Vale of Aylesbury, but hounds were so long over the business (an hour and a half, following a line short of five miles in length) that no one but an enthusiast could bring this forward as argument in favour of their use in tracking criminals. True, the winners, Clotho and Kickshaw, representatives of the Yorkshire kennel, puzzled out a line in anything but favourable conditions, for they had to run up wind for at least two-thirds the distance, and the ground was badly foiled by live stock; but the fact

that they were so slow lessens the chance of bloodhounds ever being called upon to aid the police, especially in large towns. Where bloodhounds may prove of assistance is in the detection of poachers in remote or quiet country districts, but even then it is questionable if magistrates would convict on evidence unearthed by means of the canine detective. In case the line—which on a fresh scent might be struck very readily—happened to be crossed, there is no means of telling which of the two followed by hounds would be the right one, for it would be but natural for them to take the fresher one. This actually happened in the match last month, for, coming to a check in a bridle path leading from the Aylesbury Road to North Marston, both hounds got on to the line of an old woman going shopping to the village. Had the young fellow who acted as quarry two hours previously not been with the judge and those following the hounds, no one could have told that Clotho and Kickshaw were wrong, and goodness only knows how they might have blundered on. It would have been more than a mild surprise for the old lady, supposing hounds had been on the line of a poacher, had she been placed under suspicion because she happened to foil the ground, and thus bring herself into line. Fine sport can undoubtedly be had in watching bloodhounds work out a line, and in countries where there are no foxhounds or harriers a brace could be kept at practically no expense for man-hunting purposes. In a certain district in the West of England an owner has lately given farmers in the locality several fine runs in this way, a lad having been “turned down” an hour or two previously and a brace of

bloodhounds put on his track for the benefit of farmers unable to afford the luxury of fox-hunting. So interesting indeed has the sport become that it has been suggested to arrange regular meets during the winter and thus popularise man-hunting. Not at all a bad idea.

The Water Colour Exhibition.

—The exhibition of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, always strong in landscape, this year can boast an excellent array of pictures of animal life. Mr. J. C. Dollman's "Moses at the Fair" (41), from Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," shows that clever horse painter at his best: the coarse-bred light chestnut with white stockings is an admirable piece of work, and the figures accord with it. Mr. H. Pilleau deserves mention for the skill wherewith he has caught the characteristic atmosphere of the desert in his "Travelling Arabs" (65). Among the dog pictures we must note Mr. Stephen Dadd's "Roadside Rehearsal" (74). Canine nervousness has never been more happily represented than in the unhappy dog poised on the drum, while the smug superiority of the poodle looking on makes a perfect foil. Mr. Edmund Caldwell's "Conscientious Objector" (99), a rough terrier eating his muzzle, claims mention for the marvellous skill with which the texture of the coat is suggested; the dog's expression is also admirably lifelike. Sport finds few votaries among the water colourists. Mr. Chantrey Corbould's "The Girl I left behind me" (364), a dark chestnut hunter, galloping with his emptied side saddle towards the spectator, with horsemen in pursuit, is full of life and movement. More reposeful is Mr. C. Wynn Ellis'

"Drawing Covert—A Misty Morning" (368). This is a charming bit of work, admirable in composition and boldly handled. The attitude of the master advancing down a woodland path strewn thick with autumn leaves is easy and natural as he turns in his saddle to listen for hounds, and the horse is well drawn. This is the picture of a sportsman not less than the work of an artist. Other paintings which arrest attention are Mr. John Pedder's "Beach at Bexhill" (5), Mr. Henry Harwood's excellent "Bleak Season" (122), a plough team straining over a rise; Mr. Valentine Garland's beautifully finished "Trapper's Terriers" (127), a group of dogs under a ferret hutch, and Mr. Alfred Munnings' "Cloudy Weather" (230), a group of Shire horses at pasture. Nor must we forget Mr. Corbould's tiny coaching scenes in the exhibition of miniatures.

The Irish Partridge Shooting Season.—Mr. W. Redmond's Bill to change the opening date for partridge shooting in Ireland from the 20th to the 1st of September passed smoothly through the House of Commons to the Lords and by the Upper Chamber was read a third time, and passed on March 20th. It is permissible to doubt whether the alteration is in the truest interests of sport. "The First" in England does not invariably find the birds as well-grown and strong on the wing as could be wished, nor are the fields by any means always open to the sportsman by that date. It is desirable, in order to discourage out-of-season shooting, that the opening day should be the same all over the kingdom; and though one would regret the disappearance of "The First" from the shoot-

ing calendar on sentimental grounds, perhaps uniformity had better been obtained by setting back the English opening day instead of advancing the Irish.

Sport at the Universities.—For the first time for many years Cambridge finished up Lent Term with a 'vantage position in Inter-'Varsity fray. They won the Chess match ($5\frac{1}{2}$ games, $1\frac{1}{2}$) albeit the margin hardly represents the respective play, which was of very high order throughout. An unexpected "draw" was the outcome of the Inter-'Varsity Sports, Oxford winning the "Hundred" ($10\frac{1}{2}$ secs.), the "Quarter" ($50\frac{1}{2}$ secs.), Long Jump (23 ft. 3 in.), High Jump (5 ft. $1\frac{1}{4}$ in.), Hammer (110 ft. 1 in.), and Cambridge the "Half" (1 min. $59\frac{3}{4}$ secs.), Mile (4 min. 35 secs.), Hurdles (16 secs.), Weight (34 ft. 3 in.), and Three Miles (15 min. 32 secs.) Owing to the wretched conditions of weather the attendance was much below the average, whilst the state of the track and high winds militated against fast times in the main. By comparison, the brilliant performances of Messrs. Paget-Tomlinson, Graham (Cambridge), and Vassall (Oxford), in the Hurdles, "Half," and Long Jump respectively, were very pronounced. To decrease the chances of a similar result in future, it is hoped that yet another event will be added to the programme ere next year, to provide an "odd event." To universal satisfaction the Light Blues stemmed the torrent of Oxford's aquatic victories, on the following day, the Cantabs winning the great water Derby of the year by $3\frac{1}{4}$ lengths. Very little comment is necessary, for the Sons of Granta had their rivals settled soon after Hammer-smith, the race thenceforward resolving itself into a procession. Whilst heartily joining in the

general congratulations to President Etherington-Smith and *compères*, we are constrained to think that the Oxonians were hardly in a fit state to do themselves justice. That they were over-trained, and physically wound up to almost tension point, was palpable to all who saw them during the actual struggle and at the finish. By common consent, someone had blundered in this direction, but it is quite outside our province to enquire who. That Cambridge would have won under any circumstances we are convinced, thanks mainly to the Morrison-like tactics of Mr. W. A. L. Fletcher, the famous Old Oxonian. To his untiring efforts, *ab initio*, the fine showing of the Cantabs may be attributed, and Cambridge men all owe him a deep debt of gratitude. Already it has been made patent that their victory will contribute a fillip—almost resembling the force of italics—to rowing at both Universities. The Oxford Golf team maintained their unbeaten record for the season in the representative struggle, winning handsomely and easily over the famous Sandwich links, by 18 holes. It is agreed by most experts that the Dark Blue team this year was the strongest ever turned out from either University. From some unaccountable reason, R. E. Foster (Oxford) did not compete in the Inter-'Varsity Racquet contests, which made all the difference. The Cantabs won the "Doubles" fray (4 games 3), after some fine all-round play, and the "Singles" (3 games, love), in very easy fashion. This concluded the sequence of Inter-'Varsity struggles for the *novice*, the up-to-date record reading—Cambridge, 7 events; Oxford, 6 events; 1 draw.

Summer Term is now in full

swing, and practice and preparation for another series of Olympian and Isthmian contests is going on apace. Both Cam and Isis are fairly alive with racing craft, intent upon the "Mays," the University Sculls, Pairs, &c., and Henley later on. Detailed criticism will best come in next month, but we confidently anticipate some of the most exciting races seen on either river for many a long year. The prospects of the Polo, Cycling, Swimming, Lawn Tennis, &c., clubs are exceptionally rosy this year, albeit it is idle to speak with any confidence or respective merit or strength at this stage. All in good time. Cricket prospects are equally rosy, and everything points to two powerful teams once again.

The Cantabs will be captained by Gilbert Jessop of Gloucestershire fame—who needs no introduction. Five other "Old Blues" are available and in residence again, viz.: Messrs. Taylor, Hawkins, Winter, Stogdon, and Hind. A. E. Fernie (who played in 1897) may probably be at the service of his captain also. Of capable "seniors" still in residence, Messrs. Moon, Prest, Hornby—son of the famous "Monkey" Hornby of Lancashire fame—Penn, Cole, Daniell, &c., are the most prominent. A very large number of "Freshmen" are to hand this season. Of batsmen, S. H. Day (Malvern), R. N. Bluker (Westminster), E. W. N. Wyatt (Malvern), C. T. Doll (Charterhouse), N. O. Tayart (Clifton), E. B. Noel (Winchester), &c., all possess undoubted credentials. As all the 1898 bowlers are still available, the Cantabs are blessed in this direction, albeit C. W. Alexander (Shrewsbury), J. A. Zair and G. A. Scott (Tonbridge), W. F. Lumsden (Repton), L. J.

Clayton (Cheltenham), &c., should prove "good at need" with the ball. As under-studies to T. L. Taylor at the wicket, Messrs. Gardiner (Bradfield), Robertson (Harrow), Winter (Uppingham) will prove useful. Outside the trial matches, nine representative matches are arranged, including two with Surrey and one with the Australians. For divers reasons, those with Middlesex, Hampshire, and Mr. C. I. Thornton's XI. have been dropped.

Singularly enough, the Oxonians will be captained by another Gloucestershire crack, F. H. Bateman-Champain—a batsman right in the front rank. Six "Old Blues," viz.: Messrs. Eccles—hero of the 1898 match—Foster, Bosanquet, Stocks, Wright, and Lee will be in residence again, as also an appreciable number of Seniors. Of these, such names as Messrs. Collins, Luce, Montmorency, More, Parkes, Mitchell, Hollins, Billings, &c., are the most prominent. The "Freshmen" include H. C. Pilkington and Lord Francis Scott (Eton), F. W. Ratligan and W. S. Medlicott (Harrow), T. R. Crawley-Boevey (Clifton), F. H. Humphreys (Shrewsbury), C. S. Hannay (Rugby), F. Kershaw (Cheltenham), C. W. Wordsworth (Charterhouse), &c. R. W. Fox, the 1898 wicket-keeper, has gone down, hence Messrs. Good (Magdalen)—a Senior—and A. B. Reynolds (Winchester) should stand a rosy chance of inclusion. Above and beyond the usual trial matches, nine representative fixtures have been arranged for the Oxonians also, including two with the Australians and new ones with Worcestershire and the Crystal Palace. Practice both ways is now the order of every succeeding way, and the season proper will commence simultaneously with

the current issue of BAILY. Next month we trust to report a good deal of progress.

Other vacation and interim topics may be briefly dismissed. The Oxford Association Football Team completed their Continental *sans* defeat, and otherwise had a very jolly time. As the result, several Continental clubs will visit Oxford next season, we understand.

The late Mr. F. G. Hobson.—By the death of Mr. F. G. Hobson there has been removed from the Turf world one who was formerly a well known figure in steeplechase circles. "Freddy Hobson," as he was called, lived in the Hertfordshire country, where he hunted with the Puckeridge Hounds, and at the time when Colonel Knox, Mr. Arthur Yates, Colonel Harford, George Holman, Robert I'Anson and others were riding, Mr. Hobson was frequently seen in the saddle; his colours, scarlet, white belt, and blue cap, being familiar at most of the steeplechase meetings near London. He had one peculiarity, and that was, in jumping a fence he always caught hold of the cantle of his saddle, getting his hand back with surprising quickness, and never missing his hold. In 1877 Mr. Hobson succeeded in winning the Grand National on his own horse, Austerlitz, a five-year-old, and the third horse of that age to win the great race, the others being Alcibiade, in 1865, and Regal, in 1876, the year preceding Austerlitz's victory.

Mr. Hobson owned a few horses which ran under Jockey Club rules. In 1876 he bought Hampton from Mr. T. Harvey, and Robert Peck trained him; while in the hands of Sam Mordan he won the Goodwood Stakes, and a good deal more in bets. Then, in

1877, the year in which Austerlitz won the National, Hampton won the Goodwood Cup, the Doncaster Cup, and the Northumberland Plate, after which he was sold to Lord Ellesmere. Mr. Hobson was also very fond of shooting, and was a pigeon-shot of some skill.

The late Mr. F. T. Wilson.—In addition to the late Mr. C. P. Shrubbs, Mr. F. T. Wilson the master of the Ledbury Hounds, must be included in the list of masters who have, so to speak, died in harness. Mr. Wilson gained his first experiences of mastership with the Woolhope Harriers. He then took the Herefordshire country in 1896 in succession to the Committee, who ruled after the departure of Mr. F. Vaughan Williams. He held the Herefordshire country for a single season only, and it was with much regret that his followers heard of his departure for the Ledbury country, which had just been vacated by Mr. George Thursby, whom he succeeded in 1897. He kept a fine stud of horses, and did the hunt well in every respect, which his means enabled him to do. Last year his health broke down, and he had to leave first of all for Hastings, and then for the Continent, but consumption had unfortunately marked him for its own. He was to retire from the Ledbury at the end of this season, but he may be said to have died before his term of office had completely run its course, and his death will be much lamented by a wide circle of friends.

The Thames as a Trout and Salmon River.—The question of stocking the Thames with salmon is still attracting a good deal of attention, and Mr. R. B. Marston, whose views are well known on the subject, has written an article in

the *Nineteenth Century* in which all the facts and arguments bearing upon the matter are plainly and impartially set forth, and it may be interesting to our readers to state that probably the last Thames salmon to be killed with rod and line was caught at Shepperton on single gut and without a landing net. The fish weighed 21½ lbs. Curiously enough about the same time as Mr. Marston's article appeared another was published in the columns of *Blackwood's Magazine*, entitled "The Thames as a Game Fish River," which, going beyond the salmon question, advocates the erection of hatcheries on the river bank, and the practical conversion of the Thames ultimately into a troutling water.

The Piscatorial Society.—At the annual dinner, recently held at the Holborn Restaurant, the chairman (Mr. C. Butler), announced that the Society had just acquired the lease of some new water at Uxbridge on the Colne, and he hoped that the Committee would be able to re-stock the water (which contains the usual variety of coarse fish), with some good trout for the benefit of fly-fishing members. The Museum has acquired a 13 lb. 14 oz. trout, once the property of the late Mr. Ross Faulkner, and believed to be the heaviest existing specimen of a Thames trout. Prominent amongst the members at this dinner was Dr. John Brunton, a well known fly fisherman, and a familiar figure at the meetings of the Piscatorial and Gresham Angling Societies. He had not been very well for some time, but it came as a great shock to his brother anglers, when it became known that he had died on the Saturday following the above-mentioned festivity.

Golf.—The Golf Committee of the Royal and Ancient Club of

St. Andrews has completed the revision of the rules, and submitted the results to the club and the golfing community generally. As the committee says in a memorandum, it confined its attention mainly to codification and to such recasting of phraseology as might tend to make the rules clearer and, therefore, easier of interpretation; but while that is so, the new code shows that the committee has not hesitated to make one or two important alterations. For instance, it is proposed that permission shall be given to have an opponent's ball lifted if it lie within a club-length of the player's ball through the green and interfere with his stroke. This is a distinct improvement, for very often the proximity of the opponent's ball through the green not only interferes with the player's aim, but results in his striking both balls, and so incurring an undeserved penalty. Another alteration debars a player under penalty of one stroke from playing at the hole from within a distance of 20 yards if the flag has not been removed. The practical advantage of this is not quite so obvious, and at the best it is to be feared that its application will be attended with a good deal of wrangling, with its inevitable consequence of delay and hindrance on the putting green. It would probably help matters if the committee or the club, when it adopts the revised rules, were to indicate in some way the best method of working out the new arrangement. Another alteration, and one which has been received with general approval, is to the effect that the player who strikes his ball twice shall not lose the hole as at present, but merely be penalised to the extent of one stroke. Striking the ball twice is a very common incident, especially on

heavy inland greens, and it has long been recognised that the loss of the hole is much too severe punishment. An alteration of local significance to St. Andrews provides that the penalty for driving into the station-master's

garden or over the neighbouring wall shall for the future be simply the loss of the distance. This alteration cuts very effectually the knot which golfing authorities have been trying hard to loosen during the past two or three months.

Sporting Intelligence.

[During March—April, 1899.]

CAPTAIN BEWICK'S General Peace (5 yrs., 7st. 3lb.), winner of the Lincolnshire Handicap on March 21st, covered the course (run over one mile) in 1 min. 41½ secs., and the stakes amounted to £1,440. In 1898 Mr. W. M. Clarke's Prince Barcalaine (5 yrs., 7st. 5lb.) went the course in 1 min. 42½ secs., when the value of the stakes was £1,815, and the same sum was secured in 1897, when Mr. J. C. Sullivan's Winkfield's Pride (4 yrs., 8st. 9lb.) won in 1 min. 45secs.

On March 22nd Mr. Austin Mackenzie, the retiring master of the Woodland Pytchley Hounds, was entertained at dinner by the followers of the hunt at Kettering, when Sir Arthur de Capel Brooke presented him with two oil-paintings by Mr. C. D. Giles.

Mr. Wilkinson, of Baschurch, well-known with the Shropshire and Sir Watkin Wynn's Hounds, sustained an accident on March 22nd, which resulted fatally on March 26th. Mr. Wilkinson attended a meet of the Shropshire, but as they did not hunt, owing to the hard weather, he returned home, and during a gallop over his farm, his horse pecked badly after the first fence, the rider falling on his head.

Mr. Leonard Shiel, a well-known personage on the Irish Turf, died on March 23rd from injuries sustained through the fall of Dunlough in the Meath Hunt Cup at Lavan on March 14th. Mr. Shiel was an owner, trainer, and gentleman rider, and for many years owned and rode horses under the assumed name of Mr. Falls.

William Barnes, the famous Nottinghamshire cricketer, died on March 24th.

The time occupied by Mr. J. G. Bulteel's Manifesto in covering the Grand National course on March 24th was 9 minutes 49½ seconds. Manifesto ran in

the Grand National for the fourth time, commencing in 1895, when he finished fourth, in 1896 he fell, won in 1897 and again this year.

The four-year-old colt Sweet Adare, by Sweetheart—Goldsmith Maid, the property of Mr. John Barker, met his death at Nottingham on March 27th. He was weighed out for by H. Brown for the Oxtou Hurdle Race, but came down at the preliminary hurdle and bolted away towards the stables, riderless, when he collided with a stone wall and broke his neck.

At the meeting of the Meynell Hunt, held at Uttoxeter on March 30th, it was shown that the payments for compensation amounted to £1,089, of which £964 was for poultry. Lord Waterpark said when he took over the hunt with Mr. Clowes in 1871, all the claims were settled for £65. There was a great difference between that and a thousand pounds. The amount they had paid worked out at 4s. per couple, and he doubted whether there was that amount of poultry in the whole of the Meynell country.

John Scott, who has been huntsman to the Albrighton for about thirty-three years, is retiring. When the hounds met at the Kennels on March 30th, the Earl of Dartmouth, in the name of the subscribers, presented to Scott a purse of £630 as a mark of esteem and in recognition of the good sport he has consistently shown.

A fire occurred at the Heath Farm, Newmarket, on April 2nd, but although twelve boxes were destroyed, Lord Marcus Beresford only lost one thoroughbred foal.

Mr. Richard Berrill Carruthers, of Huntingdon Lodge, Dumfries, died at Southport on April 3rd, aged seventy-two years. The deceased gentleman was for many years Hon. Sec. to the National Coursing Club, and commenced coursing as far back as 1864.

At the Croome Hunt Point-to-Point race on April 4th, a presentation was made by the Earl of Coventry on behalf of the Hunt to Mr. Wroughton, the retiring master. The hunt subscribers gave a handsome candelabra and a George IV. silver bowl and the farmers contributed another present of silver.

At the East Essex Hunt Steeplechases held at Catsfield on April 5th, Mr. J. C. Munro, the retiring master, was presented by the hunt with a massive silver hunting horn. The salver bore the following inscription:—"Presented to John C. Munro, by his friends of the East Sussex Hunt, in remembrance of many good days' sport during his mastership, 1894-99." Sir Archibald Lamb made the presentation on behalf of the subscribers.

Mr. F. T. Wilson died at his residence, Stardens, Newmarket, on April 5th. Mr. Wilson had recently resigned the mastership of the Ledbury Hounds owing to ill-health.

A curious accident occurred to Mr. Charlton, of Hull, while hunting with the Holderness Hounds on April 5th. While passing through a gateway a gust of wind blew the gate upon him, and he was thrown from his horse, who bolted before he was clear, and the rider was caught against the post with such violence that his arm was twisted backwards and badly fractured.

An important sale of registered polo ponies, the property of Messrs. E. D. and G. A. Miller, was held at Springhill, Rugby, on April 8th, when thirty-four animals were sold. Prices ranged up to 750 gs. and the sale realised a total of £8,982 15s., an average of £264 4s. The principal prices follow:—Attack, br. m., 6 yrs., 700 gs.; Florence, b. m., 7 yrs., 450 gs.; J. W., br. m., aged, 400 gs.; Leila, gr. m., aged, 350 gs.; Queen Bess, ch. m., 7 yrs., 400 gs.; Miss Barry, b. m., 7 yrs., 300 gs.; Pearl, gr. m., 6 yrs., 500 gs.; Rosemary, br. m., 7 yrs., 380 gs.; Freckles, b. g., 7 yrs., 240 gs.; Mercedes, b. m., 6 yrs., 300 gs.; Policy, ch. m., 6 yrs., 750 gs.; Matron, ch. m., 6 yrs., 240 gs.; Blackberry, bl. m., 6 yrs., 230 gs.; Kildare, br. m., 6 yrs., 250 gs.; Delilah, br. m., 5 yrs.; Coquette, gr. m., 6 yrs., 210 gs.; Bumble Bee, br. m., 6 yrs., 220 gs.; Charlotte, ch. m. aged, 210 gs.; Cob Nut, b. m., 6 yrs., 240 gs.

The testimonial to Tom Firr, the retiring huntsman of the Quorn, was presented on April 10th, when the meet was at the kennels. Lord Belper made the presentation, which consisted of a handsome salver and a cheque for £3,200.

The death occurred on April 13th of Colonel Le Gendre Starkie, at his residence in Lancashire. Colonel Starkie was an all-round sportsman, a member of the Four-in-hand and Coaching Clubs, and master of the Pendle Forest Harriers.

The following is from the *Field* of April 15th:—"The Maharajah of Cooh Behar and party, consisting of H.R.H. the Count of Turin, Prince Jeano, Lord Lonsdale, Count Carpanetto, Lord Elphinstone, Sir Henry Tichborne, Sir Benjamin Simpson, Mr. Cecil Plowden, Mr. Percy Hall, Mr. Van der Byl, and Dr. Prall, had a remarkable day's sport on March 7th in Assam, no less than thirteen head of big game being killed before twelve o'clock, namely, five rhino, one bison standing 18h. 1in. at shoulder, and seven buffalo, the horns of the largest, a bull, measuring 9ft. 11in. This is the record day in all the Maharajah's shooting experience, and he has been shooting big game for over twenty-five years.—ASSAM."

The death is announced of Mr. F. G. Hobson, a well-known gentleman steeplechase rider in the "sixties" and "seventies." He won the Grand National on Austerlitz in 1877.

Sir Monier Monier-Williams, Boden Professor of Sanscrit in the University of Oxford, whose death in his eightieth year is announced, rowed in the Balliol boat in 1839. He was a member of the London and Oxford Skating Clubs.

The whole of the fallow deer in Barningham Park, the seat of the late Sir F. A. Milbank, Bart., have been sold to Captain Ormrod, of Wyresdale Park, Scorton, Garstang, Lancashire. Between three and four hundred people assembled to witness the process of catching and packing the deer. The animals were driven into enclosures, and the first attempt at herding them was successful, but five broke away. The remainder were at once secured, and placed in specially constructed crates or wooden cages, and conveyed to Barnard Castle Railway Station, a distance by road of over six miles. Attention was then directed to capturing the five animals still at large in the park. These afforded an exciting chase, and were ultimately lassoed by horsemen.

At the North Warwickshire Hunt Steeplechases, Lord Algernon Percy (joint master) presided at the luncheon, and in welcoming the farmers of the district he referred to the kindly feeling existing between the occupiers of the land and the members of the hunt. Lord Algernon said of course he knew well enough a certain amount of damage was done by hunting, and he

thought they knew, too, that both Mr. Arkwright and himself endeavoured, as far as they could, to prevent unnecessary damage. But there was another side of hunting which he thought perhaps many people were inclined to forget. At the very lowest calculation that could be put upon it the money expended in the maintenance of the three packs of hounds hunting in Warwickshire, and on the horses used by the gentlemen in following them, came to something between £25,000 and £30,000 a year. Considering this sum was expended in that district, and circulated in that district, it must be a certain advantage to everyone, for although it might not go directly into the farmers' pockets, it must be an advantage

that that money was spent in this county and country, and not abroad or elsewhere, which might be the case if hunting was at an end.

A memorial to the late Mr. Frederick Carleton Cowper is erected in Skelton Church, near Penrith, taking the form of a handsome brass inscribed as follows:—"To the Glory of God, and in memory of Frederick Carleton Cowper, Esq., Carleton Hall, who died February 23rd, 1898, aged 40. He was for sixteen years master of the Eamont Harriers, and this memorial is placed here as a mark of their esteem and respect for him by the subscribers to the pack and by his tenants and friends."

TURF.

LINCOLN.—SPRING MEETING.

March 20th.—The Batthyany Stakes (Handicap) of 460 sovs.; five furlongs, straight.

Mr. Horatio Bottomley's ch. c. Le Blizon, by Xaintrailles—Sunny Queen, 3 yrs., 6st. 1lb. (car. 6st. 4lb.).....Dalton 1

Mr. H. Barnato's b. g. Prossset, 4 yrs., 6st. 3lb....C. Archer, jun. 2

Mr. J. A. Miller's b. m. Radoo, 6 yrs., 8st. 2lb.Halsey 3
4 to 1 agst. Le Blizon.

The Chaplin Stakes of 265 sovs. for three-year-olds which have not won a race value 500 sovs. at closing; one mile and a half.

Mr. Douglas Baird's b. c. Ugolino, by Sir Hugo—Silence, 8st. 10lb.

Rickaby 1

Mr. W. R. Marshall's ch. Colt by Suspender—Revelry, 8st. 5lb.

Robinson 2

Lord Ellesmere's b. g. Middleton, 8st. 2lb.S. Loates 3

3 to 1 agst. Ugolino.

March 21st.—The Hainton Stakes (Handicap) of 365 sovs.; about a mile and a half.

Mr. G. Dobell's br. h. False Step, by Carlton—Guiding Star, aged, 8st. 4lb.....O. Madden 1

Mr. Edward Clark's b. h. The Shaughraun, 6 yrs., 7st. 8lb.

Allsopp 2

Lord Durham's b. c. Tophet, 4 yrs. 7st. 10lb.....T. Loates 3

10 to 1 agst. False Step.

The Lincolnshire Handicap of 1,440 sovs.; the straight mile.

Captain Bewicke's b. c. General Peace, by Gallinule—Moir, 5 yrs., 7st. 3lb. (car. 7st. 5lb.)

O. Madden 1
Lord W. Beresford's b. h. Knight of the Thistle, 6 yrs., 8st. 4lb.

J. T. Sloan 2
Mr. H. V. Long's ch. c. Lord Edward II., 3 yrs., 6st. 12lb.

H. Luke, jun. 3
100 to 7 agst. General Peace.

March 22nd.—The Brocklesby Stakes of 1,055 sovs. for two-year-olds; five furlongs.

Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's ch. c. Hulcot, by Crafton—Queen of the Riding, 8st. 12lb.

T. Loates 1

Sir R. Waldie Griffith's b. f. Styria, 8st. 9lb.....Sloan 2

Mr. Vyner's b. c. Crow Tenter, 8st. 12lb.Black 3

2 to 1 agst. Hulcot.

The Doddington Stakes (a Welter Handicap) of 235 sovs.; one mile and a quarter.

Mr. E. Carlton's ch. c. Flavus, by Hampton—Aloara, 4 yrs., 7st. 13lb.....C. Leader 1

Mr. T. Worton's b. c. Johnny Sands, 4 yrs., 8st. 12lb.

O. Madden 2

Sir R. Waldie Griffith's b. h. Eileen Aigas, 6 yrs., 9st. 2lb.

Sloan 3

6 to 1 agst. Flavus.

Major Fenwick's ch. h. Barford,
6 yrs., 8st. 9lb. Allsopp 2
Mr. W. M. Clarke's b. c. Pedant,
6 yrs., 8st. 8lb. N. Robinson 3
6 to 5 agst. Loretto.

The Nineteenth Champion Steeple-
chase of 350 sovs.; about three
miles.

Count de Geloe's b. m. Pistache,
by Zambo—Pomme d'Apl, 5
yrs., 11st. 9lb. G. Morris 1
Mr. J. Phelan's ch. m. Sweet Char-
lotte, aged, 12st. 4lb. O'Brien 2
Mr. C. A. Brown's ch. g. Organ
Grinder, aged, 10st. 9lb.

Mr. H. M. Ripley 3
5 to 1 agst. Pistache.

NOTTINGHAM.—SPRING MEETING.

March 27th.—The Nottingham Spring
Handicap Stakes of 462 sovs.; one
mile and a quarter.

Mr. Edward Clark's b. h. The
Shaughraun, by Shillelagh—
Valeswood, 6 yrs., 7st. 2lb. (car.
7st. 3lb.) S. Chandley 1

Mr. E. H. Baldock's b. h. St.
Fort, 5 yrs., 7st. 13lb. Allsopp 2

Mr. C. S. Newton's br. h. Clip-
stone, 6 yrs., 9st. S. Loates 3
7 to 1 agst. The Shaughraun.

NORTHAMPTON AND PYTCHLEY HUNT.—SPRING MEETING.

March 22nd.—Earl Spencer's Plate of
437 sovs.; a handicap, for three-
year olds and upwards; five fur-
longs.

Mr. T. Cannon's b. g. Deep Sea,
by Pearl Diver—Miss McLeod,
aged, 8st. 8lb. M. Cannon 1

Mr. E. Cassel's ch. f. Canadense,
4 yrs., 7st. 4lb. Heapy 2

Mr. G. MacLachlan's b. h. Lo Ben,
6 yrs., 7st. 11lb. Luke 3
7 to 4 agst. Deep Sea.

The Althorp Park Stakes of 595 sovs.;
for two-year-olds; five furlongs.

Mr. L. de Rothschild's ch. c.
Cracko, by Lactantius—All Gay,
8st. 12lb. T. Loates 1

Mr. A. Stedall's b. Colt by Free-
mason—Glenara, 8st. 12lb.

Rickaby 2
Mr. Musker's ch. c. Orkney, 8st.
12lb. O. Madden 3

7 to 4 on Cracko.

March 30th.—The Northamptonshire
Stakes of 730 sovs.; one mile and
a half and 200 yards.

Duke of Devonshire's b. c. Neish,
by Ayrshire—Applause II., 4
yrs., 7st. 6lb. O. Madden 1

Prince Soltykoff's b. h. South Aus-
tralian, 6 yrs., 7st. 7lb.

S. Chandley 2
Mr. C. A. Brown's ch. h. Rough-
side, 6 yrs., 7st. 9lb.

N. Robinson 3
10 to 1 agst. Neish.

ALEXANDRA PARK.—APRIL MEETING.

April 1st.—The London Cup (Handicap)
of 879 sovs.; one mile and a
quarter.

Mr. Horatio Bottomley's ch. c.
Hawfinch—by Goldfinch—Chalk
Hill Blue, 4 yrs., 8st. 9lb.

Finlay 1
Mr. E. H. Baldock's b. h. St.
Fort, 5 yrs., 7st. 6lb. R. Jones 2

Mr. J. Daly's ch. c. Succoth, 4
yrs., 8st. 7lb. (car. 8st. 8lb.)
M. Cannon 3

10 to 1 agst. Hawfinch.

KEMPTON PARK.—EASTER MEETING.

April 3rd.—The Queen's Prize of 927
sovs.; one mile and a half.

Lord Durham's b. c. Tophet, by
Kendal—Paradise, 4 yrs., 6st.
7lb. Dalton 1

Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's ch.
c. Golden Bridge, 4 yrs., 8st.
7lb. T. Loates 2

Mr. J. H. Houldsworth's b. c.
Morning Dew, 4 yrs., 6st. 13lb.
Pratt 3

9 to 4 agst. Tophet.

The Richmond Park Easter Handicap
of 245 sovs.; five furlongs.

Mr. F. Bishop's b. c. Dielytra, by
Melanion—Venus's Looking
Glass, 4 yrs., 8st. 9lb.

M. Cannon 1
Mr. J. Hammond's ch. c. Dolman,
4 yrs., 7st. 12lb. O. Madden 2

Mr. T. Sherwood's b. c. Marta
Santa, 3 yrs., 7st. 6lb. Dalton 3

100 to 8 agst. Dielytra.

The Rendlesham Two-Year-Old
Stakes of 388 sovs.; five furlongs.

Sir R. W. Griffith's ch. c. Væ
Victis, by Despair—Valleda, 8st.
12lb. Sloan 1

Mr. J. Porter's b. f. Mercenary,
8st. 9lb. M. Cannon 2

Mr. L. de Rothschild's ch. f.
Nushka, 8st. 9lb. T. Loates 3

3 to 1 agst. Væ Victis.

MANCHESTER.—EASTER MEETING.

April 3rd.—The Lancashire Handicap Steeplechase of 2,000 sovs.; three miles and a half.

Mr. G. Edwardes' b. or br. m. Breemount's Pride, by Kendal—Mavourneen, 6 yrs., 10st. 1

D. Morris 1

Mr. H. Bottomley's br. m. Gentle Ida, aged, 12st. 5lb. W. Taylor 2

Captain Ethelston's b. m. Lotus Lily, aged, 9st. 12lb. ...Latham 3

20 to 1 agst. Breemount's Pride.

April 4th.—The Jubilee Handicap Hurdle Race of 862 sovs.; two miles.

Mr. H. I. Higham's ch. m. Queen of the Plains, by Salisbury—Empress Eugenie, 5 yrs., 10st. 8lb.A. Nightingall 1

Lord C. Montagu's br. h. Killkerran, 5 yrs., 11st. 10lb. 2

R. Woodland 2

Mr. Liddell's ch. g. Wales, 5 yrs., 11st. 5lb.Mr. W. Cullen 3

5 to 1 agst. Queen of the Plains.

NEWCASTLE AND GOSFORTH PARK.—SPRING MEETING.

April 3rd.—The Gosforth Park Juvenile Plate of 500 sovs., for two-year-olds; five furlongs.

Mr. E. A. Wolfe's br. f. Paraffine, by Juggler—Parable, 8st. 4lb. 1

Fagan 1

Mr. W. R. Reid's b. c. Riccarton, 8st. 7lb.F. Lane †

Mr. J. Osborne's b. f. Minuend, 8st. 4lb.Osborne †

5 to 2 agst. Paraffine.

NEWMARKET.—CRAVEN MEETING.

April 11th.—The Crawford Plate (Handicap) of 340 sovs.; Brethby Stakes Course, six furlongs.

Mr. Horatio Bottomley's b. c. Northern Farmer, by Laureate II.—Smock Frock, 5 yrs., 7st. 7lb.F. Finlay 1

Mr. L. de Rothschild's br. g. Priloe, 4 yrs., 6st. 7lb. 2

Purkiss 2

Mr. E. Cassel's b. g. Chon Kina, 4 yrs., 6st. 13lb.Heapy 3

4 to 1 agst. Northern Farmer.

The Craven Trial Plate of 245 sovs. (a sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each for starters, with 200 sovs. added; R.M. (1 mile 11 yards).

Mr. Douglas Baird's b. c. Brio, by Galopin—Briar-root, 4 yrs., 8st. 8lb.O. Madden 1

O. Madden 1

Duke of Westminster's br. c. Batt, 4 yrs., 5st. 2lb.M. Cannon 2

Sir J. Blundell Maple's b. c. Royal Whistle, 3 yrs., 7st. 3lb. 3

9 to 2 agst. Brio.

The Forty-First Newmarket Biennial Stakes of £697 15s., for three-year-olds; R.M. (1 mile 11 yards).

Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's ch. c. Trident, by Ocean Wave—Lady Loverule, 9st. 5lb. 1

T. Loates 1

Lord Ellesmere's b. g. Middleton, 8st. 5lb.S. Loates 2

Mr. W. Low's ch. g. Clean Gone, 8st. 5lb. (car. 8st. 7lb.) 3

M. Cannon 3

3 to 1 agst. Trident.

The Fitzwilliam Stakes of 575 sovs. for two-year-olds; Rous Course (five furlongs).

Sir R. Waldie Griffith's ch. f. Bettyfield, by Amphion—Thistlefield, 8st. 9lb.Sloan 1

Mr. Douglas Baird's b. c. Ardeer, 8st. 12lb.Rickaby 2

Mr. W. H. Walker's b. g. Beverley Buck, 8st. 9lb.Allsopp 3

7 to 2 agst. Bettyfield.

April 12th.—The Babraham Plate (Welter Handicap) of 480 sovs.; last mile and a half of the Cesarewitch Course.

Mr. L. de Rothschild's Velo, by Suspender—Velleda, 3 yrs., 7st. 6lb.T. Loates 1

Lord Penrhyn's King's Messenger, 5 yrs., 8st. 13lb.T. Weldon 2

Mr. J. H. Houldsworth's Morning Dew, 4 yrs., 7st. 13lb. 3

N. Robinson 3

7 to 1 agst. Velo.

The Wood Ditton Stakes of 322 sovs. for three-year-olds; D. M. (one mile).

Lord W. Beresford's b. f. Sibola, by Sailor Prince—Saluda, 8st. 9lb.Sloan 1

Lord Farquhar's br. c. Hadrian, 9st. 5lb.Rickaby 2

Mr. J. A. Miller's ch. c. Bridge, 9st. 5lb.O. Madden 3

11 to 10 agst. Sibola.

The Column Produce Stakes of 828 sovs. for three-year-olds; R.M. (one mile eleven yards).

Mr. Wallace Johnstone's b. c. Harrow, by Orme—Lady Primrose, 9st. 2lb.M. Cannon 1

Mr. L. de Rothschild's b. c. St. Gris, 9st. 10lb.T. Loates 2

Duke of Devonshire's b. c. Millennium, 8st. 6lb.O. Madden 3

5 to 1 agst. Harrow.

- April 13th.—The Flying Handicap of 287 sovs. ; Rous Course (five furlongs).
 Lord Durham's br. c. Dubuque, by
 Doubloon—Ivy Mantle, 4 yrs, 8
 st. 6lb. Rickaby 1
 Mr. J. A. Miller's ch. h. Terror, 5
 yrs., 7st. 6lb. N. Robinson 2
 Mr. A. Stedall's ch. f. La Lune, 3
 yrs., 6st. 5lb. Dalton 3
 4 to 1 agst. Dubuque.
 The Bennington Stakes of 275 sovs.
 for three-year-olds ; D. M. (one
 mile).
 Duke of Portland's b. c. Dismay,
 by St. Simon—Ismay, 8st. 11lb.
 M. Cannon 1
 Mr. C. D. Rose's b. c. Vladimir,
 8st. 9lb. S. Loates 2
 Mr. Wallace Johnstone's br. c. Tor-
 pilleur, 8st. 11lb. Allsopp 3
 11 to 10 agst. Dismay.
 The Second Year of the Fortieth New-
 market Biennial Stakes of 439 sovs.
 for four-year-olds ; last mile and a
 half of T.M.M.
 Sir R. Waldie Griffith's br. f. St.
 Ia, by St. Serf—Berengaria, 8st.
 10lb. Sloan 1
 Mr. L. Brassey's ch. c. Orzil, 9st.
 W. Bradford 2
 Lord Durham's b. c. Sherburn, 9st.
 5lb. Rickaby 3
 11 to 8 on St. Ia.
 The Craven Stakes of 510 sovs. for
 three-year-olds ; An. M. (one mile
 eleven yards).
 Mr. F. Alexander's ch. c. Solennis,
 by Lourdes—Sister to Peace, 8
 st. 10lb. M. Cannon 1
 Mr. Fairie's b. c. Matoppo, 8st.
 5lb. Rickaby 2
 Mr. J. W. Larnach's br. Colt by Orme
 —Nemesis, 8st. 5lb. O. Madden 3
 5 to 2 on Solennis.

DERBY.—SPRING MEETING.

- April 14th.—The Doveridge Handicap
 Stakes of 562 sovs. ; for three-year-
 olds ; about one mile and a half.
 Mr. H. F. Clayton's b. m. Kendal
 Queen, by Kendal—Townpore,
 aged, 7st. 9lb. Luke 1
 Captain F. Cookson's b. c. Gay
 Lumley, 4 yrs., 8st.
 N. Robinson 2
 Mr. Beade's b. f. Misunderstood,
 3 yrs., 7st. Purkiss 3
 100 to 7 agst. Kendal Queen.
 April 15th.—The Derbyshire Stakes of
 270 sovs. ; about one mile and a
 half.
 Major Fenwick's ch. h. Barford, by
 King Monmouth—Warden Belle,
 6 yrs., 10st. 3lb. Allsopp 1

Lord Ellesmere's b. c. Ultimatum,
 4 yrs., 8st. 11lb. S. Loates
 Lord Penrhyn's b. g. Moralist, 3
 yrs., 8st. T. Loates
 100 to 12 agst. Barford.

FOOTBALL.

- March 25th.—At Glasgow, Scotland
 Ireland, former won by 9 goals to 1.
 April 3rd.—At Aldershot, 1st South La-
 cashire Regiment v. Army Servi-
 Corps, former won by 3 goals to 1
 and became holders of the Army
 Association Cup.†
 April 8th.—At Birmingham, England
 Scotland, former won by 2 goals
 to 0.†
 April 8th.—At Newcastle, Northumb-
 land v. Devonshire (final of Rugby
 Union County Championship), latter
 won by 1 goal to 0.*
 April 15th.—At Crystal Palace, Sheffield
 United v. Derby County, former won
 by 4 goals to 1, and became holders
 of the Association Challenge Cup.

* Under Rugby Rules.

† Under Association Rules.

RACKETS.

- March 29th.—At Queen's Club, H. K. Foster
 and Percy Ashworth v. F. E. Browning
 and J. L. Johnston, former won the Amateur
 Championship (Doubles) by 4 games to 1.
 March 30th.—At Queen's Club, Oxford
 (R. A. Williams and R. H. de Marmorency)
 v. Cambridge (E. M. Bolein and E. B. Noel),
 latter won the University Doubles by 4
 games to 3.
 April 1st.—Oxford (R. A. Williams)
 Cambridge (E. B. Noel), latter won the
 University Singles by 3 games to 0.
 April 1st.—At Queen's Club, H. K. Foster
 (holder) beat E. H. Mill by 3 games to 0,
 and retained the Amateur Championship
 (Singles).
 April 14th.—At Queen's Club, Eton be-
 Harrow in the final round of the
 Public Schools Championship by 3
 games to 1.

ROWING.

- March 25th.—Oxford v. Cambridge, latter
 won by $3\frac{1}{2}$ lengths ; time, 21 min. 4
 secs.

BILLIARDS.

- April 3rd.—John Roberts v. Charles Den-
 son, 18,000 up, former won by 1,800
 points.

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BAILY'S MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS and PASTIME

JUNE, 1899.

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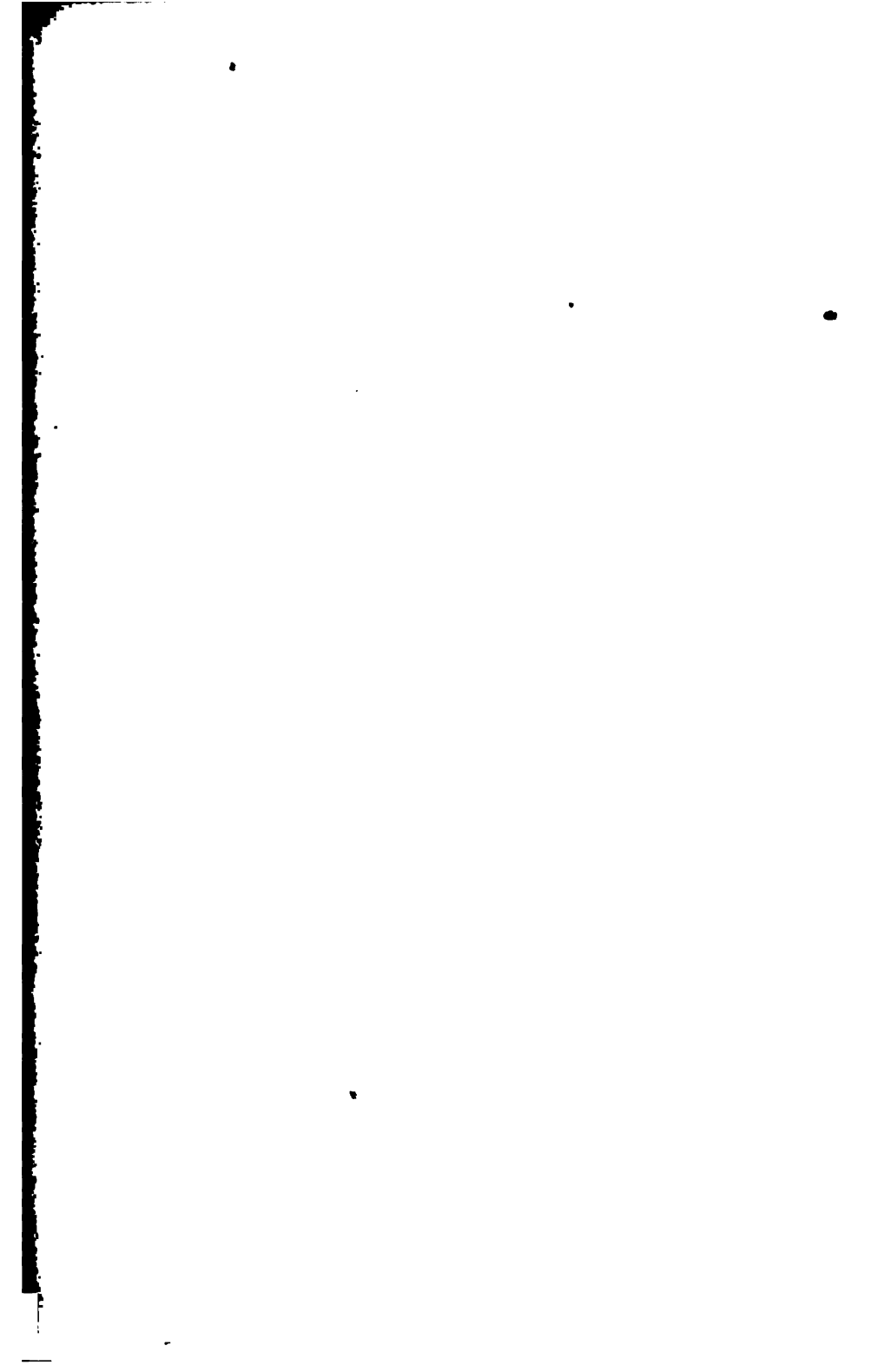
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BAILY'S MAGAZINE

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

No. 472.

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WITH

Steel Engraved Portraits of VISCOUNT FALMOUTH and ROBERT ABEL.

Portrait of THE LATE DUKE OF BEAUFORT.

Viscount Falmouth.

No one who has any regard for an historic past can pay a first visit to Mereworth without a feeling akin to reverence, for the name of the sixth Viscount Falmouth will be remembered and treasured so long as two shreds of a racing story hang together. Others, such as the Duke of Grafton and the Earl of Jersey, have won more "classic" races in the early part of the century; and there have been owners of individual horses such as St. Simon, Isinglass and Ormonde,

in our own day, which may have been superior to anything the late Lord Falmouth ever bred. But there never was a sportsman or more manly and more one who did more to elevate the moral tone of all around him. Lord Falmouth, as it is unnecessary to say, was a first-class sportsman, and the family seat was at Tregothnan, not far from Falmouth, but he married the daughter of a Despencer, who had an estate of property near Marlborough, which he bred all his celebrated



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in our own day, which may have been superior to anything the late Lord Falmouth ever bred. But there never was a sportsman of more manly mould or one who did more to elevate the moral tone of all around him. Lord Falmouth, as it is hardly necessary to say, was a Cornishman, and the family estate is at Tregothnan, not far from Truro, but he married the Baroness Le Despencer, who brought him the property near Maidstone, on which he bred all his celebrated

horses. This is Mereworth Castle, which had been the property of the Le Despencers (the late Baroness, mother of the subject of our sketch, was the twenty-third of her line) since the reign of Henry V., and which is situated in the very heart of what is so well called "the garden of England," rich as it is with hop-gardens, orchards, and other fruit-bearing plantations. Lord Falmouth, in selecting this as his breeding establishment, had a very good precedent to go by, for the adjoining estate was that of Sir Joseph Hawley, at Leybourne Grange, and readers of BAILY do not need to be told what great racehorses came from there. To say nothing of Teddington, who won the Derby of 1851 (but who was not, perhaps, bred at Leybourne), Beadsman, Musjid, Rosicrucian, Blue Gown, Green Sleeves, and Père Gomez, were all bred at Leybourne, and for a time Sir Joseph Hawley's blood, which has now to a great extent died out, was as successful as that of Lord Falmouth's stud proved to be for a still longer period.

How remarkable the triumph of the Mereworth blood was may be gathered by a bare reference to old *Calendars* and *Turf Guide-books*; but to realise what the late Lord Falmouth achieved you must spend a few hours at Mereworth, and surrender yourself to the guidance of his son and successor, who has never allowed his father's paddocks to be altogether untenanted, though it has only been within the last two or three years that his breeding stud has acquired large dimensions, Lord Falmouth having now some twelve or fourteen mares at Mereworth. They have not been in his possession long enough to have gained any *kudos* for their new home, though among them is one of the

late peer's favourites, the aged Jannette, who after winning the Oaks and St. Leger in 1878, was included in Lord Falmouth's great sale in 1884. Purchased by the Dowager Duchess of Montrose, for whom she bred Janissary (the sire of Jeddah) to Isonomy, the present Lord Falmouth bought her back when the Dowager Duchess died. It is hardly to be expected that she will breed another Janissary; and a place awaits her beneath the trees in the park, where a stone, placed there by the late Lady Falmouth, marks the last resting-place of Queen Bertha and her dam, Flax, Silverhair, Hurricane, and Woodcraft. These whether under colours or at the stud, did much to make the name of Mereworth famous throughout the universe.

After you have been round the boxes, and seen the mares which now tenant them, Lord Falmouth takes you into the house, which is the exact copy of a celebrated villa in Italy built by Palladio, forming a complete square, with a cupola in the centre. It stands in the midst of an undulating park, with extensive fruit and flower gardens, which latter are the special care of Lady Falmouth. Like her husband, Lady Falmouth comes of a good sporting stock, being a daughter of Lord Penrhyn, whose colours, by the way, have not been seen of late years so often as one might wish, though he managed to win the Goodwood Cup last summer and the Metropolitan Stakes this spring with King's Messenger. There is much that is interesting to be seen in the house which does not come within the scope of a more or less sporting biography, but it is in the drawing-room and in Lord Falmouth's study that the lover of racing will be most at home.

The former room contains pictures of all the most famous horses belonging to the late Lord Falmouth (whose own portrait hangs over the chimney-piece) done in couples, such as Kingcraft and Harvester, Charibert and Busybody, Wheel of Fortune and Dutch Oven, Silvio and Lady Golightly, Jannette and Childeric (both first and second for two successive St. Legers), Queen Bertha and her son, Queen's Messenger; Spinaway and Lady Love (first and second in the Oaks). There are also a few portraits of bygone celebrities, including Bay Middleton and Barbette, whose union resulted in The Flying Dutchman, Touchstone and Emma, Camel and Banter. There are more old portraits in Lord Falmouth's study, including Stubbs's picture of Eclipse, portraits by Herring of the "Dutchman," Orville, Camel, Touchstone, Glencoe, The Baron, and Ghuznee; while Harry Hall is represented by Stockwell, West Australian, and Canezou. Also there are other pictures of Crucifix and her best son, of Sultan and Beeswing, as of Priam and Sam Day. Lord Falmouth, much as he appreciates these fine specimens of equine portraiture, treasures still more highly his father's private Stud Book, which the latter kept with the most scrupulous care, noting all his mares, with their pedigrees, and the names and description of their produce, the achievements of the latter being recorded in such a way that they may be traced at a glance. A monument of patient industry is this probably unique volume, and in view of the rumours more or less fantastic, which were put into circulation to explain the late Lord Falmouth's retirement from the Turf in 1884, there is something very suggestive about the silver salver which is now one of

the heirlooms at Mereworth, and which, as the inscription on it records, was "offered for Viscount Falmouth's kind acceptance by his trainer (Matthew Dawson) and jockey (F. Archer) as a token of gratitude and esteem, to the kindest and most generous of masters, on his retirement from the Turf, January, 1884." The names of the principal winners associated with this formidable trinity are engraved upon the rim of the salver, and it need hardly be said that the present Lord Falmouth values it all the more because owner, trainer and jockey alike have passed away.

Of himself, the present master of Mereworth—who succeeded his father as seventh Viscount Falmouth in 1889, and his mother as the twenty-fourth of the Le Despencer family—is not much inclined to talk; but without flattery, it must be said that his career has been a distinguished one, more perhaps from the military than from the sporting point of view, though now that he has left the army, he will have more leisure to gratify his fondness for racing, shooting, and cricket, to which latter game he is not less attached now than he was at Eton. There his contemporaries included that brilliant trio, Lord Rosebery, Lord Randolph Churchill, and Mr. Arthur Balfour. Upon leaving Eton in 1866, he passed direct into the Coldstreams, and remained in the regiment no less than thirty-two years, as it was only last summer that, having held the command for the regulation term, he retired with the rank of Major-general. In the meanwhile he had been Military Secretary to Sir John Michell, the Commander-in-Chief in Ireland, and had gained laurels at Tel-el-Kebir in 1882, while two years later we find him in command of the Camel Corps at

Metammeh, and receiving mention in despatches for his conspicuous bravery at Abu Klea and Abu Kru. Earlier in his life he had obtained long enough leave to go on a shooting tour to India, and he was in Assam when the late Lord Mayo met with his tragic death at the Andaman Islands.

He has never lost the enthusiastic interest which, as "a man of Kent," he must almost of necessity take in cricket, having as a boy helped to start the club known as the "Kentish Stars," and being now one of the most assiduous supporters of the Canterbury week, during which he and Lady Falmouth take a house in the old city, and dispense hospitality in their tent. The eldest of his four sons, who is eleven years old,

inherits his father's partiality for the game, but perhaps what he and his next brother are most proud of are the silver cups which Matt Dawson gave them last year when they accompanied their father to Newmarket, and were allowed to ride two thoroughbreds on the Heath. A similar compliment was paid to Lord Rosebery's son by the veteran trainer, when he was given a mount on Ladas. It was a fitting compliment to Lord Falmouth that he should have been elected a member of the Jockey Club last year, and it is to be hoped that no long period will elapse before some bearers of the magpie colours revive the memories of the Mereworth Stud successes in those brilliant fifteen years between 1870 and 1884.

Scotland and Wild Birds.

IN an article which appeared in this magazine in July of last year the writer discussed the way in which English County Councils had made use of the powers conferred upon them to make orders under the Wild Birds Protection Acts. It is proposed in this article to deal in a similar manner with the orders made by the Scotch County Councils under these Acts.

The powers which County Councils have to make orders with the consent of a Secretary of State, under the Acts, are:—(1) To extend or vary the statutory close time (*i.e.*, between March 1st and August 1st) for all birds; (2) to add to the list of scheduled wild birds (*i.e.*, those birds which are protected during the statutory close time against everybody,

even against the owners and occupiers of land and persons licensed by them); (3) to prohibit the taking or killing of wild birds (*a*) during that period of the year when there is no statutory close time (*i.e.*, from August 1st to March 1st); (*b*) in particular places during the whole or part of that period; (4) to prohibit the taking and destroying of wild birds' eggs; (5) to exempt particular wild birds from the operation of the Acts. There is no power under the Acts to make orders affecting game; nor do the Acts apply to the island of St. Kilda, where, as is well known, the inhabitants live to a great extent on birds.

Every county in Scotland has obtained an order under the Acts. The method of making the orders

in Scotland is different from that pursued in England. In England each county has an order peculiar to itself, and the different orders vary considerably. In Scotland the mark of administrative centralisation is more noticeable. Scotland is divided, for the purposes of these orders, into two districts—the northern and the southern. The counties of Aberdeen, Argyll, Banff, Bute, Caithness, Forfar, Inverness, Kincardine, Moray, Nairn, Perth, Ross, Sutherland, Orkney, and Shetland comprise the northern district; Ayr, Berwick, Dumbarton, Dumfries, Clackmannan, Fife, Haddington, Kirkcudbright, Lanark, Linlithgow, Peebles, Renfrew, Roxburgh, Selkirk, Stirling, and Wigtown form the southern district. All the counties in the southern district, and all the counties in the northern district, except Ross, Orkney, and Aberdeen have a common form of order, so that with the exceptions of Ross, Orkney and Aberdeen there are only two forms of orders to be found throughout Scotland. There may be advantages in this method as tending to uniformity, but there are great countervailing disadvantages; a bird may be rare in one county or part of a county and not in another, or may be so common and so destructive that it may be desirable to withdraw the protection of the Acts from it altogether in certain places, or it may be desirable to specially protect certain places as breeding haunts of birds. But none of these special objects are obtained in Scotland under the present form of orders; no attempt has been made in Scotland to protect all birds in particular parts of a county. Many of the English County Councils have protected certain areas which are well known breeding haunts by an

absolute prohibition to take eggs within such areas. Scotland might very well do the same for such places as Tent's Muir, Ailsa Craig, the Bass Rock, parts of the Berwickshire coast, the numerous gulleries in the inland lochs, and other such places which are now left without adequate protection. A prohibition to take the eggs of particular birds is no effective protection to a breeding haunt which can only be adequately protected by a general prohibition to take the eggs of all birds, otherwise the haunt will be invaded and disturbed by persons in search of eggs which are not protected.

The effect of the Scotch Orders may be summarised as follows:—Throughout Scotland the following birds and their eggs are protected all the year round, viz.:—the buzzard, chough, dotterel, goldfinch, great crested grebe, kestrel, kingfisher, osprey and the owls; the peregrine falcon is similarly protected throughout Scotland, Ross and Orkney excepted. The following birds are protected throughout Scotland from March 1st to August 1st, viz.:—the jay, bullfinch (Ross excepted), quail and tufted duck; the eggs of these last-named birds are also protected. In the northern district the sea eagle, kite and crested tit and their eggs are protected throughout the year; the golden eagle is similarly protected in the northern district, except in Ross; the grey lag goose, hen harrier, pintail duck and scoter are protected between March 1st and August 1st; the eggs of the last-named birds are also protected. In the southern district the greater spotted woodpecker and its eggs are protected throughout the year, and the dipper, hawfinch, merlin, raven and siskin are protected between March

1st and August 1st: the eggs of these last-mentioned birds are also protected. The eggs of the following birds, in addition to those named above, are protected throughout Scotland, viz.:—the eider duck, greenshank, mallard, nightjar, pintail duck, pochard, shoveller, skylark, snipe, teal, the terns, widgeon and woodcock; in the northern district the eggs of the red-throated diver, black-throated diver, red-necked phalarope, arctic skua, Richardson's skua, and the whimbrel; in the southern district and in Aberdeen the eggs of the common gull, the oyster catcher, the golden and ringed plover and the shield duck are protected. The eggs of the lapwing are protected altogether in Orkney and in the rest of Scotland after April 15th in each year.

Aberdeen, Ross and Orkney, are the only counties which contain orders differing from the other counties in their district. The order for Ross is the same as for all the other counties in the northern district, except that it does not protect the golden eagle, the peregrine falcon and the bullfinch. The order for Aberdeen resembles the orders for the southern district in the protection of the dipper, the merlin and the siskin, but it has features of its own in that alone of all the Scotch counties it adds to the schedule the tree creeper, the black-headed gull, the golden and ringed plover and the golden-crested wren; it also protects all the year round the bullfinch, crossbill, dipper and siskin, and the eggs of the following birds which are nowhere else protected in Scotland, viz.:—the tree creeper, curlew, redpoll and golden-crested wren. The addition of the golden and ringed plover and the black-headed gull to the schedule is a mis-

take, as these birds already appear in the schedule to the Act of 1880.

On examining the lists of the birds to which additional protection is given by the English and Scotch orders respectively, it will be found that there are only six birds in the Scotch orders which do not appear in some one or other of the English orders, viz.:—grey lag goose, king duck, tufted duck, jay, kite and pintail, while there are 53 birds in the English orders which do not appear in the Scotch orders, and amongst the 53 birds are found practically all the migrants and warblers. Now, one of the points most open to criticism in the schedule to the Wild Birds Protection Act was the failure to protect song birds, only two of which, the goldfinch and skylark, as the Act stands, are protected against owners and occupiers of land or persons acting with their permission. The English County Councils have shown themselves alive to this defect and have given protection to over twenty-seven song birds, but the Scotch orders show but little trace of any intention to follow the example set in England, for the Scotch orders, if Orkney is excepted, only add the names of two songsters to the schedule, viz., the siskin and the bullfinch, so that only four songsters in all are protected in Scotland against owners and occupiers of land.

Towards the birds which are the supposed enemies of sportsmen the Scotch orders in both the northern and southern districts show more tenderness than towards song birds. The buzzard, jay, peregrine falcon (Ross excepted), kestrel and osprey are protected in both the northern and southern districts of Scotland all the year round, while the sea eagle, hen harrier and kite are

protected in the northern districts, all the counties of which, except Ross, also protect the golden eagle. The southern district protects the raven and the merlin, which latter is also protected in Aberdeenshire. This limited protection afforded to the merlin and raven seems a little curious. The merlin is, with the exception of the hobby, by far the rarest hawk in Scotland, and seems to have decreased in numbers everywhere during the last ten years. In 1888 several pairs bred on certain moors near Elgin, but now there is hardly a pair breeding for miles round a spot where they were once comparatively common. The incessant persecution waged against this hawk by gamekeepers is probably the cause of its rarity. The merlin is protected between March 1st and August 1st in the southern district, where it is a rare breeder, but in the northern district, where it breeds more commonly, receives no protection at all, except in Aberdeenshire. It would seem desirable that this bird should be protected all the year round throughout Scotland. It is a matter of regret that the raven, now so scarce, receives no protection in the northern district, which is almost the bird's last stronghold; but sheep farmers and gamekeepers have a rooted dislike to this bird, while the young, when obtainable, are immediately saleable at a good price.

The kite is from all accounts very scarce and requires every possible protection, and, as at one time it was fairly common throughout Scotland, it might be just as well if the southern division also protected it all the year round.

The protection given to the osprey and chough throughout Scotland is a matter of congratulation; the osprey quite rightly is also protected in the southern

district, for although it has no breeding haunt in any county in the south, nevertheless the young birds, when able to take long journeys, leave their breeding haunts in the north, make their way south. They have often been destroyed, and the labour, trouble and expense that certain landed proprietors have spent in guarding its breeding haunts have up to the present not been adequately recompensed by the increase of this bird. Whether protection will benefit the chough is a matter of doubt; the chief haunts of this bird are practically inaccessible, nevertheless it gradually decreases in number, and the cause does not in this case seem to be the hand of man. The peregrine falcon is, except in Orkney and Ross, protected throughout Scotland, and one cannot but hope that this fine bird may again become more common. The golden eagle has of late years largely increased in number, probably owing to the increase in the extent of deer forests, where its presence is of great value to sportsmen in clearing the ground of grouse and blue hares, which so often spoil a deer stalk. Owners of deer forests themselves make a point of protecting the golden eagle, and hence it may be that Ross, a county of deer forests, does not protect it by its order. The sea eagle, which even as lately as 1884 was commoner than the golden eagle, is now by far the rarer bird of the two, and is almost confined to the Hebrides. No sportsman need murmur at the protection of the bird which, though called the common buzzard, is so rare as to belie its name, for this bird is, says Grey, in his *Birds of the West of Scotland*, just the kind of instrument wanted to clear off sickly young birds which on

arriving at maturity yield an offspring of a degenerate breed. Being sluggish in habit, it leaves the strong-winged birds alone, and does not really interfere with the preservation of game. The hen harrier is another bird once numerous in Scotland and its Isles, but now rapidly decreasing, and the additional protection now afforded to it may give it more chance of increasing in numbers. The powers of the County Councils under the Acts have in Scotland, as well as England, been well employed in protecting those useful birds, the owls and the kestrel.

There are a few rare birds which occasionally visit Scotland, and though in need of protection, receive none; amongst these are such stragglers as the marsh harrier, Montagu's harrier, gadwall, hobby, honey buzzard, and the shrikes. Of these the honey buzzard, now so rare, was once far from uncommon in Scotland.

The Scotch Orders make no attempt to throw light on the doubtful position of the capercailzie; if this rare bird comes within the expression heath fowl in the Scotch Game Act it receives adequate protection, as it would have a close time from December 10th to August 20th; if it does not come within this expression, it has no close time except between March 1st and August 1st, and is not protected against the owners and occupiers of land and persons acting with their permission.

The eggs of the peewit, lapwing, or green plover, which are entirely unprotected in England, are protected throughout Scotland after April 15th. It might be thought that this is an undue encroachment on the privileges of owners and occupiers of land, but there is no real objection to some limited sort of protection being given to eggs which are so eagerly sought

after. If the first lot of eggs is taken, the bird lays again, and it is the second hatch of eggs that the Scotch orders protect. The protection given to the lapwing's eggs in Scotland is the more remarkable as the lowland peasantry have up to very recent times considered it to be an unlucky bird, "owing," as Grey says, "to its formerly having been the means, by hovering about the fleeing Covenanters who chanced to disturb it, of guiding Claverhouse and their pursuers to them;" and it is in remembrance of this that the Ayrshire peasant—

"Curses still its scream and clamorous tongue

And crushes with his foot its moult-
ing young."

There is an apocryphal story relating to this bird that has found its way into more than one ornithological work of good standing, viz., that during the days of one of the earlier Stuart kings the Scotch Parliament passed a law to the effect that "All the Peeseweeps' nests were to be demolished and their eggs broken so that these birds might not go south and become a delicious repast to our unnatural enemies the English." The writer, after careful search, has not been able to find traces of any such law in the Scotch Statute Book. On the contrary, as early as the year 1457 the Scotch Parliament passed an Act forbidding the destruction of the nests and eggs of "pertiks" (i.e., partridges), "*pluvars*, wild ducks, and sik lik foulis good for the sustentacione of man." The same Parliament framed an Act encouraging the destruction of "Foulis of reif" (birds of prey). So great a difference is there in this respect between the nineteenth and fifteenth century that it is now necessary to preserve by Act of Parliament and statutory

orders not only birds which legislation has always done its best to protect, viz., those which are good for "the sustentacione of man,"

but also "foullys of reif," towards which legislation at one time had no mercy.

WATKIN WATKINS.

The Only Appeal Left.

THE arguments on the much-vexed cricket questions are becoming really irksome, and are likely to remain so for many a long day; and now I—as a simple Englishman who is devoted to the game of cricket and fair play—will make an appeal to fathers, head masters and staffs of public schools, and others who have a hand in boys' sports, to try and lead their young pupils in the right way. Now I will tell them the right way recommended by Fuller Pilch; and I had these instructions from him orally at a practice wicket over and over again. Go behind your wicket a few yards and ask for guard from the bowler's hand to your inner stump, and mark the spot on the popping crease where the imaginary straight line from hand to wicket would cut the crease. Then go in front and mark that spot well, put your right foot behind the popping crease and your left foot just outside the mark which you have made about eighteen inches or a foot beyond the popping crease, and ask the umpire if your left leg is clear of the inner stump, so as to avoid the danger of l.b.w. The bowler then has fair play, and a "fair-way" to the three wickets. Under the old practice and custom, if the batsman put his leg, with or without pads (as many never wore them), anywhere in front of the wicket within the imaginary line from bowler's hand to wicket, out he went l.b.w. if the ball would have hit the wicket.

The batsman stood with his left shoulder well up, and somewhat sideways to the bowler, and easy and lissome, so that he had a glance at the bowler's hand and his own shoulder at the same time; and he was in a position to come down on a shooter, or play forward on either side, and should a ball pitch well up and on his leg he had the opportunity—if his heart was big enough—to put his whole strength and swing into a leg half volley, and great was the joy when it came off; and if by ill luck the ball—in sailing into the far-off country—met a pair of hands which could hold it, it was a matter of glory to the deep long leg fieldsman, and the batsman had the comfort of "dying game."

Pilch talked in vain to us youngsters about the greater safety and superior play of a long on-drive along the ground from such a ball, but, he added, "you young gentlemen are like a lot of monkeys, full of mischief, and you will have your little joke in spite of what we old ones say." And he taught us the alternative of the draw, which consisted of playing a little back with a perfectly straight bat—a kind of hanging guard—and taking a step back to a ball which came half stump high and slipping it behind your legs. Charley Taylor was wonderfully good at this stroke, as was old Tom Hearne.

In boxing you never thought of your eye or nose being in danger; you trusted to the guard which

defended your head. In a word, the guardians of youth should teach their pupils a few of the golden maxims, such as: (1) "A cricket ball never hurts." (2) That pads were supposed to have been invented to prevent accidents, and not to be used by batsman or field for unchivalrous purposes. (3) That a cricketer is simply one of eleven men who must work heart and soul for the good of *his side*, and must sink "*self*" and "vain glory." And now as regards bowling. Train youngsters to bowl *fair*, and rub into them a horror of being "a doubtful bowler," who throws whenever he pleases, with the certainty of never meeting an umpire who has the pluck to call him. The old-fashioned way of doing this is to go back to the past. At school, bowlers who promised to be really good would work for an hour at a time bowling at a single stump with one bail on the top of it (without a batsman at first), pitching at a white feather for a mark, which was constantly shifted, so that he could learn certainty of delivery. Harvey Fellows, when he constantly bowled for M.C.C. or Gentlemen *v.* Players of England, used to bowl for half an hour every evening at a stump pitched in his meadows at Rickmansworth; George Younge, one of the very finest Gentlemen bowlers ever seen, was bowling daily to the Eton boys, as his mother lived at Eton, and it was his home; and when absent on a

long vacation tour in the wildest part of North Wales, without a ghost of cricket ground near him, in that "gallant little kingdom," and he was urgently requested to come to Lord's for Gentlemen *v.* Players, he found a level patch in an orchard, and got a net rigged up, and bowled for an hour daily at an apple tree, and came up in good form.

Yes, my Christian friends, the amateurs of years ago worked hard for the noble game, and often played on open commons, without any boundaries, and eleven men could keep the ball within play on such places as Blackheath, Chislehurst Common, Woolwich Common, Titchbourne Downs, and the like. When amongst the past warriors you find such names as Herbert Jenner (now Sir Herbert Jenner-Fust, *etat* 93), Sir Frederick Bathurst, Felix, Charley Taylor, Andrews and the Plaskets of Blackheath, the Normans and Lubbocks of Chislehurst, and various others, you have the names of a class of men who handed down the game which they supported by purse and in person, and I don't think it has improved *quà* chivalry and fair play in the hands of those who are practically their executors and trustees, and who as managers of the modern game have allowed all kinds of shabby tricks to creep in. The Doctor, who is daily writing on the noble game, very truly deplores the fact that County matches have become more of a business than a sport.

F. G.

The Hard Case of No. 2.

THERE is no position in a polo team more coveted than that of No. 2. Theoretically he is a most enviable person. His business is to ride the fastest ponies and to hit the ball whenever he can. Seldom indeed does the hateful cry of "leave it" ring in his ears at the very moment when he is lifting his stick and gathering his pony for a brilliant run which shall draw plaudits from the stand. It is, moreover, the duty of No. 1 to make way for him, and of Nos. 3 and 4 to pass the ball and place it for his convenience. He rides the best ponies, and is ever in the forefront of the game. Even his misses are condoned by a grateful and admiring public. Has he not made a brilliant run half down the ground? It is true that towards the end his pony has got out of hand, and that his control of the ball is imperfect. It is true that in consequence the ball has travelled out of the ground by the corner and far away from the goal. All the ladies and most of the men appreciate his performance, and when he reaches the pavilion he will receive much grateful praise for his brilliant performances. And indeed he is to be envied while it is going on, for there are few things more delightful than to sit right down on a good pony galloping free and strong, to hear the click of the stick as it smites the ball full and clean, and then to see the ball fly away in front. The pony sees it too, and springs forward as if in pursuit, not pulling an ounce and galloping like the little racehorse it is, and watches, or seems to watch, the ball as it bumps and trickles and runs. A good pony will swing in answer

to your wish, so as to give a full right-hand blow again, and so forward, until at last, looking up for an instant, the eye registers the position of the posts, a long way off, it may be, but it is a sound principle to aim for the goal whenever a fair shot is possible. Then, sitting firmly in the saddle, with the seat well under you, the legs drawn a little back, and interfering not in the slightest degree with the pony's mouth, so that it shall not change its stride nor swerve nor falter, hit straight and hit hard. With that even stride it is possible to sit perfectly still and use all the strength and purpose for the blow. Crack! and the ball rises up, flies straight for the posts; they are just too far for its aerial course to carry it through, but the aim was true, and dropping to the ground, the ball rolls, bumps, and then—who-whoop! This is a great moment, especially if the player make the first or last goal in a match, and he is playing for a regiment or club to which he is bound by strong *esprit de corps*.

All this is the bright side of No. 2's life, but there is another, and after some fifteen years' experience, of which considerably more than half was as No. 2, I may be permitted to express an opinion. First, there is the necessity of continual practice; every failure a No. 2 makes he puts down, and rightly, if he be a conscientious player, to slackness in his practice. To hit a ball with conscious aim when riding at full speed requires constant practice. No natural aptitude can possibly take the place of steady work for a player in this position. It may be granted that a hand and eye

well trained at other games, coupled with a fair allowance of horsemanship, may serve No. 3 or No. 4 tolerably well, but No. 2 must have a stick in his hand frequently and a pony between his legs whenever his stable will allow, and practically with four good ponies, that is very often. No. 2 ponies will stand a great deal of work, for while they want condition of the best, they are better, as a rule, for not being above themselves. Of course there are exceptions, but then they are few. If you have one of those delightful animals that you can run in a half-mile scurry and then take into a game of polo, you will keep it as the apple of your eye, and be careful not to overwork it; but there are many fine, bold, strong, straight-galloping No. 2 ponies that play better in their second ten minutes than their first, and better when they have done plenty of work than after a few days' idleness.

Therefore a really ambitious No. 2 will know but little rest. The stick will be always in his hand, and when the ponies need rest, there is always the wooden horse to practise at the goal-post from. This is hard work, but it is not all, his No. 4 will blame him for every failure in that bad five minutes while the team is jogging off the ground and changing ponies. Has No. 2 made a brilliant run, and losing his head at the end, or perhaps forgetting where the goal-posts are, hits wide? "Look here, young man," says the more experienced player, "we do not want any of your gallery play. It pleases the ladies, but it don't win matches, and we're one goal behind now." Or again, at the close of a tournament the

best of ponies will catch hold sometimes, and perchance the trusted mount has began to pull and get out of hand just as you want to bring off the critical stroke. Therefore you miss, and No. 3, who has placed the ball neatly for you, is naturally irate, and suggests that if you cannot hit the ball skittles would be an improving game. Indeed No. 2, who occupies so large a place in the eye of the world, is the scape-goat of his own team. Even the popular favour which shouts from the stand is chequered with scorn and disapproval. The failures of No. 2, his misses and his mistakes, are so easily seen by the critics on the stand. The man who in his own day did perhaps but little but canter gently behind and exhort others to "ride him off," giving his own particular "foe" a wide berth the while, opines "that No. 2 has gone off his game terribly," that "he 'funks' galloping," plays "a silly, squirting game, and cannot do anything but miss the most obvious 'sitters.'" Indeed, among polo-players No. 2's position is a hard one. Envy scoffs at him, amateur criticism holds him up to scorn, the captain of his team blames him for inevitable failures. In fact, No. 2 in a team has a lot as hard as that of a M.F.H., and as in the case of that official, everyone covets his place. After all, when he thinks it all over at home, and remembers the dash and the pace and thrill and excitement of it all, he decides not to send his ponies to Tattersall's just yet, but "first to buy that pony of ———'s, and to go in for a bit more practice;" and who shall say he is not right?

T. F. D.

The Man-hunting Bloodhound.

THE experiments in Yorkshire last October, and the more recent match in Buckinghamshire, suggest reference to history to see how the performances of the modern bloodhound compare with those recorded of its fathers and more remote ancestors. The Ravenscar trials, it may be remembered, were run over lines carefully chosen to avoid streams and other natural obstacles to scent, were not over one thousand yards, and the competitors were slipped when the runner had had about ten minutes start; in other words, on a perfectly fresh scent. These tests of the bloodhound's tracking powers were as easy as could have been devised, and the animals which took part acquitted themselves creditably. In the Buckinghamshire trials held in the last week of March, the test was certainly more severe. The courses chosen were over grass, were about five miles in length, and the runner received two hours and fifteen minutes start. The first couple of hounds, working in a high wind, succeeded in carrying the line for about four miles, and were then taken up. The rival couple, working over a fresh line in the afternoon, under more favourable scenting conditions, ran the course in an hour and a half.

The Bucks experiment may be taken as the standard of comparison by which to consider earlier achievements in the way of tracking. Until recent years the scenting powers of this breed had remained practically uncultivated in this country, and it is instructive to observe how the faculty has degenerated through disuse. Bloodhound breeders in America appear to have devoted more

attention to it; at all events, in 1886, Mr. Poe, a veterinary surgeon of Boston, gave an account of an experiment in man-hunting with bloodhounds, which was carried out on lines calculated to put the competitors' power of discrimination to proof. The trial was made about three miles from Indianapolis. There was about six inches of soft wet snow on the ground, and six bloodhounds (in leash) competed. The three men who laid the trail "took their places in line, about thirty feet apart, stood one minute, and then started, keeping about thirty feet from one another for about two hundred yards. Then they walked one after the other for a short distance, then followed one another round in a circle, then forward again thirty feet apart, but the man who started in the centre was now on the right, and the one who started on the left was in the centre." When the trail was an hour old the six bloodhounds were laid on, two on a track, each one held in a separate leash. From start to finish each hound strained at his leash, and only one of the six made a mistake. The others carried the lines on which they were started from post to finish. Snow, we are all aware, carries a good scent, but the intricacy of the three lines was sufficient to try highly the bloodhounds' noses. "Mallory," the pen name of a gentleman who takes the keenest interest in the breed, has tried his hounds on a scent four hours old, and though half a gale of wind was blowing, they worked out the six-mile line successfully. In regard to these performances it is to be noted that there is much difference between the scent of a

runner in boots and a man travelling barefoot. The gentleman above mentioned proved this conclusively by causing his runner to take off his boots at the end of three miles, and finish the six-mile journey barefoot. He noticed a marked change in the hounds' manner of hunting as soon as they winded the naked foot; "it was evidently like nectar to the hounds, who at once recognised the change, and became eagerly wild, sniffing and questing in the liveliest way." It is worthy of remark that they pottered a good deal on the barefoot line over grass, but when crossing plough "went like lightning." Is it not possible that the hounds ran by sight the spoor which would be so obvious across plough?

Attention to the trials of bloodhounds has been claimed on the ground that the police can find in these dogs valuable auxiliaries in the task of tracking, and no doubt it would be possible to cultivate in the modern breed the wonderful nose which gave the sleuth hound distinct economic value in old days. The Ancient Laws of Wales ("Anomalous Laws," *see* "Ancient Laws and Institutes of Wales") which are supposed to date from the twelfth century, declared that "there are three higher species of dogs, the tracker, greyhound, and harrier"; further that "there are three kinds of trackers, the bloodhound, covert-hound, and harrier." In the year 1318, King Robert I. of Scotland enacted that no impediment should be offered to persons pursuing thieves with a "sluthe hound"; and it has been recently stated that the burghers of Border towns were compelled by law to keep bloodhounds for the better pursuit of moss troopers who made unsafe life and property in the north of England for many

centuries. The present writer has failed to discover any statute in which maintenance of bloodhounds is made compulsory; but a royal proclamation may have been the means employed.

To write of bloodhound trials and omit mention of the notorious Blackburn murder would amount to contempt of precedent, so religiously has that horrible crime, or, more accurately, the means of its detection, been quoted as proof of the possible value of the bloodhound for detective purposes. When we come to consider the facts of the case, however, we find that the performance of "Morgan, the Silent Detective," was one which has actually no claim whatever to be held proof of the value of such services. The unpleasant details of the case were as follows:—On March 30th, 1876, a man named Fish decoyed the little girl Emily Holland into his house, outraged and murdered her. He endeavoured to conceal his crime by dismembering the body, depositing the trunk in a distant field, the limbs in a drain and, after partially destroying them by fire, the head and arms in the chimney of a front room of his house. The trunk and limbs were found by different parties and made over to the police, who discovered reason to suspect Fish, and his house was searched, but without result. On April 16th, nineteen days after the atrocity was committed, a second search was made with the assistance of a half-bred bloodhound and a spaniel. The dogs were taken straight to Fish's house; they hunted round the shop, and when taken upstairs hunted round the back room; they were then taken to the front room and "marked" at the fireplace: the charred remains of the skull and some bones

were found within arm's reach of the damper. Now, to point out that this was not tracking as bloodhounds tracked thieves in the old days and negroes more recently, is no disparagement of services that brought a ruffian to his richly deserved end. The two dogs were taken to the house and turned loose to find what they might; they followed no track, and though the newspaper reports do not touch the point, it seems wildly improbable that they could have possessed any foreknowledge of the character of the remains concealed in the chimney. Suppose they had been made to smell the little victim's clothing, it could have availed them nothing—would rather have baffled them under the circumstances. Therefore the idea that the means by which the Blackburn murderer was brought to justice is an example of the value of bloodhound assistance to the police must be dismissed as a popular error. It is not denied that after a few generations of training they *might* be used with success to track criminals; but it must be denied that the oft-quoted case has bearing upon the matter.

The mind naturally reverts to slavery in the West Indies, Cuba more especially, in connection with the man-hunting bloodhound. Dogs were trained to track down runaway slaves, but it is somewhat difficult to arrive at a just conclusion concerning the conduct of these man hunts, for accounts differ widely. Contemporary writers who upheld slavery preserved silence on the subject of bloodhounds, and the advocates for Abolition painted the horrors of slavery in colours so lurid that the impartial seeker after truth is at a loss to know how much or how little he should believe.

Captain Marcus Rainsford, in his "Historical Account of the Black Empire of Hayti" (London, 1805), gives a sickening account of the method of training the dogs. *Apr*opos of the guerilla war between the French colonists and maroons (runaway slaves) in Hayti, he says that the whites employed a considerable number of bloodhounds, some of which they procured from the Spanish part of the island, but most from Cuba, to pursue small reconnoitering parties of the blacks. He thought that "the quadruped which is the subject of this account is, though of a similar species to the Irish wolf-dog breed, a native of the South Seas." In the Spanish West Indies, he informs us, they were commonly used in the chase of runaway negroes in the mountains. "When once they got scent of the object, they immediately hunted him down, and unless he climbed a tree, killed and devoured him." According to Captain Rainsford, these dogs were so ferocious that they must have been a source of loss to the slave-owners rather than of profit; they frequently broke loose, he says, and then killed every negro they might encounter. The reader may be spared details of the method of training the young dogs to tear to pieces and devour negroes by means of black wicker dummies shaped like men and filled with offal. It is not agreeable reading, and its accuracy is at least doubtful.

Now let us consult another historian of about the same date, Robert Charles Dallas' "History of the Maroons," published in London, 1805. His opportunity of describing the Cuban bloodhound occurs in the Maroon Rising in Jamaica at the end of the last century. About the year

1738, many maroons had been allowed to settle in the northern parts of the island, and after many troubles arising from their intrigues with the colonists' slaves, they united under a leader named Cudjoe, and maintained a guerilla warfare with success for eight or nine years. The war was almost abruptly terminated by the then Governor of Jamaica, the Earl of Balcarres, who in 1795 sent Mr. Quarrell over to Havana to procure bloodhounds. Don Luis de las Casas, with Spanish courtesy, allowed Mr. Quarrell to engage men and dogs, though having done so he wrote to Lord Balcarres to point out that the colonial law of Spain forbade even the landing of that gentleman. With this detail we have nothing to do, however. Mr. Quarrell brought back to Jamaica with him forty *Chasseurs del Rey* with their dogs, to the number of 104. Mr. Dallas describes these animals rather vaguely as being "the size of a very large hound with ears erect, usually cropped at the point; nose more pointed, (?) but widening much towards the after part of the jaw." The coat or skin of the dog used for hunting slaves, he adds, was much harder than that of any other dog, and he attributes this to the cruel beatings inflicted by the *Chasseurs del Rey* in training them.

It is impossible not to feel that Mr. Dallas' account has more of the ring of truth than Captain Rainsford's. He avers that the dogs of these *Chasseurs del Rey* of Havana — professional man-hunters in the pay of the Spanish Government—would not kill the object of pursuit unless the fugitive resisted; on coming up with the runaway they barked at him until he stopped, when they crouched near him, growling if he ventured to move, and barking to notify

their owners that the quarry was found. These dogs were never unmuzzled or freed from the leash save to hunt; one *Chasseur* managed three dogs, and until the "line" was struck by one or two small dogs of peculiarly keen scent, called "finders," which always accompanied a party for the purpose of hitting off the runaway's track, the big hounds were muzzled and held in leashes fastened to the *Chasseur's* belt.

Bearing in mind that a slave was a valuable chattel, it is only reasonable to suppose that his owner would much prefer to recapture him alive and uninjured. We should regard with great suspicion a chronicler who asserted that the colonists trained powerful dogs to run down, kill and devour straying cattle or horses; and it is permissible to doubt whether so wide a difference existed between the slave-hunting dog of Cuba and the slave-hunting dog of Havana. The fact that the negroes of Jamaica regarded the *Chasseurs del Rey* and their canine *aides* with the utmost terror, as Mr. Dallas shows, need not be held disproof of his account of their methods of hunting. As soon as the dogs were landed, we are told, every black fled and left the street empty; when they passed a plantation every negro threw down his tool and ran to hide. On the rebellious maroons the effect of bringing these Spaniards with their dogs into the island was immediate: therefore they had rejected all overtures on the part of the Europeans. They now began to come in, and declared their willingness to treat for peace. It must be added that although Lord Balcarres was at pains to procure assistance revolting to civilised ideas of warfare, the *Chasseurs* were never actually employed,

nuch to their dissatisfaction. Their complaints that the dogs were growing fat in idleness and forgetting their business were ignored, and only on one occasion was a single dog slipped at a Maroon. Then the result was fatal; the man—a spy—bolted, and when the dog came up he struck at him with his machete or knife; the dog instantly sprang upon him, and pinning him by the neck, held him down till life was extinct. Another incident may be cited to prove the training of these dogs: some of them had been unmuzzled to drink, and one annoyed a woman by sniffing at a pot in which she was preparing food; she rashly struck the brute, which pounced upon her at once and killed her before he could be made to release his hold.

The incontinent surrender of the Jamaica maroons who had for so many years carried on successful warfare in the fastnesses of the wooded mountains, justified the boast of the *Chasseurs del Rey*, who declared that they wanted only their dogs to exterminate the whole race, and strongly resented the action of the British Commander who obliged them to carry firearms. As evidence of the feeling in England towards the black man at this period it is worth noting that when a question was asked in the House of Commons concerning the use of these dogs in quelling the Maroon rising, Mr. Henry Dundas, Pitt's Secretary for the Colonies, stated that the animals were, he believed, "only used to secure runaway negroes."

Considerable research among

the books which have been written on the conditions of slavery in America and the West Indies, has failed to reveal any particulars on one point of special interest. No historian has thought it worth while to mention how long after the flight of a negro the bloodhound could be depended on to pick up and run the scent. It is accepted as fact that the black man leaves a stronger scent than the white, and he was of course always barefooted; but whether the hound could follow the trail when eight or twelve hours old, or when it ceased to serve under any conditions, are points on which the writers who professedly deal with facts are silent: the statements of novelists are not to be accepted as evidence. From the circumstance that the *Chasseurs del Rey* of Havana habitually employed small dogs of an undescribed breed for questing purposes it would seem that their so-called bloodhounds could not be depended on to "quarter" for the trail, though they held it faithfully once it was found for them. What the powers of the Spanish West Indian tracking hound actually are now, it should be easy to ascertain: the animal's nose has scarcely had time to degenerate in any material degree if his employment was contemporaneous with the existence of slavery. It was only in 1886 that slavery in the Spanish colonies was abolished by decree, though a Bill for the gradual emancipation of the slaves in Cuba was promulgated six years previously.

C.

The Chances of the Game.*

SOME TALES OF PLAY.

BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

Author of "My Grandfather's Journals," &c., &c.

II.—THE PLAY AT HALESWORTH HOUSE.

BACCARAT is a game of such delightful simplicity that any fool can play it. So at least said a certain foreign prince who added *naïvely*, "I can play it myself." There is certainly no skill required; it is all luck from beginning to end, depending entirely upon the fall of the cards; it is short and sharp too, like sudden death, the player can win or lose a fortune in half-an-hour, especially if he takes the bank and is opposed by punters of a bold and reckless kind. All this is sufficient to give it the widespread popularity which it enjoys on both sides of the Channel. In France it is played very largely, even in the best clubs; here in England, as a rule, games of chance are wisely excluded from club-land and the votaries of baccarat, as is well known from the scandals that have grown out of it, are to be met with only in private houses. If the police, like some modern Asmodeus, were to look through the roofs of the West-End or extend their investigations to country houses they would lay bare some strange secrets of play. It is well, perhaps, that they do not interfere more largely, as they might, in private, high-class gambling; that they do not raid great mansions as they do the small and shady clubs, or the scandal might be a little too warm.

A few seasons back the town house of a well-known family, the

noble head of which was still a minor, was let furnished to some rich Americans. They were *nouveaux riches* of the kind that come to this country determined to have a good time at all costs, and who generally put themselves into the hands of one or other of the clever ladies who make it their business nowadays to "run" wealthy strangers. Little Lady Bryberg was very clever at it. She had brought out the last two colonial magnates who had conquered London society, getting them introductions, superintending their entertainments, giving grand balls which the cream of fashion attended, and doing the whole thing remarkably well. She made her profit out of it, no doubt, by commissions, straight tips in financial movements, and by other means that present themselves to people who are not troubled with too many scruples. She was a pretty, engaging little person, who, although handicapped by the narrowest means, was able by her adroitness and quick wit to feather her nest and enjoy much of the best that the world can give.

Her new *protégés* promised to be more profitable than any other she had yet taken under her wing. They were commoner, perhaps, but they were richer and seemingly more confiding than any of their predecessors. The man was a typical Yankee, thin, tall, hard-featured, but there was a sly, kindly expression in his keen

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eyes; his wife stout and comfortable-looking, but with rather an anxious, jerky manner, as though not at her ease in her new surroundings. They gave in entirely to Lady Bryberg, who might have walked over them, and did things in the highest style. Halesworth House (Lady Bryberg had taken it several years in succession) was never better mounted, more constantly filled with smart folk, than under the present *régime*. Society was inclined to take up these Twinbarrows quite warmly, readily accepting their invitations and flocking to the house in crowds. Besides, there was a special inducement this time; something more than good dinners, cooked by the best of *chefs* to be had for money, and musical afternoons for which the first singers and instrumentalists had been secured at fabulous prices, or balls graced by royalty in person. It was on off-days, not on these great occasions, that Halesworth House was most eagerly frequented, and the attraction then was play. It came to be known through London—the best and fashionable part of London, that is to say—that there was always play going on at Halesworth House, and not merely whist, piquet, bézique, and such other sober games of cards, but poker, lansquenet, and more particularly baccarat, all of them played on the largest, the widest, and most extravagant scale.

Much money changed hands, no doubt, but the gains seemed generally to more than balance the losses; so far, at least, as the outside world of London was concerned. The principal sufferer, as he was in truth the principal and most prominent player, was Mr. Twinbarrow himself, the American *parvenu* who seemed to have gone into gambling with the

zest of one who had exhausted all other excitements. There was joy among the gilded youth of London, those of them, at least—a large contingent—who were given to speculation, whether on cards, the Turf, or stocks and shares; most of them seemed to have struck oil at Halesworth House. Mr. Twinbarrow was as good as an annuity to them; night after night he held his bank against all comers, and night after night he lost, often considerable sums. It was quite a joke, and no one was more ready to laugh than the loser himself.

"Why, certainly, I get no show these times," he was heard to say; "but luck is like hard-bake, you can't have it and eat it both. I struck mine out West years ago, and I'm willing to lose a bit now just to make up. Maybe things will change by-and-by, before I come to my bottom dollar;" and he laughed good-humouredly, the laugh of an easy-going, philanthropic millionaire who had found an easy way of making people happy.

His devotion to play was not quite pleasing to the mistress of the household; Mrs. Twinbarrow indeed, looked very unhappy at times, when her good man's luck was more than usually bad.

"'Tain't the best of fun," she said to Lady Bryberg, "and I wish I could stop it, but I can't. My Erastus can never resist a deck of cards, and so long as there's chips about he'll handle them. I guess we will go home to the Lake shore, where there ain't no company ready to play with him. Gambling is looked on as a pretty mean business over there, and Erastus shall go before he is quite cleaned out."

Very much to Lady Bryberg's satisfaction, it must be confessed, Mr. Twinbarrow de-

clined to give up the sport, the only sport that appealed to him. It would have been a grievous loss to her if the existing arrangement had come prematurely to an end. She got a good deal of substantial gain herself, for she sent her husband to the baccarat table to pick up his bit, and Sir John Bryberg, a simple, silent, old young man, who was more than ever disposed to bless his wife as a providence watching over his indifferent fortunes. Much reflected importance came to her, too, from the extraordinary good luck that seemed within everybody's reach, and all London, eager to be invited to Halesworth House, paid fulsome court to her.

There was a good deal of talk about the play always in progress there, so much that the police authorities began to make enquiries and sniff at this well-known residence as though it was "a bucket shop," and it was rumoured that in the highest conclave of Scotland Yard it was debated whether the place ought not to be dealt with seriously. But not the less was the game kept up, fast and furious. Every night the most ardent votaries of play came to Halesworth House in great numbers and took their seats at the green board. The library had been fitted up specially, a spacious room on the ground-floor, easy of access, and people came and went without formality, just as it suited them, and no questions asked. This was much better fun than sneaking down a side street to a shady club where the door was only opened on giving a password, and after close scrutiny by some keen-eyed Cerberus. Then there was a buffet, and drink always on tap, with a change to pleasant conversation in the drawing-rooms, where Mrs. Twinbarrow, or rather Lady

Bryberg, held a reception every night.

The play grew higher and higher, but did not quite follow the same lines. The luck had turned, and Mr. Twinbarrow, as he had predicted, began to recover lost ground. He won now when he took the bank, which he still did for choice most nights, and when others claimed it he seldom staked much. There was a professional *croupier*, some man of his own, also an American, whom he paid for his services, and who acted for everyone in the business of collecting and distributing the money lost or won. Hard work enough at times, for the sums that changed hands were large, increasingly large, especially when Mr. Twinbarrow was banker; then the play grew into something like a personal conflict with the rich American.

It was a sight to see him when he dealt. He sat there, cool, calm, collected, concentrating his whole attention upon the game, and caring for nothing else, looking hardly to right or left, his eyes constantly fixed on the cards, whether in his own hands or on the table. But he had little tricks of his own, the small superstitions of the confirmed gambler, and one was that he could never play comfortably without his cigar-case. It always lay in front of him, on the table somewhere, thrown down carelessly, as it might be, anywhere, anyhow; but always in full view. Often enough he used it as one might a paper-weight, resting on the top of the pile of collected cards, from which he drew a fresh supply as he exhausted those in his hand. Everyone who came to the table knew this cigar-case well; it was thick and massive and of solid silver, and was well-filled with weeds of that green

tobacco which most Americans prefer to smoke. Mr. Twinbarrow gave it as an excuse for not offering these cigars to his friends that he guessed they would not cotton to his tobacco. He smoked almost incessantly, and he was for ever replenishing his case from a great box in the next room. When he was too much engaged with the deal, the *croupier*, at a signal from him, rose and came round to get the cigar-case and go for a fresh supply.

One night the excitement had risen to almost fever pitch. A dead set had been made against the bank by a strong syndicate of players, headed by young Lord Raskelf, who not long since succeeded to a princely rent-roll, and who was doing his best to go to the devil, hands down. He was a wild plunger, as all the world knows, and some of his long shots have since become historical. Just now he was revelling in the risks of unlimited baccarat, and Mr. Twinbarrow was prepared to oblige him to his heart's content. The American sat there, imperturbable as usual, with the same quiet smile, giving now and then a sly grin or a short grunt of satisfaction as he picked up some particularly large stake. Through it all he kept his cigar alight, cigar after cigar, and thus showed how perfect was his self-control.

"Well, Major, have you come to any conclusion? Is it time to act?" whispered one man to another as they both stood watching the play. They were both in correct evening costume, and were as good gentlemen as any others in the party, but they had staked on neither of the *tableaux* or taken any part in the game.

"I have had no sort of doubt in my own mind all along, but proof may be difficult," replied the other, a certain Major Macnaghten-

Innes who had had a long experience and possessed much knowledge of a peculiar kind. "There has been a *portée*, as the French call it, an introduction of sequenced cards within the last half-hour; I am certain of that from the way play goes. The bank has won seven times in succession; then once the left *tableau* scored; after that two more wins for the bank and now the right *tableau* wins. It is what is known among card sharpers as the Dutchman's sequence. I have been shown them all. I studied the subject in Paris under the first professor of the 'philosopher's art.'"

"You would be a dangerous customer yourself if you were 'on the cross,' Major," said the other, laughing.

"And not an unpaid *attaché* of the force! But there, let us attend to business. This last trick confirms me in my suspicions. Last night I thought I detected the 'Colonel's sequence,' the night before 'Manfredi's,' the night before that, 'Turner's.' To-night I have no doubt whatever. The Dutchman's preparation is easier to detect, because it gives more wins to the bank. The only thing that puzzles me still is how the *portée* has been introduced into the pack. There has been no sleight of hand that I could see, or it is of the finest kind. This Yankee is a high class performer."

"The impudence of the chap beats me! To come here and establish himself under the very best auspices, in the heart of the best society, among people we hardly like to touch, and only in this indirect way."

"It was a stroke of genius, I admit, but the game was worth the candle. There must be £10,000 at least in the bank now, and he has swept up as much or more on

other nights. Still, I'd like to know how he does the passing of the cards. My word—I have it."

He was struck with a sudden idea, as he saw the *croupier* go round to Twinbarrow, and receive the silver cigar case from his hand.

"Come along, Mr. Henshaw, sharp; I mean to have that cigar case. We'll drop on him outside, and collar it."

The *croupier's* hand went straight to his hip pocket the moment they seized him outside; but he was powerless in their strong grip, and surrendered the cigar case quietly enough.

"Aha!" cried the Major, with a short cry of triumph. "So this is how the *portée* was introduced! An old *truc*, I believe, but revived in a new way."

The cigar case had a false bottom and in this was secreted a sequence of cards ready prepared. When the case lay on the top of the pack a dexterous touch sufficed to open a spring and let down the new cards upon those below, and they were ready for the dealer to take up when he wanted more cards.

"Now, my friend, we've not done with you," went on Macnaghten-Innes, to the *croupier*, quietly. "You'll be good enough to complete your mission; take the case back to your confederate, but mind, do not attempt to warn him, I want him to continue the game."

"And if I refuse? you can't make me do this."

"It won't matter, we have you both tight, in any case. Only I should like to take your friend in the very act. It would simplify things for us. Now which is it to be? Will you go?"

Mr. Twinbarrow was looking over his shoulder rather anxiously for so self-possessed a person, but the *croupier's* appearance reassured him.

"I was just hungering for another smoke," he said, as he took the cigar case, opened it, lighted up and placed the box in its usual place on the pile of cards.

"You would find the cards inside useful, I daresay, but you're not going to do it this time," said Macnaghten-Innes, reaching over and taking possession of the case, while Henshaw, aided by others, overpowered and held back the American.

The whole place was now in an uproar; loud shouts of "Shame," "Scrag him," "Make him disgorge," came from the infuriated victims of the cheat, and it was some time before Macnaghten-Innes could make himself heard.

"I suppose you want no more proof, gentlemen, that you have been defrauded. But there are the cards; those that have been already used, and the balance. Let them be counted. You have been playing with six packs put together, there should be no more than 312 cards; any more have been introduced in a *portée*—several *portées*, by this means," and the speaker pointed to the cigar-case.

Ample corroboration of the foul play was now obtained. There were 427 cards in all, and thus 115 had been added, in the prepared sequences which had told so effectively and so fraudulently in favour of the banker. Mr. Twinbarrow had laid his plans well, from first to last; he had cheerfully put capital, a good deal of money, into the preliminaries; his taking Halesworth House, and securing the services of Lady Bryberg, had been masterly strokes, his early losses had been deliberately planned and although he had laid out much he had been very handsomely recouped by his winnings.

It came out at his trial that he was a notorious professional gambler, well known to the police of

New York and San Francisco, and both he and his homely-looking vulgar wife had been often in "State's Prison," for card-sharpping.

Lady Bryberg has made a vow to introduce no more millionaires into Society without the most unimpeachable references.

On Hunt Races.

It is impossible to put my pen to paper this month for any article in your pages without touching on a subject so near my heart as the loss that the world of sport has just sustained in the death of the eighth Duke of Beaufort. Of all the men of whom we boast as the pillars of sport he undoubtedly was the premier. Princely in all that he did, straight as a die, hearty and generous to every friend, upholding the highest standard of rectitude and honesty in sport—a man whom to know was to honour, aye, even to love; a character of whom the like is not easily to be found, and is growing scarcer as the century is dying out. I forbear to enter on personal matters, where his friendship has been most marked. Troops of other friends could do the same, and are mourning him as I do, but we rejoice to feel that his name remains to us as a landmark of sport that ages will not obliterate. In the hunting-field and on the racecourse he was a personality which gave a tone and character to it all, and although he never realised his ambition in winning the Derby, most of the other great classic races fell to his lot.

But oh! those seventy couple of hounds that enjoyed their habitation within almost a stone's-throw from his hall-door, what could compare to them some twenty-five years ago? Never shall I forget my first day with them at Trouble House, not so

much from the brilliancy of the sport as the supreme style of the arrangements, and how an immense field of the most pushing horsemen and women in the world were managed by the magic hand and kindly face of their Master without fuss—it was superb. How well I recollect his calling to his daughter, then not more than fourteen, with her hair plaited down her back, "Blanche, dear, turn those hounds." Yes, how dear to him she always was, the sweetest and best of women, the late Marchioness of Waterford.

Hunting will still live at Badminton—the heart of the present duke is in it, like his father's, and right nobly will he uphold it, but the days of the white and blue hoops and red cap have departed. The Turf has no attractions there now. Those old paddocks in the park will henceforth be devoted to bringing up some eighty couple of hound puppies annually, and the high mettled matrons of the stud will be a legend of the past.

This reminds me that one of the duke's early triumphs was with a half-bred horse called Birdhill in the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood, which your reader or compositor last month made me say was with Tib and Curzon descended from Hesperithusa: now I hasten to take advantage of the opportunity of saying that my ignorance of the strains of half-bred blood is not so crass as this. Hesperithusa's celebrated

Yorkshire cock-tailed blood is mainly known through Hesperus and Hesper. Whereas Farfalla, Birdhill, Tib and Curzon were descended from a mare called Pastime, a daughter of Butterfly by Orlando, a half-sister to the dam of The Colonel. All this blood I knew well, and can recollect Butterfly and her sisters Minerva and Boadicea, perfectly, they having all been foaled within four miles of the home of my youth. Your compositor also left out the name of Cloraine amongst famous horses which I had quoted as ranking at the top of the half-bred list—as well as Hulcot.

This, however, is all wandering from the original intention of my text, viz., the present state of hunters racing by means of Point-to-point races, and of holding forth some views of how they can be placed on a more reasonable and satisfactory footing. Let it be understood at starting that I am writing solely from the point of view of a hunting man, and this becomes necessary owing to the altered conditions of steeplechasing from what they were thirty years ago.

The hunting man's connection with steeplechasing in the active sense, ceased when artificial courses became the order of the day, and when hunters and regular steeplechase horses became mixed up in handicaps and all distinction between the *bonâ-fide* hunter and the trained steeple-chaser was lost sight of in the framing of conditions for races under National Hunt rules.

It stood to reason, as I ventured to assert at the time in your pages, that the genuine young bloods of hunting would not be baulked of their trial gallops at the close of their season, and so Point-to-point races were initiated, and ere long

grudgingly acknowledged by the National Hunt Committee—at least, their sport has been so far recognised as to allow them to have three races a day, no gate-money or charge for entrance to the ground, no stands or enclosures, the events to be certified by an M.F.H. in whose country they were run, and so to be registered with Messrs. Weatherby.

This skeleton of a popular sport held together for a time. Competitors were satisfied to stem from one point to another from local knowledge, to turn round a flag and return to a flag in the winning-field, all in hunting fashion. Even this scamper drew crowds of local aristocracy, and with the presence of the ladies came the laudable ambition to greater deeds. To prevent the scattering of the competitors more flags were planted. To increase the spectacle circular courses were chosen, so as to be in view of the winning-field. To further please the ladies and flatter the vanity of the riders, silk jackets took the place of hunt coats, so well distinguishable and so much more appropriate for racing. All this added to the popularity of the thing. Points-to-points grew in numbers until even the Stock Exchange, the Bar, and several London clubs took the fever, and gallantly went in for this fun. Naturally, also, the lower grades of racing society have been attracted to these gatherings, and nothing loath, have gone in for their share of the fun and plunder. No obstructive gate-man here, no detectives, no police, nothing to pay and everything to get—a paradise for thieves and welshers! No wonder that eminent Q.C. laments the loss of his watch, or that those keen young subscribers to the hunt looked in vain for the occupants of that wagonette, who,

but a few minutes before had laid them liberal odds against their favourite—the winner!

The evil and the farce of the thing grows apace—who is to blame? Surely not the M.F.H., for he is tied down by the conditions imposed on him by the rulers of steeplechasing. How is he to keep order and protect his friends in carriages, or on the course, without the power of having any stand enclosure, or creating, by tickets of admission, any fund for paying the police and detective protection. He has to give his certificate that the meeting has been held in accordance with rules, and there is an end of it.

Why should not a M.F.H. be entrusted to rule over and arrange a meeting for the encouragement of local sport and good horse-breeding just as much as the commanding officer of a Yeomanry regiment is? and we know that the latter is under no such restrictions as those we have alluded to in Point-to-point races. He can have as many races in the day as he likes. He can use whatever course he likes, monopolise the county racecourse for the day if he likes, charge gate-money and employ police. If he did not do all this the sport would degenerate into a ruffianly scramble. Many of those Points-to-points are already verging on it, and I do not think I am going beyond the mark in suggesting that the M.F.H.'s, backed up as they will be by their subscribers and the mass of hunting men of the country, have the remedy in their own hands by means of combination.

It would not be easy for the National Hunt Committee to withstand the united voices of the leaders of hunting in claiming to have undisputed control of such

racing as may be confined to their own hunts, and, if necessary, restricted to races of less than £50 in value, and to horses that have not been in any training stable or run under Grand National rules for the previous six months. Who is fitter to judge of a natural jumping course than a M.F.H. and his committee? Or whose judgment is likely to have more weight in settling disputes or in keeping order than he and his friends are? Unfortunately the Grand National Committee have lost touch with local popularity during the last few years, and no wonder, considering how their latest rules have made towards the killing of many minor meetings. I am aware of a case this spring where they sent down their course inspector to report on a course that had been run over for several years without complaint, and a charge of six guineas was made for the inspection. Under the circumstances, this was a very unfair tax on a little local meeting always conducted without a flaw.

It would be possible also to enlarge upon the advantage that would be gained to farmers or other sporting owners of young horses who do not aspire to entering into the now mere professional arena of steeplechasing, but who, fancying the merits of their animals, would rejoice in the opportunity of testing their merits in races confined to horses of their own calibre, and over fences which they have been accustomed to jump in the hunting field. This would also open to such owners and horses a market for regular steeplechasing, or for hunters in the shires, if their merits warranted such promotion, and the cost of the experiment would be small compared with their having to send them to a training establishment to be

schooled over obstacles rather than fences.

In these days of the popularity of polo ponies, why should not some of these races be confined to horses not exceeding 14.2? Many a good Galloway race have I witnessed in byegone days, and now, I would ask, would the Royal Hunt Committee be scandalised by such races being included in hunt programmes? On the other hand, hurdle races should certainly be barred. They spoil hunters and steeplechase horses in the opinion of very many.

I have already suggested, in the columns of *The Sportsman*, that M.F.H.'s should meet and discuss this very important question. If they did so, and appointed an influential committee to draw up a report and make recommendations, I feel sure that the National Hunt Committee would not think it wise or prudent to withstand the adoption of any such wholesome reform which would un-

doubtedly be the outcome of such proceedings.

Were I only a little younger nothing would please me better than to act as secretary to any committee appointed for this purpose, although I have little doubt that an able man for the post could be found, and that in the meantime the Secretary of the Nimrod Club would be willing to offer his services. Now is the time for action, when the more active duties of hunting are in abeyance and the subject can be calmly deliberated upon.

BORDERER.

P.S.—Since writing the above I am glad to see that the National Hunt Committee have met and considered this subject. Indeed there is now a prospect of a conference between the steeplechasing and hunting authorities. Let us hope that the subject will be well weighed and thrashed out, as the importance of it deserves.—B.

Anecdotal Sport.

BY "THORMANBY."

Author of "Kings of the Hunting-Field," "Kings of the Turf," &c.

THERE was unusual interest attaching to the Newmarket First July Meeting of 1884, by reason of the introduction of a new item into the programme—to wit, a race between pure bred Arab horses. Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, whose enthusiasm for the Arabian horse is well known, was mainly responsible for the race, and in the previous month had a long article in the *Nineteenth Century* on the subject, when he, of course, took the opportunity of ventilating his views on the superiority of the Arab over the English thoroughbred in staying power,

and the importance of strengthening and improving our breed of racehorses by a fresh strain of pure Arab blood. The race, however, was a somewhat tame affair. It certainly did not convince English breeders that there was anything to be gained by a fresh infusion of that Arab blood which no doubt originally helped very largely indeed to produce our modern racehorse, the perfection of the equine race for speed and spirit, if not for staying power; though even in that respect I think the majority of breeders consider that he also bears off the palm.

There have always been faddists who declare that our system of breeding racehorses sacrifices stamina to speed, and hold up the Arab as the *ne plus ultra* of equine perfection. But the experience of English experts on the Turf has led them to adopt the contrary view. Admiral Rous, for example, was no believer in the vaunted superiority of the Arab. A first-class English racehorse, he maintained, could give six stone to the best Arabian that can be found, for any distance under ten miles. A few months ago I had a letter from a well-known sportsman in Sydney which contained some very interesting particulars concerning the Arab strain as it has affected the breed of horses in New South Wales. Some of these particulars will, I daresay, be new to most of my readers, and therefore I shall make no apology for quoting them here.

Sir John Lackey, one of the greatest authorities on horse-breeding in Australia, in the course of a paper read before the Agricultural Society of New South Wales in August, 1873, Sir Hercules Robinson (the late Lord Rosmead), President, in the chair, made the following remarks:—"Many opinions exist as to the relative merits of the English horse as compared with the Arab; and though the best judges regard the English blood horse as by far the most perfect of its kind, it must be admitted that in this colony the Arabs have produced some of the most useful animals we have had on the Turf. However, both here and elsewhere, the English blood has always occupied the premier position. The beautiful tales of Eastern countries and remote times may lead us to imagine that Arabian horses possess marvellous

powers, but it cannot admit of a doubt that the English trained horse is more beautiful and far swifter and stouter than the justly famed courser of the desert. On the burning plains of the East and in the frozen climate of Russia he has invariably beaten every antagonist on his native ground. Some years ago, Recruit, an English horse of moderate reputation, easily beat Pyramis, the best Arabian on the Bengal side of India. It will be admitted, I think, also, that the Walers have held a very successful place on the Turf in India and China: most of the horses sent from here have held the first places on the Turf at Madras, Calcutta and Hong-Kong."

And my correspondent's letter recalled to me an incident in the career of Admiral Rous, which I daresay is unknown to most of his English admirers. In Australia the "Admiral" is still mentioned with pride and affection among Turf men as one of the great founders of "The Australian Turf." "It may be," says Sir John Lackey, "that there are some who have a very slight knowledge of the fact that before he was, in his own person, the great court from the judgment of which on all sporting questions there was no appeal, he was doing his best to show us, in the infancy of sporting life here, how to make our field sports the pursuits of gentlemen and men of honour and the great entertainments of the public. He came to this country as a very young man. He had only obtained his command in the Navy a few years before he anchored in Sydney Harbour, and in these seas he remained for several years. He came here commander of the frigate *Rainbow*, in 1825, when he

must have been less than thirty years of age, and he made use of His Majesty's ship, even in those distant days, for the purpose of introducing an accession to the then blood stock of the country. From the time of his arrival he took an active part in all the sporting events to which he could give assistance, as if he had been sent out, not to command a ship of war, but to give the benefit of his peculiar knowledge to the formation of a very important part of our national character. What, as a young man full of energy and vigour and sympathy with the growth of this continent, he was doing for us in our small sporting world then, everyone now knows he did, we may say, certainly for England and for all British dependencies which possess a racehorse, and for those parts of Europe which include horse racing among their popular sports."

But Admiral Rous's interest in Australian sport took a more practical form than mere personal sympathy and encouragement. He imported two first-rate thoroughbreds, Emigrant and the high-class Arab Rainbow, of which my correspondent in Sydney gives me these particulars:—"Rainbow left no mark here worthy of note, but Emigrant has left his mark on our thoroughbreds to an extent that may be said to stamp him as perhaps the greatest horse ever imported to New South Wales. Emigrant is a household word with breeders here, and one of his descendants, Yattendon (who was out of Cassandra, a direct descendant of Emigrant), was the sire of perhaps a greater number of celebrated horses than any other horse we have ever had. Rous's Emigrant was a brown horse with a tanned muzzle."

Of the superiority of the English thoroughbred over the Arab in the matter of speed there is no doubt whatever, but those who believe in the Arabian horse still maintain that in staying power he is not to be surpassed, and I am not aware that the English thoroughbred has ever proved his superiority in any test match of stamina. There was a match at Cairo on September 25th, 1853, for £350 a side between an Arab horse and a thoroughbred English mare over a distance of 9½ miles, 4 miles 7 furlongs out and in, "without stopping," which resulted in the victory of the Arab, who did the run out in 15½ minutes and the run home in 11½ minutes: 27½ minutes for the 9½ miles. But there was a general impression, at any rate among the Englishmen present, that the mare would have won if she had not swerved from the straight about a mile from home, and her jockey, in trying to turn her, upset her into a cane fence. However, the fact remains that the Arab *did* win.

At the time of George Osbaldeston's death, when the subject of his great two hundred miles' ride at Newmarket cropped up in the newspapers, a colonel on the Bengal Retired List gave in a letter to a contemporary some remarkable instances of combined human and equine endurance in which the Arab figures prominently, and from which I select the following:—"My belief is," writes the colonel, "that Captain Horne, of the Madras Horse Artillery, did ride two hundred miles in less than ten hours, and that along the road between Madras and Bangalore, upon Arab horses. If so, considering the slower speed of Arabs, the climate of India,

and the ride along a high road instead of round a good racecourse upon some of the best English horses—Tranby to wit—I think you will allow Captain Horne's performance to have been fully equal to 'the Squire's.' I am also sure that at the present day many a young officer in India could be found to repeat the performance. Indeed, little is known of what can be and is done in India.

"I had but a very casual acquaintance with Captain Horne, from meeting him on some of our Bengal racecourses, but I have always admired and often thought about his great courage and endurance. I fully believe you will find, upon enquiry, that his death resulted not many years ago from dysentery, contracted from winning a £500 p.p. bet that he would ride a horse named 'Jumping Jemmy,' one hundred miles a day for eight successive days. He started on, I think, July 5th, after the rainy season would have set in and when the heat between showers would be excessive. The horse was none the worse for his performance, but Captain Horne's death from the exposure he encountered was the unfortunate result, and was greatly deplored.

"I think, too, you will find it recorded that, some time between 1831 and 1835, the late Mr. Bacon, of the Bombay Civil Service, rode one camel from Bombay to Allyghur (perhaps 800 miles) in eight days. The camel was a little blood-looking animal, almost black; and I remember seeing the late Mr. Vigne sketch its head, which sketch, I think, will be found in one of Mr. Vigne's books.

"I believe, too, that in about 1830 the present (late) Lord

Exmouth, then the Hon. Mr. Pellew, of the Bengal Civil Service, rode an old English horse named 'Cheroot Box,' one hundred miles in twenty-four hours—easily. I could draw upon recollection for many such feats, though the above are the most prominent in my memory at present. One more I will give, and I should think it must be recorded in the *Bengal Sporting Magazine*. Certainly I well remember hearing of it at the time. I knew the performer, a very light, wiry man, one of our best race-riders. He was Lieutenant Lowry, of the 21st Bengal Native Infantry; and in consequence of missing the horses that should have been laid for him (our only mode of fast travelling in those days), he rode a little mare nearly or quite thoroughbred, though bred in India, 110 miles in eleven hours. This would have been some time between 1831 and 1834. I have never heard the truth of this feat doubted, though, like many others, it may not have been recorded. There are, perhaps, very few now who remember it except myself."

There has been a correspondence lately in the columns of a contemporary on the subject of memory in animals. And some wonderful instances of intelligent recollection in dogs and cats have been given. But horses are possessed of memory in quite as remarkable a degree, in proof of which I will give a couple of curious anecdotes. Many years ago William Cooke, the well-known circus proprietor, bought a very small pony, the smallest alive, it was then said, and taught it a number of tricks. After about six years, for some reason or other, he sold it. Seven years after, when Cooke was at Bristol, a man came to him to say that he

had a pony for sale that would be just the thing for a circus, he was so small. "How old is he?" Cooke asked. "Six," was the answer. Cooke told him to bring it to the circus. When he did so, the manager at once recognised his old pupil. "Why, I broke this pony in myself, a dozen years ago, as I'll very soon show you," he said. At the first word of command from the old voice the pony pricked up his ears, and without a moment's hesitation went through all the tricks he had been taught in his youth, as if he had never been off the sawdust.

A less pleasing instance of equine memory is afforded by the racehorse Mentor. In training Mentor, Thomas Dawson was so severe, and put such trials upon the horse, that it amounted to cruelty, and Mentor took such a hatred to his trainer that he had to be moved to Tom's brother's, Matthew Dawson's, place. There, being treated kindly and allowed to take his ease, he soon became docile. When Matthew reported the result of this new system to his brother, the latter offered to bet him a new hat that he would not dare approach the horse if he should hear his, Thomas's, voice. The bet was made. Mentor's reception of his new master was friendly as usual till he heard a voice whisper "Poor old Mentor!" That was enough; out went his legs, and in an instant Mat's, "angel of quietness" was transformed into a furious devil who

precious soon made them all fly for their lives and give him and his loose box a wide berth. They did not forget this practical illustration of the retentiveness of a horse's memory.

It is not everyone who possesses the extraordinary gift of training a vicious horse with which the great Assheton Smith was endowed—a gift almost as remarkable as that of Rarey, the professional horse-tamer. Most people who take any interest in horses have no doubt heard of Rarey's sensational exhibition of his gift in connection with Cruiser, the vilest-tempered brute that ever looked through a bridle. And the mention of that recalls to me a curious story. A mad-brained Frenchman who witnessed this feat of Rarey's was convinced that he could emulate it, and on his return home he wagered twenty thousand francs that he would ride in a race a certain horse so vicious that no groom dared approach it, even to give it food, which had to be pushed through a hole into its manger. In vain did wife and friends pray and entreat him to forego what would amount to suicide. He felt as certain of coming off safely as Captain Webb did of swimming Niagara. Finding him impervious to reason, his wife on the morning before the race got a revolver, went down to the stable, and shot the brute dead, thereby certainly saving her husband's life.

Sport at the Royal Academy.

SPORT is but slenderly represented on the walls of Burlington House this year, actual scenes of sport being few and far between, though excellent when they occur; nor are those works which claim notice by reason of their connection with sport very numerous. The first picture to detain the eye is Mr. John Emms' "Hours of Idleness" (135); some three couples of foxhounds lying about the lodging-room door in various attitudes of repose. The hounds are cleverly painted and well grouped; a little terrier, by his alertness of pose, gives emphasis to the restful atmosphere pervading the picture. Hard by we have Mr. Arthur S. Cope's full length portrait of Mr. Joseph Baxendale (139). Departing from the ordinary rule Mr. Cope has painted the Master of the Hursley in tweeds and polo boots. The same artist's three-quarter length of Mr. Edward Curre (223), who hunts his own pack in what was erstwhile the Chepstow country, hangs in the same room. No. 230 "The Styrie" from Mr. J. C. Dolman's easel, will be noted by golfers as a grateful reminder that tall white hats are no longer *de rigueur* on the links at North Berwick or anywhere else, as fashion decreed in the 'forties. "November" (357) is the title Mr. Hyde Forshall has selected for his picture of sportsman and keeper standing in a broad ride awaiting "Mark over!" A lad holds a black retriever at a little distance and a cock-pheasant lies in the foreground. The execution is good but the work can hardly be called interesting. No. 366, "The Huntsman's Courtship," perpetuates a feat of legerdemain well deserving immortality. The huntsman, on a

horse that would look more at home in the shafts of a van, is passing at full trot a cottage gate whereat stands a young woman: he throws the point of his thong and she attaches a letter to it! How the lady accomplishes this singular feat is a mystery that throws entirely in the shade the question, why should she be required to do such a thing at all? In the next room we find one of the best sporting pictures in the exhibition, to wit, Mr. Thomas Blinks' "With Brow, Bay, and Tray, my Lads" (No. 422), evidently an incident with the Devon and Somerset. The stag, with lolling tongue and hanging ears, has soiled in the sea; the body of the pack race along the beach and splash through the shallow, a few of the keenest with hackles raised swimming hard upon their quarry. Mr. Blinks has never put a better lot of hounds on canvas. Close by hangs Mr. Hubert Herkomer's portrait of the Duke of Sutherland (No. 426). The Master of the North Staffordshire is painted in mufti; rather unusual in a hunt presentation portrait. Mr. Heywood Hardy's "A Real Good Story" (No. 630), is a group of horsemen at covert-side enjoying the humour of one of their number: the horses are capital, and the attitudes of the humans are also admirable. Miss Mabel F. Hollams' "Something Wrong" (688), is another hunting scene: huntsman and whipper-in have dismounted to examine the foot of a hound, while a third horseman looks on from the saddle. The huntsman's horse, a powerful up-standing grey, is perhaps a trifle too long from knee to fetlock, but otherwise both horses are well painted, particularly the bay.

which is admirably modelled. Among the "small fry" which cover the walls in Room IX. are two little sporting pictures. What the sportsman in No. 838 is doing in that "Quiet Corner" is not very clear: he is smoking contentedly, oblivious that a fox has broken hard by, and is going away as if he meant business. Mr. Goodwin Kilburne has put his sportsman in a place which might well have got him into trouble. Mr. George Wright is responsible for the other small canvas, namely, "Meeting the Hounds" (866), a coach meeting the pack as they jog along the road.

Mr. Philip E. Stretton's "Comfortable Quarters" (757), comes within the pale of sporting works, inasmuch as the rough white terrier has made himself snug on an old hunting coat which he shares with a pair of dog-skin gloves and a crop with a very thin thong. Hypercriticism may object to mention of skittles in connection with sport; but we must say a good word for the pose of the player in Miss Annie Spong's "In the Skittle Alley" (916). Among the sculpture exhibits Mr. Cecil Brown's "Polo" (1980), a bronze statuette lurking modestly in a corner, must not be overlooked; the pony has been "drawn a bit fine," but we will suppose that he has a very hard season's work at Hurlingham and Ranelagh behind him. Good and spirited is the same gentleman's "Bull Fight" (1892), a bronze group in the

Central Hall; the horse in particular is capital. Mr. Thomas H. Kendall's "A Dead Woodcock" (1993), carved in oak, is a commendable bit of work.

Pictures in which animals, wild or domestic figure more or less prominently, as usual are legion. Mr. William Weekes' "One against Many" (477), shows a fox-terrier facing half-defiantly, half-fearfully, a threatening herd of swine. Mr. J. T. Nettleship has one of those wonderfully brilliant snakes he delights in creating: the reptile in "Resistless" (593), deserves credit for the care with which he has saved the peacock's tail.

Mr. Fred. Roe has painted a good horse in "Joan of Arc" (601), but he has depicted the heroine-martyr with a leg of truly astounding length. Miss Margaret Collyer has two beautifully painted puppies in "A Watched Pot never Boils" (698); and the collie and kitten in Mr. Arthur J. Elsley's "Divided Affection" (743), are distinctly clever. Of a different class is "The Chestnut Team" (750), by Mr. Edw. P. Porter; the action of the leaders in the gun-team is exceedingly well represented. Mr. W. A. Oules, R.A., contributes the portrait of an angler, the Hon. Lucius O'Brien; we are justified in supposing that the gentleman is an angler as the joints of a rod and a fly book are the "accessories" on the table against which he leans.





[Dickinson & Foster, photo.]

THE LATE DUKE OF BEAUFORT.

The late Duke of Beaufort.

BY THE HON. F. LAWLEY.

DARK grow the windows
And quench'd is the fire;
Sound fairs into silence,
All footsteps retire.

No voice in the chambers,
No sound in the hall!
Sleep and oblivion
Reign over all.

It is impossible for the young, whose experience is necessarily limited, to realise in a moment that the "sleep and oblivion" spoken of by Longfellow in his beautiful poem, "The Curfew," will in an inconceivably brief space of time swallow up all that the outside world remembers of the universally beloved nobleman whose name heads this article. "His body is buried in peace, but his name endureth for evermore," was written of a type to which obviously the kindly Duke of whom I am writing did not belong. Yet in the hearts of those nearest and dearest to him the eighth Duke of Beaufort will live longer than heroes like Judas Maccabeus in the hearts of their kith and kin. That which longest survives in the minds, hearts and memories of a dead man's or a dead woman's worthiest contemporaries—that which at the funeral services performed over the Duke's remains at Badminton and in the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, filled almost every eye with tears—was the thought of "his little countless unremembered acts of kindness and of love"—such acts as are never fully appreciated until their author and enactor has passed away for ever.

A more difficult task than to sketch, or attempt to sketch the Duke of Beaufort as he lived, moved and had his being in the numerous departments of life which he touched, it would not

be easy to conceive. Some resemblance to him might perhaps be traced in a few of the illustrious dead celebrated by Plutarch, who by the way, died in the 140th year of the Christian era. It is safer, however, to compare the Duke with men of his own time rather than with Plutarch's heroes, such, for instance, as Timoleon and Alcibiades, with each of whom he had something in common. At the very outset, however, of this public tribute, let me state that, in my opinion, the one quality which most endeared the Duke to his countless friends in every class was that "whatever his hand found to do he did it with his might." In other words, to borrow the exquisite lines of "Cowper's Task," it might be said with equal truth of the Duke and of the gallant British soldier who fell in 1759 at Quebec, that

"Wolfe, where'er he fought,
Put so much of his heart into the act
That his example had a magnet's force
And all were swift to follow whom all
loved."

From the very highest to the very humblest of the Duke's acquaintances—from the Duke of Cambridge, who attended the touching funeral service in the Chapel Royal, and almost broke down when "Lead, kindly light!" was sung with a pathos that melted every heart, to the poor apple-woman whose life her kindly patron saved by sending her at his own expense to a hospital, where she was operated on by Solly, one of the most skilful surgeons in London; it might have been said, that—

To know him was to love him,
To name him was to praise.

I cannot better exemplify his sympathy and tenderness of heart than by recounting an incident which happened in 1855, under my own eyes. It was the day of the Great St. Leger Stakes, at Doncaster—the race won by Mr. Thomas Parr's Saucebox, ridden by Wells, with Mr. Osbaldeston's Rifleman, ridden by Flatman, second, and Mr. Jackson's Lady Tatton, ridden, if I remember right, by Johnny Osborne, third. The day was very sultry, and in company with the Duke, with his brother-in-law, the still living Mr. Henry Curzon, with the late Lord Calthorpe and with two or three others, I walked up to the Grand Stand. Just at the point where the footpath leaves the Elm Avenue that leads to the course, a poor old fruit woman was seated with a rough board before her which stood upon a couple of trestles, and was covered by piles of apples and oranges. A typical Yorkshire "tyke," of the rugged yet-at-heart-kindly breed turned out by Sheffield, Hull, Rotherham, Leeds and other teeming hives of industry was hurrying up "to see t' Leger roon for." In his haste his thigh struck the corner of the poor woman's barrow, and in a second a score or more of apples and oranges were rolling upon the ground. The author of the damage, eager to get up to the course, did not pause to apologise or to repair what he had unwittingly done. Meanwhile the Duke and the little group accompanying him were close behind; and the Duke's quick eye took in the whole scene at a glance.

When he reached the poor woman's fruit-stall, she was bathed in tears. Her visions of a "good day" from the sale of her juicy fruit and of coincident profits, swollen perhaps to thirty, forty, or fifty shillings, had van-

ished like a dream, when the accents of a kindly voice fell softly upon her ear. "Don't cry, my good woman, I will soon pick up your oranges and apples for you!" No sooner said than done. Before any of his thoughtless companions realised what was going on, the Duke had replaced the fallen fruit, finally supplementing his act of kindness by presenting her with half a sovereign. Well do I remember how dim my eye was as the well-known words recurred to me: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren ye have done it unto Me;"—a text by which, above all others, such men as the Duke of Beaufort should alone be judged.

Let me now turn to a widely different field of the Duke's voluminous experience—a field which for many years engaged and enthralled him as much as his noble pack of hounds, or the coach-box, or the fishing-rod, or even as his indefatigable, but wholly unrequited labours in travelling from town to town, in that fair Western country of which he was so fond and in which he had long been recognised Uncrowned Monarch, to fan the flame of Conservatism when, as occasionally happened—especially during Mr. Gladstone's first Administration from 1868 to 1874—its embers burned low. How many-coloured was the Duke's life is clearly demonstrated by an able provincial newspaper, *The Bristol Times and Mirror*, which practically divides his life into the following "spheres of influence," which, without enumerating them, it takes up and registers one by one:—(1) The Duke as a politician; (2) as Lord Lieutenant of Monmouthshire; (3) as a soldier; (4) as a whip; (5) as Master of Hounds (6) as

his own huntsman ; (7) as a patron of the Turf and of steeplechasing ; (8) as a breeder of thoroughbred stock ; (9) as a landlord ; (10) as a manager of mines ; (11) as an excellent all-round sportsman ; (12) as a host ; (13) as a letter-writer, and (14) as a generous supporter of the Church of England ; (15)—which, by the way, is by no means incompatible with its immediate predecessor—finally, as an ardent supporter of the Drama. The list even now is not complete ; in fact, it would have taxed even John Dryden's transcendent and almost inexhaustible powers to describe once more a nobleman who, like the first Lord Shaftesbury, was "not one, but all mankind's epitome."

It is to the seventh clause of this long catalogue, "the Duke as a princely patron of the Turf and of steeplechasing," that I now desire to call momentary attention. Want of space forbids my dwelling upon the earlier parts of his long and honourable racing career, during which his horses were trained by John Day at Danebury, when the "Hastings era" was at its apogee. Who that has once read can ever forget the description in the Badminton Library Volume, "On Racing," of a two-year-old race at Newmarket, in connection with a "Danebury pot" ridden by George Fordham, lands thousands upon thousands—every bet laid by the Marquis on his dark filly being at "odds on"—for that intrepid young plunger ? It was written by the much-lamented Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire, whose valuable services as a contributor the Duke was so fortunate as to secure, and who, in point of fact, wrote by far the larger portion of the Badminton Volume "On Racing."

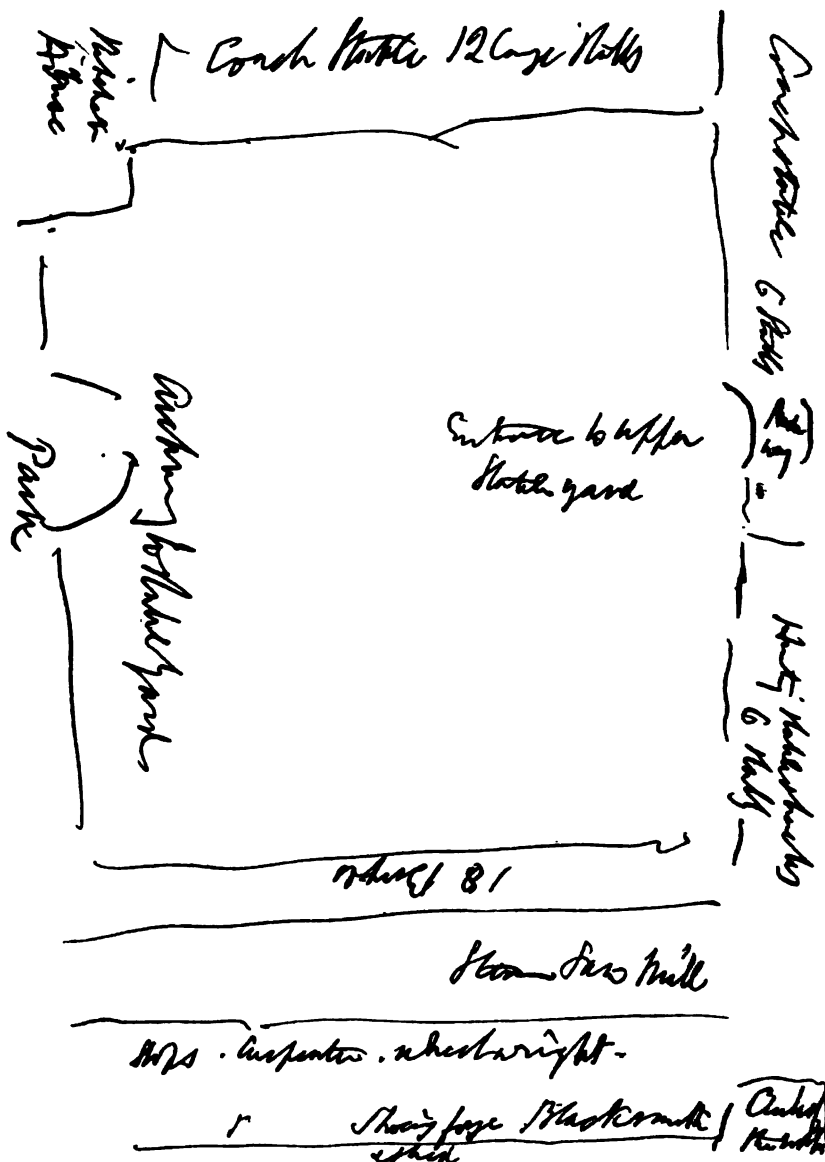
Of all the trainers who served

the Duke, none was so much to his taste as the last—bluff and honest old Alick Taylor. I never shall forget the glee with which the Duke chuckled over the following story, told by that genial old bachelor, Mr. F. K. Gray, who, I am happy to say, is still alive and thriving, and who at one time owned racehorses trained at Manton by A. Taylor. It is well known that the late Duchess of Montrose was addicted to betting, and that when her second husband, Mr. W. Stirling Crawford's horses were trained by Alick Taylor she made it her practice to repair constantly to Manton, unaccompanied by her husband, in order to pump Taylor about the merits of the various horses belonging to Mr. Crawford which were about to run, let us say, at Ascot or Goodwood. It was not long before her Grace discovered, to her infinite mortification, that she might as well attempt to pulverise the Rock of Gibraltar as to induce Taylor to divulge secrets which, as he well knew, belonged solely to his generous employer, Mr. Crawford. Baffled in her unrighteous attempt to obtain surreptitious information, the Duchess resolved to change her tactics. She waited until the soiled bedding of the horses was carried out of their boxes and taken into the yard, where it was heaped in a corner previous to being carted off to the garden and the downs, to be used as that best and richest of all fertilisers—stable manure. Affecting to be "half-poisoned" (as she termed it) by the offensive odour of the straw-bedding, she burst forth with well-counterfeited indignation into a furious diatribe against the grim old trainer. "Never yet did I see such a filthy stable-yard!" she ejaculated.

"I shall hurry back to town as fast as the express train will carry me and tell Mr. Crawford what sort of a trainer he has got!"

Eyeing her for some seconds in contemptuous silence, Taylor gave vent at last to the crushing rejoinder: "Your Grace,

Upper Yard



SKETCH OF STABLES MADE BY THE LATE DUKE.

I never knew but two clever women in my life. The first was my mother, who could train horses as well as my father; the second is my wife, who minds her own business." Having thus freed his soul, he turned sullenly upon his heel.

How much the Duke loved fox-hunting, and what an amount of thought and labour he gave to its every detail, is shown by the sketches on the preceding pages (drawn by his own hand, notwithstanding the gout) of the stables which he erected at Badminton.

In addition to the above, it may be mentioned that no one was firmer than the Duke when, as Master of Hounds, he found it necessary to control an unruly field, or when he had to put an old servant, who momentarily forgot himself, back into his proper place. The *Bristol Times* quotes an instance of the latter quality in the following words:—

"The late head of the House of Somerset was in reality a sportsman to the manner born. The Somersets have been mighty hunters from the time that their name became a power in the land. They have hunted big game, too, as well as little, and have never been found wanting 'when the gallants of England were up for the king.'

"Will Long said of him that he was the best whip he ever saw, and had a wonderful knowledge of when to let hounds alone and when to interfere with them. In the old days he or the Marquess of Worcester always worked a team to covert on hunting days, whilst he set a good example to all landowners by keeping a stud horse for the use of his tenants. (Kingstown, for instance, who was second to Wild Dayrell, stood here, and Grey Prince sired some excellent hunters.) One grey that

the Duke used to ride he was so fond of that after his legs got shaky, and he was not quite safe as a hack, he would have him taken to the meet in a van. This is the very horse on whose back he was seated when Grant painted him, and which is so well known, as he stands facing the Duchess on Tetuan. This beautiful picture was presented to her Grace in 1864, and prints of it are to be seen (and how their owners valued them the reader probably knows for himself) in many homes in Gloucestershire and elsewhere."

"I will tell you," says a correspondent, "how he came to hunt the hounds. Nimrod Long, son of Will Long, the huntsman, struck a hound with his whip pretty forcibly; the hound cried pen and ink to a pretty tune. On the Duke reproving Nimrod for it, he answered the Duke in a way that the Duke did not approve, so his Grace sent him home. Later on, Old Will came to the Duke and said that if his son had to go he should go as well. 'Well, so be it,' said his Grace. 'Who is to hunt the hounds?' 'I will,' replied the Duke, and he did—and thoroughly well he did it too. His enthusiasm, his cheeriness and the way he could blow his horn (better than anyone I ever heard) seemed to put life into his pack. He was so quick, that (with all his weight) he would sit down on his horse with the seat of a jockey, and gallop at top speed. He never liked to have a fox killed in a drain, but kept terriers that would go up to a fox and bolt him, but not mangle or injure him; and many a good run was the result. He was always ready for a gallop, no matter how late it was."

To adduce further evidences of the Duke's keenness as a sports-

man would be but to weary and exhaust the patience of my readers. Finally, let me therefore bring these remarks to a conclusion by reminding some who will read them that nothing would have given the Duke more genuine satisfaction than to think that the faithful partner of his joys and sorrows who survives him would be appre-

ciated as she deserves by those among whom her lonely life will henceforward be passed. If it be true that "to live in hearts we leave behind is not to die," the memory of the eighth Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, however evanescent among those who knew them not, will long survive in the grateful recollection of those best acquainted with and most worthy of them.

Cricket Song.

How blithely to the meet we ride
 Upon a hunting day,
 How sweet to hear at covert-side
 The huntsman's "Gone away;"
 Some love to stalk the antlered prey
 Over the heath-clad hills,
 To draw the fish from Tweed or Tay,
 The gaff beneath his gills;

Chorus—But on a clear and sunny day,
 With a true and lively wicket,
 Of all the grand old games we play,
 There is not one like Cricket.

'Tis joyous on a well-found craft
 To fly before the breeze,
 And watch the silver streak abaft,
 Furrowing the summer seas;
 Right gallantly a stalwart crew
 Cuts through the brimming wave,
 And whether light or dark the blue,
 All honour to the brave;

Chorus—But on a clear and sunny day,
 With a true and lively wicket,
 Of all the grand old games we play,
 There is not one like Cricket.

And football is a noble game
 While wind and limb are sound,
 As many say who made their fame
 On our Carthusian ground;
 Then fives and tennis and the rest—
 Each has its meed of praise;
 But cricket will remain the best
 Until the end of days;

Chorus—For, on a clear and sunny day,
 With a true and lively wicket,
 Of all the grand old games we play,
 There is not one like Cricket.

'Tis open game for every man,
 For peasant or for peer,
 And each one plays the best he can,
 No favour and no fear ;
 And all men in life's every stage
 Its pleasures may enjoy,
 Its never-fading charms engage
 The veteran and the boy ;
Chorus—For, on a clear and sunny day,
 With a true and lively wicket,
 Of all the grand old games we play,
 There is not one like Cricket.

W. H. B.

Herling Fishing in South Scotland.

JUST about the time of year that the trout fisher gets thoroughly tired of sultry fishless days, redeemed only by the brief and uncertain "evening rise," the gamesome herling comes upon the scene to render the angler's life again worth living.

For really good sea-trout fishing one must travel far north ; but some of the best sport among the herling is sometimes to be had but little beyond the border, for many of the rivers in south-west Scotland contain, besides a sprinkling of good sea-trout, great abundance of their smaller relatives at certain seasons.

Among these rivers perhaps the Annan is the best, though the Border Esk at the metal bridge of the lower waters, the Fleet, the Cree, and the Nith all yield fish in their season, while charming sport, amid lovely scenery, extending to the very sea beach, may sometimes be had on a small stream, such as the Skyre-burn, which runs a course (full of romantic associations), down into the Solway, near Gatehouse.

It is, however, only after a

spate that good sport is to be had here ; and the same may be said of all the rivers mentioned, in greater or less degree. The one least fatally affected by dry weather is perhaps the Annan in its lower reaches. Here, if there has been a spate even weeks ago to let the fish come up, some sport may be relied upon for a time, generally till another flood comes to send the fish further up.

It will be best, therefore, to take Annan as the typical headquarters for the herling fisher in south Scotland ; and if one day and one night is described, a fair idea can be had of the sport obtainable.

Let us suppose the angler arrives about the middle of July, and that some fish are up, though the last spate was a week or two ago. There is a nice breeze upstream (little can be done without this), and prospects are fair.

After securing your rooms, in which there is no difficulty, you buy a few local flies at the watchmaker's—(and among them don't omit "Woodcock wing"). Crossing the bridge, which is

close by, make your way about half a mile up-stream, or, if the fish are showing in the lower water, turn in the opposite direction. As the path is high above the water, you will have a capital view of the proceedings both of fish and fishers.

The former will probably be throwing themselves constantly out of the water, either at flies or in mere play, and you will notice that their favourite haunts are the points at which the wind catches the stream, raising miniature waves.

Here wade in, as deeply as you safely can, and cast among the leaping fish, with three flies on the finest of tackle.

It may be some time before you have any response, for the fish are very capricious at best, and your inexperience is against you. If after some minutes you get no rise, move further on, noting as you go the way the veterans carry on their attacks. An old hand will manage somehow to secure at least three fish to your one, and yet you may cast as good a line and use the same flies—say woodcock wing, blue dun and olive.

A skilful local angler will take sometimes five or six herling of half to three-quarters of a pound each in as many minutes, and his score may be forty fish (a sea-trout or two among them) before his short day is over.

If you get from six to twelve you will do well in ordinary states of water. This, of course, with fly, though the "clear-water" worm is much used when fish are shy of rising to the surface. One curious circumstance is that all the fish are taken from rather deep water, and they seem to lie, like grayling, quite low, and to rise in the same haphazard manner.

When you do hook a fish, "sea-trout" will be your cry at first, if he bores down, for the strain on your rod is violent for the moment, far greater than any other three-quarter pound fish could cause, but in a second a little bar of silver flashes into the air, and you see your quarry, and no longer dread a breakage.

It may be some time before he is in the net, for the herling never seems to know when he is beaten, and will go on jumping till he is actually in your hands; and, at least as often as not, will manage to jump off. To secure half you hook is considered a fair result.

As you continue your course up the river, having perhaps hooked three or four fish, and landed one or two, you will pass some quiet pools in which lurk monster skellies (chub), and these will take your fly if you can get it near them, affording fair sport for a few moments. They are of all sizes, from half a pound to four pounds, and rumour states that one of nine pounds was once taken by an angler who was using the natural minnow for salmon.

Here it may be mentioned that the Annan is a fair salmon river, especially in October and November, and the fishing can be had on very reasonable terms, as also tickets for the semi-private waters of Hoddum Castle and Castle Milk.

If the herling, as afternoon comes on, refuses the fly altogether, try (if not too proud) the clear-water worm. This is used with the fly rod, and Stewart tackle of the finest. The fish is hooked when *felt*, no easy matter, as you will find; but the method is sometimes very effective. It must not be confounded with the worm-fishing just after a big

flood, when half the population of the town turns out, with the coarsest and rudest tackle, and herling are caught literally by the hundredweight. Fortunately these carnivals are rare, and though exciting enough, they can hardly be called sport, the skill required being of the smallest.

If you walk up the river beyond the ticket water, which extends about a mile, you will find very pretty scenery, and a rougher and more picturesque river. Tickets can be obtained for this upper water (Hoddum Castle and Castle Milk), and sport is sometimes good. It is of course uncertain, as that of all rivers of this sort must be, the fish being constantly on the move. Besides the salmon, sea trout and herling, the river contains chub, roach, bream, dace, pike, eels and flounders, and bottom fishing can be had by those who understand it. There is also sea fishing, in the harbour at the water-foot of Solway, and good catches of flounders are made.

Perhaps the most interesting method of fishing here is to start just as the light begins to fade, and using the ordinary flies, with the addition of a coachman, to fish the shallower pools, as the fish begin their nightly roving. As darkness deepens, put on stouter tackle and larger flies, and taking up your position carefully in the shallow part of a large pool, listen for rises. Cast over every splash

you hear, and also over any ring you may be able to see. It is a weird experience, for you can only see a dim outline of the opposite bank, and casting into dark shadow under trees, feel for a response, while you listen to the swish of unseen rods. On some evenings the rise comes in the form of an unmistakable snatch, and the great fish springs instantly out of the water, falling with a loud splash, perhaps close to your rod-top. These sea-trout are often lost, owing to the darkness; but an old hand will manage to secure a fair proportion. You will also get a number of chub, which pretend to be sea-trout very well for about half a minute, and then collapse. To get the best chance, you should stay till midnight or after; but a fair basket may sometimes be had between nine and eleven. Most of the fish will be herling, with perhaps one or two sea-trout among them.

Before concluding, it will not be inappropriate to mention the other attractions of the town of Annan. These are otter-hunting, golf, bowls, football, lawn-tennis, cricket and drives to various places of interest, such as Ecclefechan, the birth-place and grave of Carlyle, which is within easy distance. It will be seen that this is a centre to which the family man may bring his wife and children, and not fear that they will lack amusement while he tries to tempt the acrobatic herling.

J. PAUL TAYLOR.

The Sportsman's Library.

MR. LAURENCE DUCKWORTH'S handy little book* may be dry, but is undeniably useful. The ideas of most of us are vague concerning the laws of betting and gaming generally, and the author has been at pains to make the way of the punter safe for him by pointing out the legal rocks and shoals on which without such guidance he might find himself. A writer in the May issue of BAILY'S, rendered a concise account of the laws against betting which have been made since the year 1664, and those who seek further information on the broader subject may find it in this handbook at the cost of one shilling. The touch of cynical but unconscious humour in the title of the *brochure* will be appreciated by losers in Stock Exchange transactions.

The fourth edition of the Badminton Library volume, "Riding-Polo,"† demands special mention for that the chapters on polo have been revised and partially rewritten by Mr. T. F. Dale to bring them up to date. The game has seen many changes since the book's first appearance in 1891, and the late Mr. Moray Brown's able contribution to the volume dealt with a generation of ponies and largely, alas! of players now on the retired list. Several new plates of famous ponies are among the additions to the work, and not least, a Comparative Table of Rules. These last are arranged in three parallel columns:

the Hurlingham, which are in force in the United Kingdom, on the Continent and in Argentina and California, the Indian and American rules. The compiler of the table has judiciously ignored the strict order of the Indian and American codes, having set out the various rules in such wise that they may appear opposite the Hurlingham rule of similar purport. The plan is an excellent one, enabling the reader to easily compare the several rules in each code. The important alterations which were made a few weeks ago in the rules of the County Polo Association are not recorded in the book which appeared almost on the day upon which those changes were made. This is a pity, but we cannot look for perfection in this imperfect world.

Another edition which will be cordially welcomed by all sportsmen and naturalists is the third issue of Mr. Rowland Ward's "Records of Big Game."‡ This monument of industry and labour is now nearly twice the size of the first edition, and owes something of its increased bulk to the wise inclusion of a brief descriptive account of each animal. Very numerous are the new records of horn, antler and skin; and we welcome the addition of some more authentic weights of the tiger and lion. Infinite care in preparing these masses of figures is displayed, and the book, with its admirable plates, is more than ever entitled to rank as indispensable to the sportsman's library.

* "The Law Affecting the Turf, Betting, and Gaming-Houses and the Stock Exchange." By Laurence Duckworth. 1s. (Nelson's Legal Handy Books.) Effingham Wilson.

† "Riding and Polo." (Badminton Library.) Fourth Edition. 10s. 6d. Longmans, Green & Co.

‡ "Records of Big Game." Third Edition. Rowland Ward, Ltd.

A Coaching Chapter.

THE death of the Duke of Beaufort removes from the road one of its best-known figures, one of the most skilful coachmen, and one of the earliest patrons of revived coaching. The late Duke's recollections carried him back—he was born in 1824—to the pre-railroad days; but by the time he was old enough to take hold of a team the train had begun to be a formidable opponent to stage-coaches. The Duke's early lessons were learned under the tuition of his father, the seventh holder of the title, himself a fine coachman. In the Driving Volume of the Badminton Library the Duke of Beaufort relates that old Goodman, the proprietor of the Brighton Timescoaches, would not allow his father to drive, so by way of retaliation he betook himself to the establishment of Israel Alexander, who had a large yard in the Borough, and in addition to driving one of the Brighton coaches, did a large business in horsing them. It was quickly arranged that a new coach should be started in opposition to the Times, and this took the form of the Wonder, which started at the same time as Goodman's seven o'clock Times, while the Quicksilver was arranged to run in the same interest against the four o'clock Times. A fortnight later the Quicksilver turned over in Brighton when driven by young John Snow, a booking-clerk in the office, and son of Snow, the coachman. This accident caused the coach to be changed in colour, and to come out under the name of the Criterion; but the coach was unfortunate, as only about three months later the pole broke in London, the Criterion capsized near the Ele-

phant and Castle, and Sir William Cosway was killed.

The late Duke of Beaufort, however, was not more than about ten years old at that time, so he had no share in the driving of the Wonder, Quicksilver or Criterion coaches; but subsequently, he himself says, the York House Bath coach, James Adlam being the professional, was the first public conveyance he ever drove, and later on he was virtually proprietor of the Age, put on by Clark in succession to James Adlam. In the Driving Volume of the Badminton Library is an amusing account of his taking the coach to Brighton after a protest on the part of the box-seat passenger against being driven by a young man.

On the foundation of the Four-in-Hand Driving Club at the conclusion of the Crimean War, the Duke was an original member, and for some time he turned out regularly with the Club; but it must be more than ten years since the Badminton drag has been seen at the Club meets. After the F.H.D.C. had been founded about ten years, the late Duke's fondness for stage-coaching revived, and he was one of the little band who started the Old Times to Brighton in 1866, while in the next year he and his colleagues doubled the coach; but after a year or two he severed his connection with the road, and contented himself with attending the gatherings of the Driving Clubs, becoming in 1870 President of the newly formed Coaching Club. Since the Duke of Beaufort left it, the Brighton road has been in the hands of several proprietors, and this year it has recovered some of its old prestige, though for the

first time in its modern history the two coaches are in the hands of different proprietors, Captains Spicer and Hamilton being responsible for the Nimrod, while Captain Steeds, of Dublin, runs the Comet, retaining a name long connected with the Brighton road, not only in ancient days, but in later times under Mr. Stewart Freeman, and after him under Mr. Woodland.

So far as the general public are concerned, the interest in the road would appear to be dying out, the facilities for railway travel and the bicycle being doubtless contributing causes. At any rate, during the last few years passengers have not been so very numerous, but it remains to be seen what the present season will bring forth. Both the Brighton coaches are excellently horsed, and the piebalds and skewbalds in the Nimrod and the superlative hunters in the Comet are worthy of all admiration. The old coaches, with the exception of the Excelsior, are on the road again, and there are one or two new undertakings, while one of the features of the season is the increase in the number of coaches which are run by private individuals. The Guildford road, so long held in such capital style by Mr. Walter Shoolbred, has now, after being occupied by Mr. Harveyson for one season, and by the Messrs. Cook for one season, been taken by Mr. Clough, who has named his coach the Taglioni, the name borne, it may be remembered, by a famous Windsor coach about the time when that famous dancer was delighting the world. If I remember rightly, the hind boot was decorated with a likeness of the *danseuse*; but Mr. Clough has shifted the picture to either door. This is one of the pleasantest

roads out of London, as after passing Esher the scenery is of the best. Mr. Harveyson's Old Times runs as usual during the summer months to Virginia Water, a charming place to visit, while the Rocket and Perseverance, in the same hands as last year, are running to Boxhill and Dorking respectively. The Windsor Venture, the Hampton Court Vivid, the Oxford Age, the Ockham Sportsman and the Ascot Vigilant are other old friends which are out again, and they are joined by the Shepperton Present Times, which starts from the Hotel Cecil.

The new coaches are the Reigate Shamrock, put on by Mr. Harris, late master of the South and West Wilts Hounds; the St. Albans Tantivy, owned by Mr. Whitehead, formerly one of the Old Times subscribers; and Mr. Hooper Deacon's Vale of White Horse, which last year ran to Henley but now goes to Maidenhead, Captain Hamilton, now of the Brighton Nimrod, being then associated with Mr. Deacon. There are thus about fifteen coaches working in and out of London, and traversing all the nicest country round about. That any of them not helped with the money of subscribers, can pay their way is, of course, an impossibility, so it speaks well for the love of driving that so many are found to put coaches on the road. Punctuality being a cardinal virtue in coaching, it is to be hoped that proprietors will do their best to keep strict time, as nothing is more annoying to passengers who may have made dinner or theatre arrangements to find the coach arriving after the appointed time, and thereby cutting short the period available for dressing and answering a letter or two. If punctuality is

the politeness of princes, it is none the less a necessity in a stage coachman, and it is a fact that during the last season or two great complaints were made on some roads concerning the unpunctuality of some of the coaches. They are not rated at a very high rate of speed as a whole, and while, in the language of the road "keeping the stock together," the coachman, amateur or professional, should experience no difficulty in keeping time. When horses are changed much time is often wasted, and there is generally a passenger or two who appear to imagine that a few minutes make no difference; but they forget that either the horses must be unduly pressed to make up time or a late arrival must result. When Mr. Shoolbred held the Guildford road there was no faster coach than the New Times, yet it was never a moment late, one of the reasons being that horses were changed as expeditiously as possible and the wheels were going round again. On the Brighton road, too, there is no dallying at the changing places. Proprietors have only to run their coaches on strictly business lines to obtain a reasonable amount of patronage; but people will not travel on unpunctual concerns or on those which remain too long at public-houses.

The decadence of the road would be something to mourn over, for with it would disappear many of the traditional directions for driving four horses. The still living Mr. Charles Ward, who in the older days drove the Norwich and Ipswich Mail, the Brighton Day Mail, and the Quicksilver Devonport coach; Tim Carter, "Father" Fownes, Cracknell Pope, Alfred Tedder, and one or two more whips of the old school, handed down old traditions on

which the younger school have been taught, and it will not have escaped notice what different styles are adopted by those who drive stage coaches and those who content themselves with driving their own drags. Were stage coaches to be done away with most of the old traditions would at once be forgotten, and none but those who could afford a team of their own would ever learn to drive four horses.

Having mentioned the late Duke of Beaufort as a patron of the road—the stage coachmen of London sent, by the way, a wreath on the occasion of the funeral—it may not be inopportune to notice the death of a very old proprietor and coachman, Mr. James Colpitts (who rode several times with the Duke on the Brighton road), whose decease happened a week or two ago. He was about eighty-two years of age, so that he could remember coaching about ten years earlier than did the Duke of Beaufort. Indeed, he was more or less conversant with the details of the business probably longer than that, for his father was a coach proprietor and mail contractor, and while yet a schoolboy Mr. James Colpitts was sent out to drive a mail cart on an emergency. The story used to be told in the north that even before he reached his teens he drove a mail coach on the regular coachman refusing, for some reason, to discharge his duty on a boisterous night. That a boy not twelve years old should have been sent out at night with a coach and four is, of course, nonsense, and I believe the real story is that the man who drove a mail cart was sent to drive a coach owing to the disablement of the professional, and that young Colpitts had to take out the mail cart.

It was on a mail cart that Philip, better known as "Tim," Carter began his career before he was promoted to a pair-horse coach on the Brighton road, and soon afterwards to one of the north country mails.

It was in the summer of 1894 that the late Mr. Colpitts rode for the last time on a coach behind four horses. Mr. Lewis Priestman—his father was a good amateur coachman—was then running the Venture between Newcastle and Tynemouth, and he invited the old coachman to make the journey, and greatly did he enjoy his day. The turn-out of coach, horses and harness pleased him greatly, and there is no doubt that many of our modern coaches would compare favourably with almost all those of older date. Some of the very swell concerns like the Brighton Age, the Shrewsbury Hironnelle, or the Birmingham Tally-Ho, were exceedingly well turned out, but the majority of the cross-country coaches left a good deal to be desired, while the less said about most of the harness used with the night coaches the better; it had seen its best days by daylight, and was nourished exclusively on liberal applications of neats'-foot oil. In connection, however, with Mr. Colpitts's later coaching experiences it should not be omitted that a very interesting meeting once took place in London between Tim Carter, old Cracknell, who at one time drove a Norwich coach, and was, after the revival, on the Brighton road, and Mr. Colpitts. If memory serves rightly, it was Mr. J. B. Angell who brought about the meeting. Mr. Angell had been on the Prince of Wales coach, then run by Mr. John Eden from the Scotch Stores in Oxford Street, to High Wycombe, on which Mr. Angell

was having a day, and happening to see Tim Carter in London, he found Cracknell, too, and the three old coachmen had quite a long talk.

Mr. Colpitts was never, so far as is known, connected with any long distance coaches, but owned and drove several that made short journeys. His yard was in the Cloth Market at Newcastle, and for some time he drove between Newcastle and Durham, the coach going on with another coachman to Sunderland. Another of his coaches ran between Newcastle and Shotley Bridge, and he afterwards ran between Newcastle and Morpeth, keeping on after the railway connected the two places: but steam was too formidable an opponent, and Mr. Colpitts, who had successfully competed against most owners on that road, had to confess himself beaten.

There was no lack of opposition in the north while Mr. Colpitts was a coach proprietor, and all sorts of dodges were resorted to in order that passengers might be secured, and on one occasion a lady with a bandbox and a baby was seen to be approaching the spot where Mr. Colpitts's North Briton and a rival vehicle were standing. The opposition guard ran up and secured the bandbox, but the far-seeing Mr. Colpitts went and carried off the baby in triumph because, as he afterwards explained, the passenger was bound to follow the child. The lady rode with Colpitts! The latter did so well on the Shotley Bridge road that a confederacy started an opposition coach, and one of the men on their side named Brown declared that, if they did not run Colpitts off the road in a few months, he would hang himself. The opposition did not succeed, and the man did actually commit suicide in the

manner stated. It was mentioned above that on the Morpeth road Mr. Colpitts was beaten off by the railway, but between Newcastle and Durham he once beat the rail. A heavy snowstorm came on, and some of the passengers elected to return to Durham by rail, whereupon Mr. Colpitts remarked that he would beat the train, and so he did, for although he was between two and three hours late, the train was blocked in a cutting for forty-eight hours, an incident which brought the coach a good deal of custom during the winter months.

Of incidents Mr. Colpitts had a number to relate, and in talking of overloading, he remembered how, on one occasion, when his coach was crammed inside and out, an old lady decided to ride in the front boot rather than be left behind, and in quite another quarter of England, Devonshire to wit, the coachman of the Exeter and Plymouth coach once took refuge in the boot. This was Paul Collings, a little man standing not much over five feet one inch. He started from the Black Horse Inn, Exeter, in fine weather, but before he had gone very far a smart shower of rain began to fall, and as Collings had left his overcoat behind, he quietly dropped into the boot and drove from that shelter. A farmer riding down a lane at right angles to the coach road saw, as he imagined, the horses spinning along without a driver, so he gave chase, Paul Collings being the while quite unmindful that he was being pursued. Presently the rain stopped, the horses were pulled up, and the little coachman emerged from his hiding-place, to the intense surprise of the farmer, who at first could not imagine where Collings had come from. A runaway coach, however, was not

exactly unknown in olden days. Some coachmen were in the habit of leaving their horses unattended while they went into an inn to drink, and it was no uncommon thing for the horses to start away by themselves, and if they had anything like a start they would sometimes trot the whole stage by themselves, stopping of their own accord at the regular changing place. A team in one of Colpitts's Briton coaches once started off owing to a bystander startling the horses, and although there were five or six passengers on the coach, no mishap overtook them on the way.

On one occasion Mr. Colpitts used to say that he, many of the inhabitants of, and visitors to, Newcastle had a lucky escape from being blown to atoms. In the small hours of one Saturday morning one of the stage waggons stopped at the Durham House, his place in Newcastle, and left in casks a great quantity of what turned out to be nitro-glycerine. The casks were put into a hay store, the driver of the waggon saying that they had come from Yorkshire and they belonged to someone who was going on by the mail. No one, however, came forward to claim them, and Mr. Colpitts and his men, ignorant of the contents of the barrels, unconcernedly worked at the forage in the building. On one day, however, the ostler struck a small piece of something on the floor, when there was instantly a loud report; a small quantity more was found, and then the discovery was made that the stuff came from one of the casks. Colpitts left word that if they were not at once called for he would have them thrown into the river Tyne. The existence of the nitro-glycerine came to the knowledge of the police authori-

ties, by whose directions it was taken to the Town Moor. Mr. Sheriff Manson and the town surveyor, Mr. Bryson, were among those who were present to see what was to be done with this mass of dangerous stuff, and by some means it exploded, and both the above-named gentlemen, as well as others, were killed, the affair casting a gloom over Newcastle. To whom the nitroglycerine belonged remained a mystery, and it was a curious feature in the case that a barrel or two at a time disappeared from Mr. Colpitts's premises. This was, of course, long before people began to blow up others, as they have done during recent years, and so far as is known, no attempt was made to injure anyone else.

At the time Mr. Colpitts had all his coaches running, the Newcastle races were run on the Town Moor, for Gosforth Park was not then thought of as a racecourse, and to the Moor all the miners for miles around were accustomed to repair, and almost the whole of the dwellers in Newcastle. As some of the modern coach proprietors do during the Epsom and Ascot meetings, Mr. Colpitts was accustomed, when the Newcastle races came round, to take his coaches off their regular roads and run them to and from the course. In one year he had eleven coaches at work between Newcastle and the course, and over a hundred horses were employed; a fifth horse was often utilised, for somehow the coaches used to carry thirty people, but then they were the big coaches carrying six passengers inside and sixteen out, and the gigantic loads they carried to the Moor made a rare return to the proprietor.

Mr. Colpitts's coaches were

always very well horsed, for he was an excellent judge of a horse, and dealing was one of his fancies. When quite a young man he used to buy hill ponies and some out of the Welsh droves, and invariably managed to dispose of them at a decent profit; when he had amassed some money he turned his attention to racing, and thanks to his judgment, became possessed of a few rather good horses.

Mr. Colpitts had a great deal to tell about Hudson, the "Railway King," with whom he once had something very like a free fight. On that occasion Hudson, who was at Durham, had an appointment with George Stephenson and others at Darlington, and had ordered a carriage to convey him thither. For some reason or other the vehicle never arrived, and Hudson, who was furious at the idea of missing his appointment, which was in connection with his business, was advised to seek the services of Mr. Colpitts, who had driven his coach from Newcastle. The "Railway King" having had a glass or two of wine, was in a very excited state, and kept shouting at Colpitts to go faster, although the horses were stepping along in merry fashion. The original terms were that Hudson should pay two sovereigns for the job if he were landed at Darlington by a certain hour, and as he kept on asserting that he would be late, Colpitts proposed that Hudson should pay him five pounds for the ride if he were in to time, and that he (Colpitts) should pay his passenger five pounds if he were late. To this arrangement Hudson assented, but he broke out again when he discovered that Colpitts was not going to change horses at Rushyford, and he was most disagreeable for another mile or two until the horses were gruelled.

There Hudson, with the wine in his head, jumped out of the carriage, struck Colpitts a heavy blow, tumbling him over a stable-bucket, and was preparing to have another go at the coachman, who, however, like many north countrymen, was able to use his fists, and he repaid Hudson his blow with heavy interest. This, of course, took up valuable time; but Colpitts landed the then battered "Railway King" at Darlington a few minutes before the stipulated time, and so won his five pounds. Hudson was foolish enough to summon Colpitts for an assault, but on the real facts being related in Court the charge was dismissed.

Among other coaches in which Mr. Colpitts was interested was one running between Newcastle and Doncaster, and while crossing the Town Moor at Doncaster in a fog the coachman descended from his seat to search for the track, but the fog was so thick that he was unable to find his way back to the coach. The box-seat passenger sat still holding the reins until he was thoroughly chilled through, and he then scrambled inside, where he remained until daylight came. He then took off the horses, rode one and led the other three into Doncaster to search for a fresh team and another coachman, and on the way from the town he discovered that the man who had lost his coach had managed to light upon a public-house, in which he took refuge, and from which he refused to stir till it was broad daylight.

These were some of the pleasing incidents of travelling in the olden days, when railway-rugs were unknown, and when even the best coaches had no aprons. A little straw was put up for the passengers, and that was all the comfort they had.

There are now very few of the old coachmen left, and Mr. Colpitts' decease has taken away one who, though not much heard of in London or on fashionable roads, was a well-known coachman around Newcastle, Durham, Bishop Auckland and Darlington. Like most other coachmen, he had his accidents, but none of them were of a very serious nature, except perhaps one when he missed his road in a fog and drove into a river. If one half of the accidents which were of common occurrence sixty or seventy years ago befell the modern stage coaches nobody would be venturesome enough to ride on any of them, yet in the old days passengers took but little notice of those which did not result in loss of life or serious injury to limb, while they took being blocked up by a snowstorm as one of the ordinary matters of winter life. We who in corridor carriages travel to-day clad in ulsters, with warm railway-rugs around us, and with hot tins or steam-pipes in the carriage, can scarcely realise the miseries of coach travelling in winter, while none of us, perhaps, can realise the hardships brought about by the awful snowstorm which began slightly two days before Christmas Day, 1836. The day was Sunday, and the people returning from evening church had in most parts of England experienced no little difficulty in reaching their homes, while in the southern parts of England the tempest raged for five days and nights. On the Brighton road the storm was exceedingly severe. Goodman's Times, which left Brighton on Christmas Day, was the first coach to feel the ill effects of the tempest; but he reached town. The sentries at the Pavilion were covered with snow in their boxes, and by eleven o'clock

the few flymen who ventured out were compelled to utilise two and three horses. "Some of the streets," wrote an eye-witness, "were completely blocked up by snow and totally impassable; in others where the snow drifted, high ridges were formed at the side of the road from one end of the street to the other which were, in most places, four or five feet deep. Hundreds of persons had to dig their way out of doors; large masses of snow covered the tops of the houses, and where the drift was greatest the windows were completely covered, presenting a most singular appearance. In Gloucester Lane the snow was eight or ten feet deep. Tracks were soon made on the pavements, and it was a curious sight in some places to see persons walking between the houses and these ridges, their heads just peeping above the snow."

The effect of such a storm on the roads can be faintly imagined. All the Brighton coaches and mails were stuck fast, and the mail from Gloucester could only be dragged along by the united exertions of no fewer than eighteen sturdy cart-horses. Of snowstorms both the Duke of Beaufort and Mr. Colpitts could tell a good deal, and on the high-lying lands in the north the cold was more intense than in the south. Of what happened to coaches in bad weather sixty years ago there are not now living many to tell us. Here and there one reads of an octogenarian coachman turning up, but with the exception of Mr. Charles Ward, now well over eighty years of age, there is probably not one of the better known coachmen of the West and Brighton roads to give their reminiscences.

W. C. A. B.

Robert Abel.

THE portrait which adorns the title page of this volume is that of the well known and deservedly popular little cricketer, Robert Abel, who has now for so many years done such good work for his county, Surrey. Born in 1859, "The Guv'nor"—to call him by the endearing *soubriquet* which was long ago bestowed upon him by the admiring crowd at Kennington Oval—has been before the public for some fifteen years, and by his consistent scoring has generally been within comfortable distance of the top of the first class batting averages. For a man of his inches—Abel is one of the smallest of first class cricketers—his scoring abilities are exceptional and, gifted as he is with a rare stock of patience,

and what is perhaps the most valuable gift of all for a batsman, good luck, Abel is a man whose back is always a welcome sight to the opposing bowlers. Nor indeed is his value to his side limited to his innings, for as a slow bowler he has frequently taken wickets when bowlers of greater renown have failed, and although his deliveries look harmless enough, he has generally secured a fair crop of wickets by the time that the season is over, and the averages are made up.

In his early days he gained a reputation as a field at short slip, but of later years he has gone farther afield, and wherever he be he misses very few catches and is always safe.

It was but natural that such a

good cricketer should be invited to go to Australia, the first occasion being with the team organised by Mr. G. F. Vernon in 1887-8, when, in addition to his cricket triumphs, he is credited with having shot a bear. When Lord Sheffield took his team to Australia under the captaincy of the one and only "W. G.," Abel formed one of the party, and here for a moment we are content to pause and to listen to George Giffen, at that time the champion cricketer of Australia, and to hear what he says of Abel's play in the test match at Sydney. "England responded to our score of 145 with 307. Almost entirely to one man was a score of that magnitude due, and that one was Bobby Abel, who carried his bat through the innings, the only occasion, I believe on which it has been done for England in a test match. His contribution was 132; the next score to his was 28! It was a

perfect display, as fine a one as I have seen him give; without taking the slightest risk, he met all the bowling with provoking confidence and made some beautiful strokes." Praise from George Giffen is praise indeed, and we need attempt to utter no further word of commendation of Bobby Abel.

In search of further colonial cricket he was one of the first team which visited South Africa when the gold boom was at its height in Johannesburg. For England, too, against Australia in this country, Abel has frequently been selected, and the little man has a very good chance of figuring in a test match again this season. At any rate we wish him every success and hope that for many years to come our visits to Kennington Oval may be cheered by the familiar battle cry of his crowd of enthusiastic admirers, "Nicely! Bravo Bob!"

"Our Van."

Epsom Spring Meeting.—Not the least interesting feature of the Epsom Spring Meeting was the presence of the Prince of Wales, whose accident had for so long a period kept him from several accustomed haunts, as also from performing numerous acts of social duty, of which so many fall to his share each year. His Royal Highness had returned from the Continent but the day before, and so the many thousands who look for his figure in the club stand, the more eagerly since that memorable day when he led in the gallant Persimmon as winner of the Derby, were not disappointed. In the same enclosure

was the usual large concourse of notable racing people, though they did not include Lord Rosebery, who was far too busy in connection with a certain wedding that was about to take place.

It was confidently believed that the new South-Eastern line, with a station near Tattenham Corner, would be available for this year's racing, but for this, and the hoped-for reduction in fares, another year must be waited. Although the line is at present a single one from Croydon, the intention, I understand, is to double it. Without any reduction in fares the new line is not likely to have many customers, for it comes a

long way round; but if, as can easily be done to a nice profit, passengers are taken at half the fares now charged, the two monopolist lines will notice a difference in their takings, at which there will be much public rejoicing.

The weather was springlike on the first day, and almost summerlike on the second, when there was a crowd in honour of the City and Suburban that would almost have done credit to a Derby day. The Great Metropolitan Stakes, run on the first day, was no great shakes, the City and Suburban being really the only important event of the meeting. All the short-distance races at Epsom seem to suffer so much from the steep hill upon which they are started, and little value attaches to results in consequence. The City and Suburban, though even this does not escape being affected by the peculiarities of the Epsom course, is a very different affair, and no complaint could be made that the field was not sufficiently good. With Newhaven II., Survivor and Merman from the Antipodes, Le Samaritain from France, and Golden Bridge from America, the contest bore a remarkably international aspect, much more so than races with high-sounding titles, which is all there is to suggest anything of an international character. The extraordinary finish in last year's race of Newhaven II. was vividly remembered, and 9st. was not a crusher to a really good horse. Newhaven II. proved himself to be thoroughly equal to the task, for he left his field in fine style a quarter of a mile from home, the nearest to him being Survivor. Le Samaritain, it was stated, had declined to eat since his arrival and this, of course, would account for his not

running up to expectations, supposing him to have disappointed his people, but he looked fit enough for anything. Newhaven II. not only looked as fit as he could be, but was, in addition, the best-looking thoroughbred of the party.

The same old complaints were made as to the disgraceful state of the rings, thieves being allowed to go whither they listed under the lax management. It is a strange thing indeed, at a moment when the Jockey Club are taking great pains to keep their own enclosures at Newmarket clear of undesirable people of all kinds, that this, the ruling body of racing, should permit the Epsom management to do just as it pleases. But no pressure seems to be exercised towards bringing about an improvement. The position of Epsom is thought to be an unassailable one, with such races as the Derby and Oaks in the programme. The same was thought about Doncaster, by the Doncaster people, in Lord George Bentinck's time. His lordship, at a certain juncture, reminded Doncaster that it was not absolutely necessary to have the St. Leger run there, and in Lord George Bentinck's case there was a wealth of meaning in such a reminder. But Lord George Bentinck is dead.

Sandown Park Second Spring Meeting.—With all the world at Westminster seeing Lady Peggy Primrose married, the Sandown enclosures were bound to suffer somewhat on the first day of this meeting, on which was run the Tudor Plate. The winner was a promising chestnut colt by Suspender out of Revelry, who, two days before, had won a mile race at Epsom, and who was now freely talked of as a likely outsider for the Derby. On the second day was run the Esher

Stakes, of a mile and a furlong. Looking at the very poor form shown last year by Calveley, the 10lbs. extra which General Peace had to put up for winning the Lincolnshire Handicap did not suggest danger from the Duke of Westminster's horse. But Calveley has improved since last season in the important direction of disposition, and, finishing his race out, he won fairly easily. Rumour had it that Sam Loates, who rode, was so struck with Calveley's chance when the weights came out that he at once applied for the mount. Hulcot, as winner of the Brocklesby Stakes, was favourite for the Sandown Park Stud Produce Stakes, but there was a better-looking one in the field in Prince Soltykoff's Vulpio, whom the astute ones backed, and won their money, Hulcot being beaten by half a length.

On the third day we went back, as usual, to a day's racing under National Hunt Rules, and a crowd was there to witness it that is exceeded in size on Eclipse and Grand Military days only. So the racing public—at any rate that section of it which affects Sandown—shows no preference for flat-racing over steeplechasing. Manifesto was to run in the Grand International Steeplechase, and did so, more was the pity, as it turned out, for anything more unlike the winner of the Grand National could not be conceived. He was carrying 13st. 7lb., and could not raise a gallop under it. He fell farther and farther behind as the race progressed, and everyone wondered why he was not pulled up. No one was surprised, therefore, when he came down, dead beaten. That the weight he carried was not considered excessive was shown by the eagerness with which the horse was

backed at the opening of the wagering. It was a pitiful spectacle to see the steeplechase champion of the year exposed to ridicule, but it is not easy to blame anyone, unless it be the jockey for not pulling up at the paddock the second time round. Coloured on the card was Drog-heda, and it is hardly conceivable that he could have lost at his weight, 12st. 11lb. He was put up for auction just before the race, and bought for Mr. Bulteel, the owner of Manifesto, for 3,300 guineas. With these two in his stable Mr. Bulteel holds a strong hand for next season's operations, which is as well, with Gentle Ida in the field. Manifesto, by the way, has been painted by Adrian Jones, who has also done Broom-mount's Pride for Mr. George Edwardes.

Newmarket First Spring Meeting.—Although a fair amount of fun is got out of it, the windage theory that enters so much into discussions on Sloan's riding is treated with much seriousness by many, and we now find people at Newmarket anxiously studying the clouds to see from what quarter the wind is coming and with what strength it is blowing. A "Sloan wind" has become to be an accepted term at headquarters, and for a long time to come it will do duty for a strong wind that blows straight up the course. On courses laid out on the open downs, as at Newmarket and Lewes (no one is likely to omit Lewes in such a connection), for instance, the wind exerts far more influence than it can in the enclosed courses, and there is a firm belief abroad that Sloan, by shielding himself behind the horse's neck, gains an advantage of several pounds when a strong head wind is blowing. Wind resistance cannot, of course, be ignored, but it

is easy to exaggerate its influence in the case of a racehorse and jockey. It was not a Sloan wind that was blowing during the progress of this meeting, and the fact that Sloan won but five races out of seventeen mounts was considered to be but a natural sequence by thick and thin believers in the wind theory as a paramount factor in Sloan's success. Five wins in seventeen mounts would satisfy most jockeys, but at the prices at which Sloan's mounts start it would be a losing game to his followers. No matter what the size of the field, if Sloan is riding and it is a small race, 6 to 4 the field, is the invariable first offer of the bookmaker. What with trainers seeking Sloan for their good things and the public backing him every time he starts, 6 to 4 is not a bad price to get about him, though following the American is not a game that is recommended here to anyone desirous of becoming rich.

For many days previous the superior claims of Flying Fox to win the Two Thousand Guineas had become to be recognised, and when the competitors were duly assembled in the paddock, it was not difficult to say from ocular demonstration that the preference was fully justified by the superior appearance of the Duke of Westminster's colt. That Caiman looked business-like was apparent, and Trident was justly admired. The other Orme of the party of eight, Birkenhead, is an exceedingly handsome colt, but much too big to be ready early in his third year, and if Sam Darling is to win the St. Leger the second year in succession, this is the animal to do it. And if Birkenhead never wins a race, he is the very type of a stallion. Of Scintillant we had heard won-

derful things in Newmarket, and it was a disappointment to see a leggy, split-up animal who could not be classed with Flying Fox without insulting the last-named. But a large section of Newmarket expected Scintillant to win. Of the race there is no story to tell save that Flying Fox took the lead after they had gone three furlongs, by sheer superiority of stride, and from that moment did little more than canter to win, easing up, by two lengths from Caiman. The distance Flying Fox finished in front of Caiman gives no indication of his superiority—that was shown in the absolutely common canter into which he dropped descending the Bushes hill, and he will have to fall off considerably to be beaten on even terms this year. The likelihood of any English three-year-old that has been seen developing into anything better than, or as good as, Flying Fox, is not probable. He is not of the sort of whom one meets more than one in the same year, and one cannot even see a prospective Minting to run him hard.

On the Thursday John Watts beat Sloan for first place in two races in succession, and it need not be said that the contrast between the styles of the two jockeys was remarkable. Watts' riding never looked more finished than on these two occasions. On the first, Harrow beat Dominie II. at even weights over the Ditch Mile, and on the second, it was Newhaven II. that gave Berzak 17lbs. and a very easy beating over a distance of a mile and a quarter, Newhaven showing to great advantage.

The colts for the Two Thousand Guineas were well thought of as a body, but the fillies that ran in the One Thousand Guineas were estimated as being from

14lbs. upwards behind them. The American, Sibola, was quickly picked out by the paddock critics as the best of the lot, which numbered fourteen. Sibola had recent form as well as looks, for she had easily won the Wood Ditton Stakes at the Newmarket Craven—in receipt of weight from many of her opponents, it is true, and as she was preferred by her people to Myakka, and had Sloan on her back, the favourite was not far to seek. Amongst the others there was plenty of public form to pick and choose from. Sibola had no difficulty in winning, and in being followed home by Fascination and Musa, "the book" was fully justified. Fascination was a very good third to St. Gris and Flying Fox in the Imperial Produce Stakes at Kempton, and had beaten Harrow at 5lbs., whilst Musa was a close third to Eventail and St. Gris at Goodwood.

Chester.—Never has Chester known such a time on the occasion of the race meeting as that it enjoyed this year. Had anyone been suddenly asked whether the Prince of Wales had ever attended the Chester meeting, the answer must have been, "Why, of course"; but it would have been wrong. As the guest of Mr. Cornwallis West, at Ruthin, H.R.H. made his first appearance on Chester racecourse, and a very auspicious occasion it was. The meeting has gone through many phases during its prolonged career, and it will undergo a very important one before the next meeting comes round, for the entire arrangement of stands will be remodelled at a cost of £12,000. Thus the Heir Apparent was just in time to see the meeting in its old guise, although, as a matter of fact, that was a new guise, for not many years have elapsed

since Chester became an enclosed gate-money meeting; and there was a vast difference between the old order of things and the new. Mr. T. W. Hughes, the Liverpool sporting reporter, is one of the few who remember the meeting as far back as sixty years ago, and he described to me on this, his Diamond Jubilee Chester Cup day of 1899 what a countrified gathering it was six decades ago. The attendance was not large, compared with what it subsequently became, and a considerable proportion of it spent the time not engaged in racing in drinking beer out of quart pots, smoking long clays and singing songs. The crowds in course of time grew to be immense, and every by-street that led to the course was choked with humanity. The assemblage of this year was the largest by many thousands that has come together since the meeting became a gate-money one, but it is not surprising to learn that the attendance when there was nothing to pay was very much larger. For myself I feel glad that I did not have to attend in those days, for I found Chester full enough on the Cup day. Thousands, no doubt, came into the city merely to see without any intention of going to the course, though there the increase was very noticeable, over 50,000 people paying to go on the Roodee, or Roodeye, as it is spelt in the town. The fact that some £1,500 were taken in excess of last year is not bad news, because it is a fact, though it may not be widely known, that more added money is given at Chester than at any other meeting besides Ascot. We could all wish the course larger and straighter, but any increase in size is impossible. The shorter races never can be satisfactory affairs, and the new rules

should be largely taken advantage of here. In the distance races, of which that for the Cup is a prominent example, the journey being one of two and a quarter miles, horses of certain conformation are favoured by the turns; but we have yet to find the course that does not suit one horse better than another. The field for the Cup was representative enough for most people, Jaquemart figuring at the top of the handicap. The hope of the thousands was that Batt would win, for his Grace of Westminster has never yet won the race, and it would be but poetical justice for him to do so, seeing how intimately he is connected with the meeting. Batt had shown such improvement on last year that his winning seemed likely enough, and but for Uncle Mac (as the well-known North-allerton has been re-named, for no reason that man can tell, though causes have been mentioned), he would have done so. Uncle Mac, exactly twelve months before, had won the Kempton Park May Handicap of a mile and a half with 9st.; here he was in at 7st. 7lb. His running in the Great Metropolitan Stakes was supposed to put him out of court, but he had been improved in the interval and looked very fit for his task, as many thought when they glanced him over in the paddock—and interviewed prominent men "on the rails" in consequence. Because Sloan was up, and for no other reason, Galashiels was favourite; and people made so light of the 14lbs. extra that King's Messenger was carrying for winning the Great Metropolitan, that he was a good second favourite. The pace was good, and this seemed to suit Uncle Mac, who dashed to the front half a mile from home, and was not afterwards headed.

Kempton Park' Spring Meeting.—The new rules as to two-year-old racing will mark a mighty change in programmes, and amongst the races that must go is the Royal Two-Year-Old Plate of 3,000 sovs. Looking at the field that ran for it this year, it was hardly possible to feel sorry, so immature for racing purposes did nearly all those engaged in the race appear. For future reference, a chestnut Gallinule colt, Bird of Prey, may be noted as likely to make a good one if given a chance, *i.e.*, not raced off its baby legs. Emotion, a filly, with nothing particular to recommend her, won the race very easily, and left one in a charming state of doubt as to what there was behind her. A real good one at his distance, Kilcock was seen out, and the distance I take to be six furlongs. This was the length of the Stewards' Handicap, and, carrying 9st. 12lb., he won it very comfortably.

The Jubilee Stakes did not draw so large an attendance as usual, but it was a big one, nevertheless. Newhaven II., carrying 9st. 10lb., was thought not to be out of it, looking at the style in which he won his last two races, but it was impossible not to fancy the chance of Tom Cringle, who met Newhaven II. on much more advantageous terms than at Epsom. Knight of the Thistle would probably have been fancied in any case, and with Sloan on his back he was favourite, along with Tom Cringle. Lord Edward II. is justly regarded as one of the nicest horses of his age, and it is clear that the handicapper holds a very high opinion of him, for he asked him to do a big thing to win with 7st. 5lb. He was not very far from doing so, for after losing ground at the start (he drew the inside station of

all), he came again at the finish and was gaining fast on both first and second as they passed the post. Knight of the Thistle justified his purchase by Lord William Beresford for 610 guineas last year, and people not unnaturally wonder why he was ever sold. Huggins, the trainer, may well congratulate himself on the result.

Newmarket Second Spring Meeting.—The first feature of this meeting was the defeat in the Somerville Stakes of Emotion, the Kempton winner, by Sonatura, a nice-looking filly by Amphion. The next feature was the reversal of form as between Dominie II. and Harrow, the American, in the Newmarket Stakes, completely avenging his defeat of a fortnight previous. Flying Fox was withdrawn from the race, which he would have won in a canter, and this left matters in an interesting state, for Frontier and St. Gris were both entitled to respect. St. Gris is asserted to be better than Trident, whilst Frontier was thought to be quite good enough to do duty in this case for Flying Fox. They both ran most disappointingly, and Dominie II., showing considerable improvement, won by three-quarters of a length from Kent. Anything more listless than Dominie II. when walking cannot be imagined, but directly he starts galloping a wonderful change comes over him, and there is no mistaking his length of stride. Kent is a big chestnut by Kendal, who did not command much attention in the paddock, but he showed himself to be made of good stuff, for he kept Dominie II. going to the very last. His size suggests that he will do better later on, and he was not overdone as a two-year-old, having been started once only in 1898.

Another Isinglass winner appeared in the Breeders' Plate, which was won by Vain Duchess, who is out of Sweet Duchess. Sir R. Waldie Griffiths is the lucky owner and Sloan was the rider. Sloan was not so fortunate when he had the mount on Desmond in the Third Welter Handicap. Desmond was started because of his refractory behaviour in the Two Thousand Guineas, when Hind was blamed for not getting him away. With Sloan Desmond did far worse, for he did not start at all; and Sloan did not give anyone the chance to "say things" to him, having something to remark on his own account. The Donovan gelding, O'Donovan Rossa, and the American-bred Democrat, had a great finish in the Bedford Two-year-old Plate, Madden getting the best of Sloan by a head, and it really looked as if the American jockey came a trifle too late this time. Democrat is one that should develop into something very good later on.

Anything in the shape of a public disturbance at Newmarket is the rarest possible occurrence, so it was with considerable amazement that one saw the county police being pelted with oranges and other missiles by the crowd assembled near the Rowley Mile winning post opposite the stands. When the facts came out it was learned that the cause of the disturbance was the issue of an order that no oranges were to be sold: it took someone quite half an hour picking up the peel. Fancy a riot at Newmarket over orange peel! The police, I suppose, have to obey orders, but they fill a very undignified position when employed upon such work as this; and the humour of the thing lies in the fact that the Chief Constable of the county is

understood to be averse to having his men employed in putting down the betting that takes place in the open. This is a new version of straining at a gnat and swallowing the camel. Betting in the open is a practice that can quickly become an abuse; but it seems hard that people should stand for four hours at a stretch and not be able to purchase an orange or an apple for refreshment. Villagers in the neighbourhood have been accustomed to dispose of their apples at the race meetings, and are now reduced to carrying them in their pockets and offering them furtively. The Prince of Wales is understood to have expressed himself very decidedly upon the orange episode.

Gatwick Spring Meeting.—

At Gatwick we saw the new rules regulating two-year-old racing in working, the Worth Stakes, formerly a stake of 1,000 sovs., being reduced to 200 sovs. of added money. To make up for this, 700 sovs. were added to the Alexandra Handicap of six furlongs, and this was annexed by Lord William Beresford, with Berzak—Sloan up, of course. Just to balance matters, the same owner and jockey won the Worth Stakes with Blacksmith, a Wolf's Crag colt that had shown good form at the Newmarket First Spring Meeting, where he beat Cutaway. This time he defeated Hulcot, who also succumbed to Parton, a chestnut colt by Washington, of whom nothing was known. On the second day, Lord Edward II. got his deserved race by winning the Prince's Handicap of a mile and a half. He ran like a thorough stayer, and should have a nice career before him.

The race of the meeting and of the season, so far as it has gone, one might say, was the match be-

tween Rowan Berry (5 yrs., 8st. 11lb.), S. Loates up, and Shepperton (3 yrs., 8st.), Sloan up. The largest attendance ever seen at Gatwick was present, and there is reason for supposing that this match was the chief draw. If this is so, it says a great deal for the sporting spirit of the racing public. Personally, I have no doubt that it was an immense attraction, and no race that could be mentioned was watched with keener interest. Although Rowan Berry has a tube, the Loates party considered that they had made a good match, which, in match-making, is half the battle, but the Sloan fever made Shepperton favourite, though the odds were never great. As an exhibition of jockeyship nothing could have been better, each jockey being seen at his best. Loates waited at the heels of Shepperton, who set a very slow pace, seeing that 6 furlongs was the distance, and not till reaching the distance did he attempt to go past. He quickly got the lead, but Sloan made two determined attempts to get up, very nearly doing so, though Shepperton ran none too straight, and bumped Rowan Berry each time. Rowan Berry maintained his advantage and passed the post a winner by a neck, amidst a scene of the wildest enthusiasm, shout upon shout being sent forth, whilst the air was thick with flying hats. Of course, the international aspect of the match was accountable for much of the excitement, but this did not cause the good riding of Sloan to be overlooked; and he was not forgotten on his return to scale. The circumstances surrounding the match cannot often be reproduced; nevertheless, a good example was afforded of the sport that is to be got out of matches, in face of the cry for

large fields. It was like Sammy Loates to purchase Rowan Berry with the intention of using him as a hack. Sam, by the way, has a nice taste in hacks, and he rarely rides one that has not a history.

Polo—Foreign and Colonial.—

The South Wales Borderers beat the Royal Fusiliers in the final of the Infantry Tournament at Calcutta. With the exception of play at Ootacamund and the Station games, Indian polo has now come to an end for the season. Polo is flourishing at Lebong, though where that is I would not like to venture to say. Wei-hai-wei is likely to have a polo ground, for Captain Hamilton Bower, who is to command the Chinese regiment, is a very old hand at the game and very keen. The writer has often played with Captain Bower in bygone days at Ferozepore, when he was the stand-by of the 7th B. C. team. The question of raising the height of polo ponies has been decided in America, the A. P. S. having determined to permit 14.2 ponies to play. The cause of this change is said to be the increase in the average height of ponies from the Western ranches, where great pains are being taken with this class of horse stock, and thoroughbred blood is being freely infused. In Australia the polo players have decided not to increase the height, which is at present 14.1. The New Zealand Polo Association will shortly consider the same question. It is said that in America the price of polo ponies of any class is steadily rising, and has more than doubled in the last few years. The Camperdown team has once more won the Melbourne Tournament.

County Polo Association.—

The rise of the County Polo

Association has been rapid, and its position is now well established. The committee have shown themselves willing to accept reasonable suggestions, and in consequence have gained the confidence of polo men all over the country. Many clubs have joined, and very sound judgment was shown in fixing the offices at 12, Hanover Square, and appointing Mr. Charlton secretary. If the alliance of the County Polo Association and the Polo Pony Society should issue in polo players taking more interest in the latter Society, it would be a benefit to the cause of the game. After all, the deficient supply of suitable mounts is the one obstacle to the spread of polo. If we could once get the market so adjusted that ponies could be bought and sold at fairly remunerative prices to sellers, and tolerably satisfactory ones to buyers of moderate means, the game would rise in favour rapidly. In some county clubs the co-operative system of pony buying in use in regiments, it has always seemed to me, might be adopted with advantage. For example, a monthly or quarterly subscription being taken, and the subscribers forming themselves into a small limited liability company. Money should be borrowed, sufficient to purchase a certain number of ponies. These would be given out to the members to keep, and would thus cost the club nothing. The club would have a call on the services of ponies for tournaments. The ponies should be bought in the autumn, and a sale held the next spring but one. The subscriptions would go towards extinguishing the debt, and if the club be well managed, might be dispensed with altogether or reduced. The secret of success is good buying and good

raining, and it would be useless to try the plan unless one or two members could be found to do his part well. But then, every association depends entirely on being managed by suitable persons. Everything in this world, from the State down to a polo club, is a "one man show." In this case two men are required, one to manage the financial and the other the "pony" part of the business. In the country, where so many people need the services of a ride-and-drive pony, the plan ought to succeed, and should, at all events, be worth trying.

Various clubs throughout the country will doubtless be pleased to learn that the Hurlingham Committee have accepted the proposal put forth by the County Polo Association, and have granted the use of their ground for the semi-finals and the final to be played at Hurlingham in July. Any individual wishing to see a copy of the rules of the Association can, we understand, procure them for 1s. on application to the Secretary, Mr. A. B. Charlton, 12, Hanover Square, W. A map showing the four divisions and the clubs located in each may also be obtained for 2s. 6d.

We understand that the dates granted by the Hurlingham Committee for playing off the Semi-final and Final are Wednesday and Saturday, July 5th and 8th. In addition to the Challenge Cup, the Hurlingham Committee have kindly arranged to present a cup to each member of the winning team.

Hurlingham.—There can be no doubt that the old ground at Hurlingham has been very much improved. The gain in width is considerable, some eighteen yards, while the shape of the ground has been greatly improved by the

straightening of the boards on the band-stand side.

The improvement appeared to the writer to be very marked, as he watched the final of the Handicap Tournament from the old pavilion, which is, so he hears, to make way in due course for a newer and more convenient building. It is always a point gained to begin with a success, and this Captain Egerton Green and Mr. St. Quintin certainly achieved in the handicap tournament, which was one of the best series of matches of its class the writer has seen for some years. It is only possible now to deal here with the final, but that was a good game. The bright sunshine and the clear air made watching polo a delightful task. The surviving teams on Saturday, May 6th, were :—

A.
Captain Mackenzie.
Mr. F. Freake.
Mr. F. Mackey.
Mr. Gouldsmith.

B.
Mr. F. L. Wallace.
Mr. Roylance Court.
Mr. A. Rawlinson.
Captain Egerton Green.

The game may be summarised thus:—Up to half time the play was very even and fast, Mr. Mackey's quickness on the ball, his dashing style in his running, and the excellence and handiness of the ponies he rode, contributing greatly to the success of A. At half-time both sides were equal, but after that critical period A went rapidly ahead and eventually won the match and the tournament by five goals to two.

At the time of going to press the Social Clubs Tournament is in full swing, the two teams left in for the final being Pitt (Cambridge) and the Nimrod.

Ranelagh.—The new stables at Barn Elms are worth a visit by all those who are thinking of putting up a range of polo pony boxes. They struck one as being almost ideally suited

for the purpose. The boxes are forty-two in number, are lofty and airy, without being in the least draughty. To every six boxes is a saddle-room, and above is a mess-room and lodging rooms for the men, so constructed that no odours from the stable can reach them. The cost was very moderate, and yet everything necessary for neatness and comfort is included. As these stables face the drive as you come from the Putney gate, they are necessarily ornamental, and the façade, as you view it through the trees, is a picturesque feature in the approach. Every stall was occupied as soon as finished.

The Handicap Tournament.—

The Messrs. Miller have always been noted for their successful organisation of tournaments, and this year's handicap was a particularly good one, the semi-final and final both producing good games. The former match was particularly good and exciting. When the semi-finals were reached on Wednesday, May 10th, there were three teams in it, D, B and F. F had the bye, so that—

D.
Mr. Eyre Lloyd.
Mr. F. Menzies.
Mr. R. Hudson.
Mr. Ezra.

B.
Mr. Drabble.
Mr. L. Wilson.
Mr. Tresham Gilbey.
Lord Shrewsbury.

met to try conclusions on the old ground, of which it may be said that it never was faster or in better condition. B team were a good deal pressed at first, and D seemed decidedly to have the best of it, and were two goals ahead when the last period was reached. At this point the B captain, Lord Shrewsbury, went forward, Mr. Tresham Gilbey went back. They felt the benefit of Lord Shrewsbury's fast ponies, and Mr. Drabble, playing with more resolution and confidence, the scores were speedily made equal. This

necessitated an extra period of play, and Mr. Drabble going to meet the ball from Mr. Ezra's hit out, scored a very smart goal.

The final, on Saturday, attracted a number of spectators, in spite of a cold wind. Those who came and stayed enjoyed themselves, for they saw such an afternoon's polo as could only be seen a few times in the season. B team was as above, and F consisted of Mr. Williams, Lord Kensington, Mr. Thynne, and Mr. Spender Clay. It would be impossible to put on paper the interest of the game, for the final score, seven goals to two, was a decisive victory for B. Space will not allow me to dwell on the very fine exhibition of polo that followed when the 13th Hussars played a strong Ranelagh team, and though beaten, struck me as showing very good form.

The Inter-Regimental, fixed early this year for June 5th, will be very near at hand when BAILY reaches its English readers. The 13th Hussars seem to the V.D. to have a good chance on the play he has seen, and they have some new ponies, particularly a chesnut thoroughbred, ridden by Mr. Wise, which drew the notice of one of the best judges of horseflesh in England. The 7th Hussars, a very old polo regiment, has a strong team, and will be worth watching. The Inniskillings, with such a powerful defence as Mr. Neil Haig and Major Rimington, will try very hard to win their third successive victory. The 12th Lancers and Royal Horse Guards will also have good teams. In the course of the playing off the ties, some very close matches will be seen, but it is fortunately not necessary to stake one's credit on a prophecy of the result.

Mr. Goodwin Kilburne's Picture.—If the very cleverly grouped painting which Mr. Baird Carter has been exhibiting at his gallery, 61, Jermyn Street, is to be bought for the Ranelagh Club, as rumour says, nothing could be more appropriate. The picture includes portraits of all the leading polo men, and incidentally reminds us how great have been the services of the Barn Elms Club to the game, and what a centre for polo men is its splendid pavilion. The players are representative, so indeed are the men who are portrayed, each in their respective lines. In the very forefront of the picture is Dr. George Hastings, who has certainly been the organiser of victory for the club, and to whose foresight polo men owe two out of the three grounds at Ranelagh. In the rear of the players Mr. E. D. Miller smiles benignantly on the success of the Hunt Cup Tournament, his own idea. From the steps of the pavilion the President of the County Cup Association looks on, while immediately below him are groups of 1st and 2nd Life Guards, Royal Horse Guards, and Inniskillings. Mr. John Watson is there, of course.

The Dublin Show.—The success of the Dublin Show in the polo pony classes was most undoubted, and it is said some good prices were obtained. A spring polo pony show is what we want in England, and it is to be hoped that the Polo Pony Society will be able to arrange for one—say, at the time of the Hunters' Improvement Show. That is the time we want to buy ponies. There are many men who keep hunters in the winter and polo ponies in the summer, in the same stalls or boxes, and have therefore to buy and sell in the spring and autumn. A show is of most

value when it leads to some buying and selling, for those who supply the market are thus forced by the most irrefutable arguments to recognise the type of pony which attracts customers who play polo. There were a good many different types at the Dublin Show, but the general result was satisfactory, as showing that the supply from Ireland is not exhausted, and from thence perhaps two-thirds of our most famous ponies have come. The Dublin Show cannot but have given a fillip to the raising of ponies in Ireland. In organising the show, Major Rimington has added another to the many services he has done to polo.

Wimbledon Park Polo Club.

—Wet or shine the game goes merrily at the Park, and London poloists—about sixty of the best known of whom have already joined—are to be congratulated on having secured a ground which, while not easily rendered unplayable by rain, is not found slippery in dry weather. Arrangements for watering are being proceeded with, and none too soon, for although the soil is of a sandy, powdery nature, and the grass by no means wiry, still no quickly-drying ground like this can be good for ponies' legs without occasional free use of the hose. So far, nearly all the matches have been with soldier teams, viz.:—the Royal Artillery, at Wimbledon and Woolwich, the 1st Life Guards (twice), the 2nd Life Guards, the 1st Royal Dragoons, and the 12th Royal Lancers. The latter team was to have played the "Old Cantabs," but these scratching, Wimbledon had to hurriedly get together the only disengaged players available; result: the first match lost by the home team. The Age Cycles Tournament idea has apparently

proved a success, each five-year group being evidently of opinion that if they could only get the services of the players they can put on paper, they would assuredly beat all other ages.

For Whitsuntide some amusing gymkhana events are on the card, arranged for both ladies and the stronger sex. These include Aunt Sally and Nine-pins from ponies, an egg-and-spoon race, a pony obstacle-race, dropping balls in buckets, &c.—all for ladies; with a repetition of the first-named event, and a ride-and-lead race, and lady's-favour race for men competitors. The fine old trees are now in full leaf, and the Park looking its best. The swallows have arrived, and with warm weather the ladies' lawn becomes gayer with *chic toilettes*. Improvements are being made daily for the comfort of spectators, and soon nothing will be wanting to make this one of the most pleasant resorts of fashionable London.

The Committee has formally announced that a second polo ground will be opened next season.

Mr. Courtenay Tracy's Otter-hounds.—This is a subscription pack which hunts over Hampshire and Wiltshire amid most delightful surroundings, and shows most excellent sport. The writer confesses to being somewhat of an enthusiast about otter-hunting. In no form of hunting can you follow so closely the working of hounds as when in pursuit of the otter. Once having overcome the natural distaste for early rising, and being prepared to face the long day's running and walking with the probability of a wetting, all is delightful. Mr. Tracy's pack consists of about fourteen couple of otter-hounds of the old rough type of big dog fox-hounds, and of the useful cross between these two which has

come into fashion of late years. These half-breds of his combine the courage and music of the otter-hound with the dash of the foxhound, thus correcting the tendency of the one to get forward and of the other to dwell on a scent. They are short and sound in constitution, and Mr. Tracy has one which is now in his twelfth season. The pure otter-hounds seem to communicate their beautiful melody to the foxhound draft, and when once the latter have entered they are as free with the tongue as the rest. When on the day I was out hounds touched the drag of an otter near Swaythling, on the Itchen, I have seldom heard so beautiful a chorus of hound music. But that was not all, for they hunted steadily, making good every inch of the drag till they marked their otter in some sandbanks near a covert. Otter-hunting is hard work, but it rewards the sportsman well, and is an inexpensive form of sport, which in bad times may be a consideration. Then it lasts a long time, for you may well hunt the drag of the otter for an hour, and then have two hours of a swimming hunt when the quarry is dislodged from his holt. It is very much hoped that Mr. Courtenay Tracy may be able to give the New Forest country a turn this season. If people who own rivers would only preserve otters, this charming sport might be more general than it is, and otters, if they do occasionally dine off trout, do great service by keeping down coarse fish, and above all, eels. Otter-hunting is healthy, manly, and carried on amid the most charming surroundings of our English river scenery.

The Culmstock Otter Hounds.—The family of Collier have been connected with otter hunting in

Devonshire for at least three-quarters of a century, their country lying in Devonshire and Somersetshire. Now, however, they have passed into other hands, owing to the retirement of Mr. Fred. Collier. The hunt, however, have been fortunate in finding so good a sportsman as Mr. James Wyley, of Ashill House, Ilminster, to take office. A meeting was held last month at which everybody pledged themselves to support the new master, who is building new kennels at Ilminster and has bought the otter hounds which formerly hunted in Pembrokeshire and Carmarthenshire, the old pack having been dispersed, some of them going to a French gentleman to be taken abroad.

An Old Kennel-man.—It is to be hoped that a good many hunting men have responded to the appeal of the Rev. Charles M. O. Parkinson, Vicar of Rickmansworth, for assistance to provide some little comfort for an old kennel-man in his old age. George Smith, in whose interest the appeal is made, is just ninety years old, and as long ago as 1824 was in the kennels of Mr. Harvey Coombe, when that gentleman hunted the old Berkeley country, and then he went to Lord Southampton, subsequently becoming huntsman to Mr. Selby Lowndes, with whom he remained till the year 1874. Since that date he was employed by Mr. Robert Fellows, of Rickmansworth, to do a little light work. Instead of having a grown up family to help him, he has only one invalid daughter, who is dependent upon him for the necessaries of life. Mr. Parkinson will be very glad to receive subscriptions.

Hunt Changes.—Colonel Alfred Somerset, who has been Master of Hounds for a long time, first in connection with the

Hertfordshire and then with the Enfield Chase Stag hounds, has determined to give up the latter, so the country is now in want of a master. The Colonel has made himself so popular that any suitable person succeeding him will find his task not nearly so irksome as it would be with most establishments. The farmers are sportsmen to a man, the best of feeling prevails, there is a good pack of hounds and much excellent country. The new master of the Ledbury is Mr. H. Wilson, of Holmes Chapel, Cheshire, and brother of the late master. The Tedworth will have as their new head Mr. Yorke Scarlett, while the Hon. H. Coventry has already taken possession of the Croome, in succession to Mr. A. B. Wrangham.

The Traffic in Foxes.—One cannot help feeling sorry at the report that there is a good deal of traffic in foxes going on in Ireland. Sometime ago the Irish masters agreed among themselves never to buy a fox unless they knew precisely where he came from, that of course being equivalent to saying that they would never buy a fox which came from a hunting country. But now it is said foxes have been bought to be turned down in parts where there is a scarceness, but this is surely short-sighted policy, as the man who buys them is just as likely as not to have his own stock sold to somebody else, and possibly to himself. There was an enormous trade in foxes once in England, and in fact even now a purchase and sale is by no means unknown. It is in very few places that foxes can be legitimately bought. In some parts of Scotland, well out of reach of any pack of hounds, they can be trapped without much difficulty and consigned to anyone

who wants them, and by so doing nobody is injured; but there is hardly a spot in England where foxes could be bought without materially injuring some neighbouring master. In the Fen country in Lincolnshire, it is said, foxes have increased and multiplied to such an extraordinary extent, and have done a great deal of damage to the farmers. A good slice of the Fen country is absolutely unhuntable because of the number and size of the drains, but even there they should not be sold to other countries, but if they can be trapped they could very easily be turned down in the huntable parts of Lincolnshire.

The Protection of Trout in Scotland.—In alluding to the Bill now before Parliament for a close season for trout in Scotland, at the annual general meeting of the Scottish Trout Anglers' Association, Sir Herbert Maxwell, M.P., stated that though he had many times seen men taking ill-conditioned trout out of the Tweed during November and December, there was not a single hatchery on that river for the breeding of salmon or trout, save Lord Polwarth's. What, however, had been done in the water of Leith, which is now said to be teeming with good trout, might by attention and using the legal powers at their disposal, be extended to other places.

The Thames Re-stocking Association.—This, one of the newest of the Angling Societies, formed in the interests of the Thames angler, has recently put forward a scheme to erect a Thames fish-cultural establishment, to stock all parts of the river on a really large and sufficient scale, and efforts are being made to raise the necessary funds. The estimated cost of erecting and properly equipping a

hatchery with a sufficient number of ponds is set down at £500, with a further annual expenditure of £200 for maintenance. Trout and coarse fish are to be bred in the proposed hatchery.

The Military Tournament.—By the time these lines are in print the Military Tournament at the Agricultural Hall will be in full swing, and if the advance notices are to be credited some very interesting items will, as usual, be presented. Besides the pageant representing the Wars of the Roses (1487), Newbury (1643), Lucknow (1857) and Omdurman (1898), there is to be a combined display representing an attack on a Malay village, dealing with an incident in the Perak rising of 1875. The Carabineers, too, have a display of their own, in which they are assisted by a party of the New South Wales Lancers, now over here, so that the spectator will see representatives of a corps raised in Stuart times and those of another raised within living memory, in the arena at one and the same time.

Cricket.—With every prospect before them of the busiest season ever known, cricketers only need genial weather to make the summer of 1899 memorable in the history of the game. The reverses experienced in Australia by the last team taken to that country by Mr. Stoddart, when our representatives lost the rubber of test matches and the "ashes" were left in the Southern Hemisphere, has caused the greatest interest to be taken in the team of Australians now playing under the captaincy of Mr. Darling.

In International Cricket it is but seldom that the visitors are able to put absolutely their best team into the field, but this season Major Wardill and his companions assure us that they have

left at home no single player whom they required, with the lamentable exception, of course, of poor Harry Trott, perhaps the finest captain, and one of the greatest players that has ever visited these shores. Enormous interest will centre in the series of five so-called test matches that have been arranged between England and Australia, the first of which is due to take place at Nottingham in the first week of this month, and the task of selecting the eleven men to do battle for the Mother Country will be no easy one. Up to the present time it has been customary to play three England and Australia matches, one at Lord's, one at Manchester, and another at the Oval, and the local executive at each place has been responsible for the selection of the team for their match. An alteration has, however, been made this year by the new Board appointed to control International Cricket, and the choice of the teams to represent England is placed in the hands of three gentlemen, Lord Hawke, Mr. W. G. Grace, and Mr. H. W. Bainbridge.

There is no longer to be any question as to whether a county will let off its players in order that they may represent England, and the proceeds of the gate which do not go to the Australians are to be divided amongst the first-class counties upon a system which the International Board has not yet made public. So these test matches look like being very business-like affairs, and will probably do much to demonstrate the fact which has for some years been growing more and more obvious, namely, that in first-class cricket the business side predominates over the sporting side, and the whole thing becomes more

and more a business and less and less a game.

"Are the Australians going to beat us in the test matches?" is a question which is anxiously and frequently asked, and answered in a variety of ways. There are some critics who say that our visitors are just now better than our best players of to-day at every department of the game, and are willing to lay slight odds upon Mr. Darling's team in each of the five matches. It has been pointed out to us, and apparently with some reason, that during the last few years the young generation of English cricketers has not supplied a sufficient number of great players, whilst the men at the top of the tree are, in common with all of us, not getting any younger or more active. Considering the average youth of the Australian team, and the very important fact that they have the advantage of playing day after day throughout the season with one another, we think it is only to be expected that in the test matches their fielding is likely to compare very favourably with that of their opponents, and this is a very important matter. Of the comparative value of the bowling it is difficult yet to speak with any approach to certainty; it would appear that in Jones our opponents possess the most successful fast bowler of the day, for as yet we are in the dark as to how Tom Richardson will fare this season. Hugh Trumble has times without number demonstrated what a great bowler he is when the wicket is helping him at all, and we doubt if England can boast at the present moment of a bowler more dangerous than he upon a sticky wicket. We have heard and read of what the head bowlers, Noble Howell and McLeod can do, with the ball upon perfect

wickets "down below," and a vast deal depends upon the question whether they will readily adapt their ability to the variety of wickets upon which they will be required to bowl in this variable climate. Of our own bowling at the present moment one can hardly speak with intense enthusiasm so far as its use in a test match is concerned; probably to-day there are more good bowlers playing in county cricket than at any time in the history of the game, but to win an England *v.* Australia match four men only can be selected to play *quâ* bowlers, and we have our doubts whether there are to be found at present four bowlers who are any better than those who in bygone years have figured in these international matches.

As to batting, that most highly-developed department of the game in this country, there is probably as much talent as ever, if not more, and the batsmen selected to do battle for England will be magnificent players in their best form, whilst the batting of their opponents has been proved to be eminently productive of runs, albeit rather slow and tiresome.

Given a very good wicket and fine weather it appears unlikely that three days would be a sufficient space of time in which either side could beat the other, but given a bowler's wicket, we cling to the hope that our own representatives, schooled as they are to play upon bad wickets very nearly as often as not, will make the most of their opportunities and secure a verdict.

The result of the opening match at the Crystal Palace against a very strong team of the South of England would appear to indicate this much, that although on good wickets with short hours for play, drawn games are

likely to be plentiful, it will take a good team all their time to score a win over our visitors.

Sensation marked the very start of the inter-county cricket season, when Yorkshire, the champion team of last year, had (to use a racing metaphor) to gallop for all they were worth to avoid defeat at the hands of the most recently-promoted Worcestershire. Worcestershire looked to be winning the match all the way through until they were beaten by the narrow margin of 11 runs. In the fourth innings the home county went in to get 134 runs to win, and before the fall of the third wicket the score stood at 89, or only 45 runs to win with seven wickets to fall; then it was that Brown, of Darfield, a fast bowler, who has only just been added to the ranks of the Yorkshire County team, proved unplayable, and with two wickets to fall, Worcester were still 22 runs from home, and ultimately victory rested with the winners of the White Rose by just 11 runs. All credit is due to Mr. H. K. Foster and his team for the fine show they made until that last unfortunate half-hour of the match; and it is indeed satisfactory that a county which until this season was dubbed second-class should have seized such an early—in fact the earliest—opportunity of showing up the follies and injustices that can be done in the name of classification.

To demonstrate the all-round strength of Yorkshire Cricket it is not uninteresting to note that Brown, of Darfield, the hero of the victory over Worcestershire, was left out of the team which represented Yorkshire in their next match against M.C.C. and Ground at Lord's, a match which led to another exciting finish again in favour of Yorkshire, who won by one wicket; Mr. F. S. Jackson, who

had damaged his hand, going in last, and in partnership with Haig putting on the 20 runs required to win. Yorkshire have the appearance again this year of being a fine side. Surrey also are very strong with the same team as last season, except that Tom Richardson stood out of the first match owing to an injury, and his place was filled by an amateur with the same surname, who made a most successful *débüt* by scoring 45 not out against Derbyshire. Brockwell seized this opportunity and scored the first century of the season, and the Peak Country were easily defeated by ten wickets. The terribly sudden and untimely death of George Davidson is a loss which Derbyshire Cricket is scarce able to stand, although Storer, one of the greatest cricketers of the day, is showing his best form and is ably supported by that faithful servant of Derbyshire, William Chatterton.

During the last year or two the Essex eleven have accustomed us to sensational performances, and once again they have attracted world-wide notice by administering to the Australian team of 1899 their first defeat, and that, moreover, by the substantial balance, in a match of small scores, of 120 runs. The county took first innings, but could never do much with the accurate bowling of Hugh Trumble, who took eight wickets, and it was not until Mr. A. P. Lucas was joined by the last man, Young, that a good stand was made, Young knocking up 33 runs, whilst Mr. Lucas carried out his bat for 46 out of the total of 199. To this the visitors could only reply with 144. Thus Essex started on the second innings with a nice lead of 55 runs, but speedily lost three wickets with but 8 runs scored.

It was at this crisis of the game that the Australians threw away their chance of success, for Messrs. McGahey and Turner were each accorded lives off not difficult chances immediately on coming in, so that instead of there being five Essex wickets down for 10 runs, the fourth wicket did not fall until these two batsmen had added over a hundred runs, Turner making 54 and McGahey 39. The full total came to 144, leaving the visiting team with 200 runs to get to win: a formidable task upon a wicket which throughout the match had favoured the bowlers. Walter Mead and Young, the left-handed bowler, bowled with such deadly effect that the whole side was out for but 73 runs, Young having the splendid analysis of seven wickets for 42 runs, whilst Mead's three wickets cost the same number of runs. It was a great match for Essex, and so pleased were the spectators that £50 was collected on the ground for the professionals. Once more has a left-handed bowler played havoc with Australian batting, and it may be that to Young, the ex-sailor, will fall the honour of appearing in a test match against his victims of last month.

The Spring Field Trials.—Conditions varied at each of the four trials of sporting dogs held in April; but, all round, the work done was most satisfactory. It was also gratifying to the few enthusiasts who year after year support these interesting competitions, to notice that general interest in them is on the increase. This was most notable at Newport, Salop, where, on the estate of Sir Thomas Boughiey, at Aqualate, the members of the English Setter Club again held their meeting. The weather here was delightful, and as Sir Thomas himself

directed the beating, the best coverts on the estate—certainly one of the most heavily stocked in the country—were available. Both fur and feather—a little too much of the former—were abundant, and the young dogs were certainly most severely tested as to their steadiness to hares, for part of the ground was literally over-run with them. This was no doubt accounted for by the fact that last season the customary coursing meeting was not held: arrangements for the coming season are, however, already in preparation, so that when next the Aqualate domain is visited by the field trialers fur will not prove so great a nuisance as was the case at the recent meeting. The National trials held over the Acton Reynald estate of Sir Walter Corbet, in the same county, extended over three days; whilst the gathering promoted each spring by the Kennel Club was, as last year, brought off at Orwell, Suffolk, through the courtesy of Capt. Pretymann, M.P., whom all were glad to see about again after his serious accident some time ago. Here the work on the second day was marred by wet and stormy weather, and the pluck of the judges, the Rev. W. Sergeantson and Mr. C. Austin in keeping to their task, was commendable.

On the continent the Spring Meeting of the International Pointer and Setter Society attracted English support, Mr. B. J. Warwick taking over a strong team, and in gaining second and third awards in the puppy stake, he certainly upheld the honour of the old country. The meeting was held on a fine estate at Rhisnes, near Namur, and although hares were more numerous than partridge, the work shown was very satisfactory,

particularly in the brace competition, in which Bendigo of Brussels, a winner in England in 1897, and Flirt of Brussels, from the Kennel of M. Morren, gave one of the most finished displays at game-finding ever witnessed. The manner in which they helped one another was a revelation to English visitors, and the latter certainly shared in the triumph in that the dogs were handled by Lauder, who for some time had charge of Sir Humphrey de Trafford's shooting dogs in England. The trials over grouse are to take place in July on the Castle Douglas (Lanarkshire) moors. A big meeting is anticipated.

Aquatics.—"The Merrie month of May" has changed its character of late years. Rowing men are not all squeamish, yet even they have learnt from bitter experience that

"Ne'er cast a clout
Till May is out"

is an old aphorism and a true. As usual, the University Boat Race struck the keynote of practice and preparation for another aquatic season. The leading clubs lost no time in deciding their Trials, &c., yet under conditions in the main far from pleasant. How Kingsley would have enjoyed himself! Now fairly inaugurated, however, cheery prospects are wafted from every quarter. Latest reports favour the idea that the Metropolitan, Universities, Provincial Public School, and other crews are well above the average, and many right above it. The knowledge that Canadian crews are again to do battle at Henley has doubtless roused the fighting instinct of Englishmen generally and many veterans in particular. Of course, until after Henley is over nothing else will be talked about. Already innumerable

crews are in hard practice for the Royal meeting, of which we shall talk fully next month. One thing is pretty certain, the entries thereat will be more numerous than ever before. So far, so good. From a racing point of view, it is eminently satisfactory to realise that, at last, a clear course will be assured for the competing crews at Henley. The stewards have resolved to boom the famous reach from end to end, thus preventing any possible encroachment of pleasure craft. This may injure the Royal regatta from a social point of view—as the rule preventing the re-letting of houseboats, &c., certainly will—but that matters little. After all, Henley regatta was inaugurated as a racing function; its social side is only an incident of the meeting. By the way, an ardent patron of this Olympian festival has been lost by the recent death of Mr. Tom Nickalls, after whom the "Goblets" trophy is named. He will be sadly missed, and we fear that his death will also prevent his son Guy from doing battle again—as he fully intended. However, compensation is afforded in a measure by the fact that such fine scullers as Messrs. Howell (amateur champion), Blackstaffe, Goldie, &c., are all prepared to defend the honour of the Old Country on the river. After recent events, Ichabod must indeed be spoken of English professional sculling, but amateur scullers of note were never so plentiful before. The race for the "Diamonds" this year should (like Venice) be something to see and die!

Sailing and Punting—these corollaries of rowing, as they have been called—are already in full swing. Messrs. Watney and Ricardo's *Tiger Cat* seems to

emulate Tennyson's brook in going on "for ever." Anyway, she already boasts a rare sequence of victories, and that despite the advent of many new craft. Punting devotees are to have a recruit in C. D. Burnell, the Oxford "Blue," and the prospects of a capital season are unco' rosy. It would be idle to pretend profundity on either of these pastimes or canoeing at this early stage, however, as until after Henley—we repeat this with Catonian emphasis—nothing of importance will be done. Our readers may depend upon comment and authoritative news in due course.

Socially, the river season promises to be a record one. Thus early riparian residences are at a premium; launches, houseboats, &c., are in great demand; whilst retreats on the Thames are sought for far and near. Slowly but surely English people are finding out that surcease from the worries of life can be found elsewhere than abroad or at the seaside. On various favoured reaches of "Ye Silverie Temes" that old-time peaceful calm—spoken of by Montgomery—is still to be found. What is more, if (as freely reported) the Queen means to make a lengthened sojourn at Windsor Castle this year, a glorious river season is assured. So mote it be! Next month (as usual) we shall critically discuss the prospects of rowing generally, and that at Henley in particular. Henceforth, all will be plain sailing, month by month, throughout the season.

Sport at the Universities.—There is not much to be told of actual fray this month. Practice and preparation has ruled the roost since our last, and the "survival of the fittest" is hardly yet attained in the case of many teams, &c. As far as cricket is

concerned, 1898 history repeated itself this year—batsmen plenty, bowlers few. Without going unduly into details, we may say that very few "Freshmen" will be seen in either representative eleven. Save H. C. Pilkington (Eton), B. Knox (Dulwich), and F. H. Humphrys (Shrewsbury) no other Oxonian appears likely to gain his colours this season. At Cambridge, S. H. Day (Malvern), E. R. Wilson (Rugby) and P. R. Johnston (Eton) may yet find places, albeit (as at Oxford) too many capable "Seniors" abound. Of these, Messrs. L. P. Collins, R. H. de Montmorency, H. Martyn, F. H. K. Dashwood, A. M. Hollins (Oxford) and L. J. Moon, A. M. Sullivan, E. F. Penn, A. H. Hornby (Cambridge) stand by far the best chance of inclusion. Happily, the Cantab wicket-keeper of 1898 (T. L. Taylor) still remains, whilst in H. Martyn Oxford has secured a capable successor to R. W. Fox. Altogether, both teams should prove very formidable in batting, fairly sound in bowling, and particularly smart in fielding and at the wicket. Ere the current issue of BAILY they will be fairly before the public, so we will leave matters at that.

Rowing men have been extremely busy as usual; the Summer Eights, University Pairs, &c., having exercised the minds and muscles of most. As we anticipated, the Cambridge University Pairs were again won by ex-Presidents Dudley-Ward and R. B. Etherington-Smith, whilst the last-named, with R. H. Sanderson (First Trinity) just as easily accounted for the Lowe Double Sculls. The Oxford Summer Eights are being decided as we write, hence comment must come in next month.

Let it suffice, for the nonce, to say that the crews are fairly average on the whole, and that Oxford should be well and truly represented at Henley later on. The "Mays" at Cambridge will paradoxically be held on June 7th and following days, when a sensational fight for "Head of the River," position is expected between First Trinity (holders) and Third Trinity. After close observation, we shall pin our faith on "First" to maintain her coveted position. Other crews likely to do doughty deeds are Lady Margaret (St. John's), Caius, Pembroke, Emmanuel II., Christ's (First Division) and Clare, Peterhouse, Pembroke II., Magdalen and Queen's (Second Division). The Cantabs will also appear in great strength at the Royal meeting—a United Trinity crew will give battle for the first time for many a long year, and should give a right good account of themselves.

To universal satisfaction, Messrs. F. W. Warre and C. J. D. Goldie have been elected Presidents of the O.U.B.C. and C.U.B.C. respectively for the ensuing year. This is ample testimony to their personal popularity and capabilities as oarsmen alike. Putting all this aside, however, never was Ibsen's heredity theory so triumphantly vindicated before. The late Mr. J. H. Goldie and Dr. Warre (the present Headmaster of Eton), their fathers, were both Old Etonians, both "Old Blues," and both held the same responsible office in their day and generation! Another item of news peculiarly refreshing is that Cantab oarsmen are subscribing largely to the fund started for the purpose of presenting Mr. W. A. L. Fletcher with a testimonial. That Cantab oarsmen owe the famous Oxonian oarsman

and coach a deep debt of gratitude is patent enough, and we are rejoiced to note they are going to show it in such a tangible fashion. Of subsequent developments anon. Congratulations also to Lord Justice A. L. Smith, the Old Cambridge rowing "Blue," upon receiving the somewhat unique honour of election as President of the M.C.C.!

The lawn-tennis clubs have opened auspiciously since our last, matches against Lancashire, Rock-ferry, Kent County, &c., having been played. So far the Oxonians appear the most consistent team, especially at Singles work, and we anticipate their victory at Queen's Club on June 30th and July 1st. There is not much in it up to date between the swimming and water-polo teams—neither is quite first-class this year—and we shall expect to find honours divided in the representative matches at the Bath Club, London, on June 24th. Cambridge should excel in the water-polo, and Oxford in the swimming items. Of polo (proper) nothing definite can yet be spoken of respective strength. Judging from the unusual keenness displayed either way, however, there is no chance of another runaway victory for Oxford at Hurlingham this year. How many old parliamentary hands will be available is not yet known, and the same with tennis proper; in fact, prospects in both directions are yet *in nubibus*. All in good time.

General news may be very briefly dismissed. Once again the value of a thaw-and-thought curriculum has been evidenced at Oxford. The names of prominent sportsmen simply abounded in the Classical Honours Moderation Lists! To the deep satisfaction of Oxonians all, Mr. J. P. Heywood-Lonsdale has been

elected M.F.H. on the Bicester and Warden Hill Hunt, *vice* the Earl of Cottenham (another Oxonian), resigned. The old 'Varsity coxswain is still exceedingly popular with Dark Blues, hence a pretty big exodus of Oxonians is assured three or four days of the week next season to Bicester. By the way, under the new rules—*vide* BAILY of last month—they are exempt from the fees henceforth to be enforced by that Hunt. Congratulations to Sir William Anson, a fine sportsman and capital judge of a horse, upon his election as M.P. for Oxford University. Ditto to Sir G. G. Stokes, who for the past fifty years has been Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge, upon the testimonial to be presented to him on June 1st. "Extremes meet," we are told, and few would think this popular Professor favoured sport in any shape or form. Yet go for a good ride with him down Cottenham way or towards Balsham, and you will be surprised at the length and depth of his knowledge of men and matters in this direction.

Golf.—The Royal and Ancient Club has adopted the prudent course of approving in principle the new and amended rules of the game, and deferring until the Autumn Meeting their consideration in detail. This arrangement gives the Rules Committee ample time to consider the criticisms made upon its work and if thought desirable to revise it in the light of these criticisms.

The Ladies' Open Championship has been won by Miss Hezlet; of the Royal Portrush Club, who is the youngest champion, not only of her own but of either sex, ever known in the annals of the game. She is seventeen years of age, and, as a matter of fact, celebrated her seventeenth birthday on the

Saturday before her great success. In 1895, that is to say when she was twelve or thirteen years of age, she took part in the championship meeting at Portrush. Miss Hezlet is therefore to be ranked as a golfing prodigy. She was somewhat favoured in the matter of position in the draw, but when it came to the final round she had to meet the redoubtable Miss Magill, of the County Down Club, and against her she played a game which is described by all the critics in terms of the highest praise.

With the exception of Park, of North Berwick, all the leading professionals took part in a tournament at Richmond, got up by the Mid-Surrey Club. It was the biggest thing of the kind ever arranged, and it was marked by conspicuous success. The great feature of the play was the performance of Harry Vardon, open champion in the qualifying competition when he did the two rounds of a course, which certainly is not deficient in length, though it may lack hazards, in 144 strokes, or exactly an average of four strokes per hole. This score put him no fewer than 11 strokes in front of the second man, Jack White, of Seaford, and 17 strokes in front of J. H. Taylor, who is now the professional at Richmond and consequently had a great

advantage over the other competitors in the matter of knowledge of the green. In the subsequent match played Vardon beat in succession Braid, of Romford, Alexander Herd, of Huddersfield, and Rowe, of Ashdown. The prize-money Vardon carried off was £50, which is about four times the amount paid to the winner of the Open Championship a few years ago.

Dog-keeping at School.—At Clayesmore School, Enfield, Middlesex, the members of the School are allowed to keep dogs during term time. Instead of the necessity for surreptitious dog-keeping the school authorities encourage the practice. The experiment has now been made for nearly three years, and with excellent results—the kennels are managed by the school prefects, and each dog-owner is expected to groom and exercise his dog, and in every way good organisation and discipline is maintained. The Headmaster of Clayesmore has recently had a new set of kennels erected, and these are to be formally opened by the Countess of Warwick, who is visiting the School on June 5th. On this occasion a statement is to be read as to the practicability and value of providing such interests, beyond the official games in boys' schools.

Sporting Intelligence.

[During April—May, 1899.]

THIS year is the Jubilee of the Dumfriesshire Hunt, and the occasion was celebrated on April 18th by a dinner in the Lockerbie Town Hall, the company numbering some 300 members of the Hunt and guests.

On April 22nd, the members of the Rugby Polo Club presented Mr. E. D. Miller with a very handsome silver tray,

on which some seventy of the playing members' *facsimile* signatures had been engraved. Mr. Gerald Hardy was entrusted with the presentation, and in making it stated that the success of the Rugby Polo Club was entirely due to the efforts of the Brothers Miller.

At Sandown Park on April 22nd, a number of well-known steeplechase horses

were sold by auction. Mr. J. G. Bulteel purchased Drogheda, by Cherry Ripe—Eglantine, for 3,300 guineas; Lord Cowley's Morello, also by Cherry Ripe was sold to Mr. H. I. Higham for 1,300 gs., and Queen Bee by Royal Meath made 900 gs., Mr. W. H. Moore being the buyer.

The following appears in the *Field* of April 22nd:—The hon. sec. of the Mercury C.C., Hamble, sends us the following:—Recently, in practising to the coaching of Alfred Shaw, who is engaged in the interests of Hampshire cricket by Mr. C. A. R. Hoare, of Hamble, Mr. C. B. Fry made a phenomenally big hit. The measurement from the batting crease to where the ball dropped was 145 yds. 3in.

The Duke of Westminster, who won the Two Thousand Guineas with Flying Fox, had previously won the same race on two occasions, in 1882 with Shotover, and in 1886 with Ormonde.

The time occupied by the Duke of Westminster's Flying Fox in covering the course for the Two Thousand Guineas (the Rowley Mile, one mile and eleven yards), on April 26th, was 1 min. 43 secs.; the value of the stakes was 4,250 sovs. In 1898 Mr. Wallace Johnstone's Disraeli covered the distance in 1 min. 44½ secs., the stakes being worth £4,900. In 1897 the stakes amounted to £3,700, and Mr. J. Gubbins' Galtee More won in 1 min. 40½ secs., and made a record time for the course. In 1896, Mr. L. de Rothschild's St. Frusquin occupied 1 min. 43½ secs., and the stakes totalled £4,250. In 1895, when the stakes amounted to £4,000, Sir J. Blundell Maple's Kirkconnel was successful in 1 min. 42½ secs., and the colt thus tied with Isinglass, who established the previous best record in connection with the race in 1893, when the stake value was £4,250. In 1894 Lord Rosebery's Ladas won in 1 min. 44½ secs. and credited his owner with £3,500.

St. Galmier, the well-known steeple-chaser, by New Oswestry (h-b) out of Miss Honiton, who has for some time past been standing at the stud of Colonel Rivers Bulkeley, at Oak Cottage, Whitchurch, Salop, died suddenly on April 24th. He was an own brother to the celebrated Zoedone, who carried Count Kinsky, his owner, to success in the Liverpool Grand National in 1883. St. Galmier, who was foaled in 1882, was originally the property of Mr. T. Jackson, who sold him to Count Kinsky, whose colours he carried successfully in a number of races in 1886 and 1887, and in the latter year he won eight out of the nine races in which he took part.

Mr. R. P. Stevens, of Sandiacre Hall,

died at Stanton Grange, Notts, on May 1st, at the age of fifty years. The deceased, in his youth, was a prominent athlete in many branches of sport, but the one he took most interest in was cricket. He represented Derbyshire in the first match that county ever played, this being against Lancashire in 1871, and subsequently he was elected captain of the eleven. As a batsman he was very reliable, playing a sound, steady game, and he never failed to punish any loose bowling on the off-side of the wicket. He earned a big reputation for his excellent fielding at point, bringing off many fine catches. During later years Mr. Stevens was keen to hounds and a hearty supporter of the Belvoir and South Notts Hunts.

The winner of the Chester Cup, run May 3rd, Mr. Teddy's Uncle Mac (late Northallerton), did the course, nearly two and a quarter miles, in 4 min. 10½ secs., and credited his owner with 2,030 sovs. Mr. Pack's Up Guards, who won in 1898, covered the course in 4 min. 6½ secs., the value of the stakes being the same; in 1897 Mr. R. Lebaudy's Count Schomberg won in 4 min. 7 secs. In 1896 The Rush occupied 4 min. 8½ secs., and credited Mr. Dobell with £2,265. In 1895, the time of Captain Macbell's Kilsallagan was 4 min. 5½ secs., and the race on this occasion was worth £2,495.

On May 3rd the Right Hon. Sir Archibald Levin Smith was elected president of the Marylebone Cricket Club in succession to the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, M.P. The right hon. gentleman is a Lord Justice of Appeal. When at Cambridge he was a distinguished oarsman, rowing No. 4 in the losing Cambridge crew of 1857, and also in the following year, when he occupied the second thwart in the victorious boat. In 1859 he figured as No. 3 in the memorable race when the Cambridge craft was upset.

Messrs. Tattersall held their annual sale of foxhounds on May 5th at Rugby. Excellent prices were realised. The sale included the whole of the Avon Vale Foxhounds, the thirty-five couples selling for 406 gs., or nearly 12 gs. a couple. Lord Bathurst's draft of seventeen couples brought an average of nearly 10 gs. The pick of the sale were the four couples of entered hounds, sent by Mr. Harrison, late master of the East Galway, which sold for 159 gs. Of these Mr. Dunwaters purchased two couples of three season bitches for 81 gs., and the same gentleman bought one of the best lots of the Avon Vale. One couple of dog hounds from the East Galway, viz., Victory and Tartar, brought no less than 58 gs., though Victory was put down as a five-season hunter.

Mr. Michael Widger died on May 6th at his residence, Manor House, Waterford,

after a brief illness. Mr. Widger was the eldest of the brothers who have been identified with racing for many years, and the Victory of Wild Man from Borneo in the Grand National of 1895 may be mentioned as one of their greatest successes.

The race from London to Brighton organised by the South London Harriers on May 6th, was very successful. The winner, F. D. Randall, Finchley Harriers, covered the distance in 6 hrs. 58 min. 18 secs., W. Saward, of the Essex Beagles, being second, in 7 hrs. 17 min. 50 secs. This is the first race of 50 miles or more since J. E. Dixon established the existing record of 6 hrs. 18 min. 26 secs. at Balham in 1885.

The death of Mr. Tom Nickalls occurred at his residence, Pattison Court, Redhill, on May 10th, at the age of seventy-one years. Mr. Nickalls was for many years Master of the Surrey Staghouids, which he took over in 1878. Himself a sculler of some celebrity, as far back as 1856, Mr. Nickalls was the father of the two famous rowing men, Vivian and Guy.

Mr. H. L. Raphael died suddenly at Newmarket on May 11th at the age of seventy years. Although Mr. Raphael only registered his colours in 1896 they were soon carried to the front by Amurath by Janissary out of Ladykin.

Mr. W. Cooper's Newhaven II., winner of the City and Suburban (about one mile and a quarter), covered the course in 2 min. 18 secs., the value of the stakes being 1,665 sovs. In 1898, when Mr. L. Brassey's Bay Ronald (5 yrs., 8st.), was successful, the time was 2 min. 9½ secs.; in 1897 the Duke of Devonshire's Balsamo (4 yrs., 7 st. 4 lbs.), covered the course in 2 min. 14 secs.; and in 1896, on the occasion of Mr. Barnaro's Worcester (6 yrs., 8 st. 12 lb.) winning, the time taken was 2 min. 11 secs., the stakes amounting on each occasion to £1,665. In 1895 Mr. T. Cannon's Reminder (4 yrs., 8st. 9lb.), covered the course in 2 min. 10½ secs., and credited his owner with £1,435.

The famous old brood mare, Lily Agnes, dam of Ormonde, having recently become

very infirm, has been destroyed at the Eaton Stud, of which establishment, says the *Sportsman*, she was for many years the greatest ornament. Bred by Mr. Snarry in 1871, Lily Agnes went through her two-year-old season without tasting defeat, and as a three-year-old, she won seven events out of ten, including such prizes as the Northumberland Plate and the Doncaster Cup. As a four-year-old Lily Agnes, won eight races, among them the Great Ebor Handicap, and in 1876 she scored twice, leaving off a winner. Altogether she was victorious in 21 races out of 32.

She then went to the stud, and after producing two foals she passed out of Mr. Snarry's possession into that of the Duke of Westminster. In her new home she had ten foals, of whom incomparably the greatest was Ormonde. Her complete stud record is appended:—Bred by Mr. Snarry. 1878.—Ch. c. Narcissus, by Speculum. 1879.—Missed to Blue Gown. 1880.—B. f. Eastern Lily, by Speculum. Bred by the Duke of Westminster. 1881.—Ch. c. Rossington, by Doncaster. 1882.—Ch. f. Farewell, by Doncaster. 1883.—B. c. Ormonde, by Bend Or. 1884.—B. f. Welfare, by Doncaster. 1885.—Ch. c. Ossory, by Bend Or. 1886.—R. f. Fleur de Lys, by Bend Or. 1887.—B. f. Ornament, by Bend Or. 1888.—Missed to Bend Or. 1889.—B. c. Arklow, by Bend Or. 1890.—Barren. 1891.—Barren. 1892.—Ch. c. Orelia, by Bend Or. 1893.—Slipped foal to Bend Or. 1894.—Ch. c. Orelia, by Bend Or. 1895.—Not covered the previous season. 1896.—Not covered the previous season. 1897.—Barren to Grey Leg. 1898.—Not covered the previous season. Died in 1894.

Captain T. E. Harrison, who has been master of the East Galway Hounds for five seasons, was recently the recipient of a handsome presentation from the lady members of the Hunt. The testimonial took the form of a massive silver cup, standing eighteen inches high, and bears the following inscription:—"Presented to Captain T. E. Harrison, on the occasion of his resignation of the Mastership of the East Galway Hunt, by some of the lady followers."

TURF.

DERBY.—SPRING MEETING.

April 14th.—The Doveridge Handicap Stakes of 562 sovs.; the Straight Mile.

Mr. H. F. Clayton's b. m. Kendal Queen, by Kendal—Tournure, aged, 7st. 9lb. Luke 1
Captain Freville Cookson's b. c. Gay Lumley, 4 yrs., 8st. N. Robinson 2
Mr. Beade's b. f. Misunderstood,

3 yrs., 7st. Purkiss 3
100 to 7 agst. Kendal Queen.
The Sudbury Stakes of 267 sovs.; for two-year-olds; five furlongs.
Mr. A. Eccles's bl. Filly by Father Confessor—Lachesis, 8st. 7lb.

T. Weldon 1
Lord Ellesmere's br. f. Leila, 8st. 4lb. Allsopp 2
Lord Lurgan's Amnesty, 8st. 7lb.
M. Cannon 3
5 to 4 agst. Lachesis filly

April 15th.—The Derbyshire Stakes, a High-weight Handicap of 270 sovs. ; about a mile and a half.

Major Fenwick's ch. h. Barford, by King Monmouth—Warden Belle, 6 yrs., 10st. 3lb.Allsopp	1
Lord Ellesmere's b. c. Ultimatum, 4 yrs., 8st. 11lb.S. Loates	2
Lord Penrhyn's b. g. Moralist, 3 yrs., 8st.T. Loates	3
100 to 12 agst. Barford.	

The Chaddesden Plate of 225 sovs. ; second receives 20 sovs. ; about six furlongs.

Mr. E. C. Clayton's b. or br. h. Sir Michael, by Kendal—Chrysalis, aged, 7st. 5lb.T. Loates	1
Mr. N. C. Cockburn's b. f. Cardonald, aged, 8st. 12lb.Weldon	2
Mr. Inglis' b. f. Cranborne Chase, 4 yrs., 7st. 8lb.Segrott	3
5 to 1 agst. Sir Michael.	

EPSOM.—SPRING MEETING.

April 18th.—The Great Metropolitan Stakes (Handicap) of 925 sovs. ; for three-year-olds and upwards.

Lord Penrhyn's b. c. King's Messenger, by King Monmouth—Swiftsure, 4 yrs., 7st. 10lb.F. Allsopp	1
Mr. W. Low's b. h. St. Bris, 6 yrs., 7st. 11lb.O. Madden	2
Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's b. c. Velo, 3 yrs., 6st. 7lbs. (inc. 5lb. ex.)C. Purkiss	3
9 to 2 agst. King's Messenger.	

The Great Surrey Handicap of 430 sovs. ; five furlongs.

Mr. H. Barnato's b. c. Sir Geoffrey, by St. Angelo—La Vierge, 4 yrs., 7st. 10lb.Allsopp	1
Mr. D. Seymour's ch. c. Sirdar, 5 yrs., 8st. 7lb.M. Cannon	2
Mr. L. M'Creery's b. f. Esmeralda II., 3 yrs., 6st. 12lb.B. Lynham	3
3 to 1 agst. Sir Geoffrey.	

April 19th.—The City and Suburban Handicap of 1,665 sovs. ; for three-year-olds and upwards ; about one mile and a quarter.

Mr. W. Cooper's ch. h. Newhaven II., by Newminster—Ocean, 6 yrs., 9st.M. Cannon	1
Mr. Theobald's b. or br. h. Survivor, 6 yrs., 7st. 9lb.F. Allsopp	2
Lord Rosebery's ch. c. Tom Cringle, 4 yrs., 7st. 10lb.C. Wood	3
7 to 1 agst. Newhaven II.	

The Hyde Park Plate of 395 sovs. ; for two-year-olds ; five furlongs.

Mr. A. W. Merry's b. f. by Janissary—Swiftsure, 8st. 9lb.F. Finlay	1
Mr. Fairie's b. g. Cutaway, 8st. 12lb.Allsopp	2
Mr. R. T. Hermon-Hodge's br. c. Ilaskeval, 8st. 9lb.N. Robinson	3
100 to 8 agst. Swiftsure filly.	

SANDOWN PARK.—SECOND SPRING MEETING.

April 20th.—The Tudor Plate of 830 sovs. ; for three-year-olds which have not won any race up to entry ; one mile.

Mr. W. R. Marshall's ch. c. by Suspender—Revelry, 9st. 3lb.J. Woodburn	1
Mr. A. W. Merry's b. c. Sir Hercules, 9st.N. Robinson	2
Lord Ellesmere's b. c. Proclamation, 9st.T. Loates	3
100 to 15 agst. Revelry colt.	

The Princess of Wales' Handicap of 487 sovs. ; about one mile and five furlongs.

Mr. J. H. Houldsworth's b. c. Morning Dew, by Adieu—Golden Morn, 4 yrs., 7st. 7lb.Allsopp	1
Lord Ellesmere's ch. c. Pax, 3 yrs., 6st. 3lb.Weatherell	2
Mr. W. Low's b. h. St. Bris, 6 yrs., 8st. 10lb.M. Cannon	3
6 to 4 agst. Morning Dew.	

April 21st.—The Sandown Park Stud Produce Stakes ; for two-year-olds ; five furlongs.

Prince Soltykoff's b. c. Vulpio, by Curio—Vulpecula, 8st. 2lb.C. Wood	1
Mr. L. de Rothschild's ch. c. Hulcot, 8st. 2lb.T. Loates	2
Mr. Brownleigh's ch. c. Chevening, 8st. 5lb.O. Madden	3
100 to 30 agst. Vulpio.	

The Esher Stakes (Handicap) of 830 sovs. : one mile and one furlong.

Duke of Westminster's b. c. Calveley, by St. Serf—Sandiway, 4 yrs., 7st. 7lb.S. Loates	1
Captain Bewick's br. h. General Peace, 5 yrs., 8st. 10lb. (inc. 10lb. ex.)O. Madden	2
Mr. J. H. Houldsworth's b. c. Greenan, 4 yrs., 7st. 8lb.A. Pratt	3
20 to 1 agst. Calveley.	

April 22nd.—The Grand International Steeplechase of 412 sovs.; three miles and a half.

Mr. J. G. Mosenthal's b. m. Mum, by Hawkeye—Silence, by Wisdom, aged, 10st. 8lb. Hassall 1
 Lord Dudley's br. h. The Tramp, 6 yrs., 9st. 13lb. Dollery 2
 Mr. H. Escott's ch. g. Lexington, 5 yrs., 9st. 12lb. W. Taylor 3
 5 to 1 agst. Mum.

The Great Sandown Hurdle Race of 412 sovs.; two miles, over eight hurdles.

Mr. C. W. S. Reeves's b. h. Jacobus, by Buchanan—Lady Jacobite, 5 yrs., 10st. 7lb.

W. Pullen 1
 Mr. T. Hoodless's b. h. No Fool, 5 yrs., 10st. 12lb. Birch 2

Mr. E. J. Percy's ch. h. Bonnie Dundee, 6 yrs., 11st. 10lb.

W. Taylor 3
 100 to 8 agst. Jacobus.

NEWMARKET.—FIRST SPRING MEETING.

April 25th.—The Hastings Plate of 500 sovs.; for three-year-olds; D.M.

Mr. Douglas Baird's b. c. Mazagan, by Martagon—Maize, 8st. 3lb.

Rickaby 1
 Mr. Fairie's b. c. Matoppo, 8st. 3lb. M. Cannon 2

Lord W. Beresford's b. g. Jolly Tar, 8st. Sloan 3
 100 to 8 agst. Mazagan.

The First Spring Two-Year-Old Stakes of 310 sovs.; Rous Course (five furlongs).

Mr. E. Cassel's ch. f. Sonatura, by Amphion—Albertine, 8st. 9lb.

S. Loates 1
 Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's ch. f. Nushka, 8st. 9lb. T. Loates 2

Mr. J. Musker's b. or br. f. Our Grace, 8st. 9lb. O. Madden 3
 7 to 1 agst. Sonatura.

April 26th.—The Two Thousand Guineas Stakes of 4,250 sovs.; for three-year-olds; colts, 9st., and fillies, 8st. 9lb.; R.M.

Duke of Westminster's b. c. Flying Fox, by Orme—Vampire.

M. Cannon 1
 Lord W. Beresford's ch. c. Caiman.

J. T. Sloan 2
 Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's ch. c. Trident. .. T. Loates 3

6 to 5 on Flying Fox.

A Three Year Old Welter Handicap of 335 sovs.; for three-year-olds only; R.M.

Mr. E. Ronner's ch. f. Light

Comedy, by Rose Window—

Gaiety, 8st. K. Cannon 1

Mr. C. S. Newton's ch. c. Lord

Earnest, 7st. 3lb. Segrott 2

Mr. H. Barnato's ch. c. My Boy,

7st. 9lb. Allsopp 3

8 to 1 agst. Light Comedy.

April 27th.—The March Stakes of 500 sovs.; A.F. (one mile two furlongs).

Mr. W. Cooper's ch. h. Newhaven II., by Newminster—Occana, 6

yrs., 9st. 10lb. J. Waits 1

Lord William Beresford's ch. c.

Berzak, 5 yrs., 8st. 7lb.

J. Sloan 2

Mr. F. Alexander's ch. c. Solennis, 3 yrs., 8st. 4lb. (car. 8st. 6lb.)

M. Cannon 3

2 to 1 agst. Newhaven II.

The Newmarket Two-Year-Old Plate of 277 sovs.; Rous Course (five furlongs).

Lord W. Beresford's bl. g. Blacksmith, by Wolf's Crag—Maxima, 8st. 7lb. J. Sloan 1

Mr. Fairie's b. g. Cutaway, 9st. 3lb.

M. Cannon 2

Mr. J. Lewis's gr. c. Isaac II., 8st. 10lb. C. Wood 3

2 to 1 agst. Blacksmith.

April 28th.—The One Thousand Guineas Stakes of 3,800 sovs. for three-year-old fillies, 9st. each; (R.M. one mile eleven yards).

Mr. P. Lorillard's b. f. Sibola, by The Sailor Prince—Saluda

J. Sloan 1

Mr. Arthur James' b. f. Fascination

F. Pratt 2

Mr. Douglas Baird's b. f. Musa

F. Rickaby 3

13 to 8 agst. Sibola.

The Bretby Handicap of 316 sovs.; Bretby Stakes Course (six furlongs).

Mr. A. L. Duncan's br. g. London, by Denovan—Lucasta, 3 yrs., 6st. 13lb. (car. 7st.) Segrott 1

Mr. W. G. Marshall's b. f. Handmaid, 3 yrs., 6st. Wetherell 2

Sir Edgar Vincent's ch. c. Fregoli, 4 yrs., 7st. 3lb. (car. 7st. 5lb.)

T. Loates 3

100 to 14 agst. London.

HURST PARK CLUB.—APRIL MEETING.

April 29th.—The Hurst Park Spring Handicap of 795 sovs.; one mile and a half.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Morning Dew, by Adieu—Golden Morn, 4 yrs., 8st. 4lb. M. Cannon 1

Mr. E. H. Baldock's b. c. St. Fort, 5 yrs., 8st. 2lb. Allsopp 2

Mr. J. A. Miller's b. c. Innocence,
3 yrs., 7st. 13lb.O. Madden 3
5 to 2 agst. Morning Dew.

CHESTER MEETING.

May 2nd.—The Mostyn Two-Year-Old Plate of 463 sovs. ; second receives 30 sovs. ; five furlongs.

Mr. Musker's b. c. Chevening, by Orion—Simena, 8st. 7lb.Sloan 1

Mr. Arthur James's ch. g. O'Donovan Rossa, 8st. 8lb. O. Madden 2

Mr. Russel's b. f. Tiresome, 8st. 4lb.Allsopp 3
11 to 4 agst. Chevening.

May 3rd.—The Chester Cup (Handicap) of 2,030 sovs. ; Old Cup Course, nearly two miles and a quarter.

Mr. Teddy's ch. g. Uncle Mac (late Northallerton), by Hagioscope—Matilda, 6 yrs., 7st. 7lb. F. Finlay 1

Duke of Westminster's br. c. Batt, 4 yrs., 8st.S. Loates 2

Mr. G. H. Plummer's b. m. Carnatum, 5 yrs., 7st. T. Lofthouse 3
100 to 8 agst. Uncle Mac.

May 4th.—The Dee Stakes of 20 sovs. each, with 500 added ; for three-year-olds ; about one mile and a half.

Mr. L. de Rothschild's ch. c. Trident, by Ocean Wave—Lady Loverule, 9st. 10lb.T. Loates 1

Mr. Fairie's b. c. Matoppo, 8st. 7lb.Rickaby 2

Mr. F. Alexander's br. c. Wolf's Hope, 9st.M. Cannon 3
85 to 40 agst. Trident.

The Ormonde Two-Year-Old Plate of 463 sovs. ; five furlongs.

Mr. Musker's b. or br. f. Our Grace, by Garrick or Melton—Your Grace, 8st. 4lb. O. Madden 1

Mr. Russel's b. f. Silver Chain, 8st. 8lb.N. Robinson 2

Lord Crewe's b. f. Duchesse De Berry, 8st. 4lb.M. Cannon 3
11 to 10 agst. Our Grace.

The Great Cheshire Handicap Stakes of 900 sovs. ; one mile and a quarter.

Mr. Dobell's b. h. Sligo, by Duncombe—Springthorn, 5 yrs., 8st. 12lb.O. Madden 1

Sir John Thursby's br. h. Trevor, 5 yrs., 8st. 11lb. Mr. G. Thursby 2

Sir E. Vincent's ch. c. Bonnebosq, 4 yrs., 7st. 12lb.T. Loates 3
5 to 1 agst. Sligo.

KEMPTON PARK.—SPRING MEETING.

May 5th.—The Royal Two-Year-Old Plate of 2,360 sovs. ; five furlongs, on the Straight Course.

Mr. D. Fraser's b. f. Emotion, by Nunthorpe—Emita, 8st. 3lb. N. Robinson 1

Lord W. Beresford's ch. g. Democrat, 8st. 6lb.Sloan 2

Lord Rosebery's bl. c. Bonnie Lad, 8st. 6lb.C. Wood 3
6 to 1 agst. Emotion.

The Kempton Park May Handicap of 825 sovs. ; one mile and a half.

Prince Soltykoff's b. h. Tarbolton, by Ayrshire—Radiance, 5 yrs., 7st. 9lb.C. Wood 1

Duke of Westminster's b. c. Calveley, 4 yrs., 8st. 12lb. M. Cannon 2

Duke of Devonshire's b. c. Neish, 4 yrs., 7st. 12lb.O. Madden 3
100 to 7 agst. Tarbolton.

May 6th.—The Kempton Park Great Jubilee Stakes (Handicap) of 2,215 sovs. ; Jubilee Course.

Lord W. Beresford's b. h. Knight of the Thistle, by Rosebery—Empress Maud, 6 yrs., 8st. 4lb. J. Sloan 1

Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Greenan, 4 yrs., 7st.A. Pratt 2

Mr. H. V. Long's ch. c. Lord Edward II., 3 yrs., 7st. 3lb. T. Loates 3
9 to 2 agst. Knight of the Thistle.

NEWMARKET.—SECOND SPRING MEETING.

May 9th.—The Somerville Stakes of 677 sovs. ; for two-year-olds ; Rous Course (five furlongs).

Mr. E. Cassel's ch. f. Sonatura, by Amphion—Albertine, 9st. 1lb. S. Loates 1

Mr. Russel's b. f. Emotion, 9st. Robinson 2

Mr. C. S. Newton's b. c. Evasit, 8st. 5lb.Segrott 3
8 to 1 agst. Sonatura.

The Newmarket Handicap of 405 sovs. ; last mile and a half of Cesarewitch Course.

Lord W. Beresford's ch. c. Grodno, by Gamini—Georgina, 4 yrs., 8st. 2lb.Sloan 1

Mr. E. H. Baldock's b. h. St. Fort, 5 yrs., 7st. 7lb.Allsopp 2

Sir E. Vincent's ch. c. Bonnebosq, 4 yrs., 7st. 7lb.T. Loates 3
5 to 2 agst. Grodno.

May 10th.—The Newmarket Stakes of 3,196 sovs., for three-year-olds; colts, 9st.; fillies, 8st. 11lb.; A.F. (one mile and two furlongs, straight).

Mr. P. Lorillard's b. or br. c. Dominie II., by Sensation—Dolores, 9st. Sloan 1
Mr. J. E. Platt's ch. c. Kent, 9st. O. Madden 2
Mr. Wallace Johnstone's b. c. Harrow, 9st. J. Watts 3
9 to 4 agst. Dominie II.

May 11th.—The Breeders' Plate of 494 sovs., for two-year-olds; Rous Course (five furlongs).

Sir R. Waldie Griffiths' b. f. Vain Duchess, by Isinglass—Sweet Duchess, 8st. 6lb. Sloan 1
Mr. Russell's b. f. Tiresome, 8st. 8lb. Allsopp 2
Captain Laing's br. f. Papdale, 8st. 3lb. F. Finlay 3
13 to 8 on Vain Duchess.

The Payne Stakes of 670 sovs., for three-year-olds; R.M. (1 mile 11 yards).

Lord W. Beresford's ch. c. Caiman, by Locohatchee—Happy Day, 9st. 5lb. Sloan 1
Captain Laing's br. c. Footpad II., 9st. 3lb. W. Bradford 2
Mr. Arthur James' b. g. Sinopi, 8st. 9lb. O. Madden 3
6 to 1 on Caiman.

The Bedford Two-Year-Old Plate of 690 sovs. for two-year-olds; Rous Course (five furlongs).

Mr. Arthur James' ch. g. O'Donovan Rossa, by Donovan, dam by Barcaldine—Symmetry, 8st. 4lb. O. Madden 1
Lord W. Beresford's ch. g. Democrat, 8st. 7lb. Sloan 2
Mr. J. S. Curtis' ch. c. Star of Hanover, 8st. 4lb. M. Cannon 3
2 to 1 agst. O'Donovan Rossa.

GATWICK.—SPRING MEETING.

May 12th.—The Alexandra Handicap of 877 sovs.; six furlongs.

Lord W. Beresford's ch. h. Berzak, by Sensation—Belphebe, 5 yrs., 8st. 3lb. Sloan 1
Mr. J. Tyler's b. h. St. Noel, 6 yrs., 7st. 7lb. S. Loates 2
Mr. H. Bottomley's b. h. Northern Farmer, 5 yrs., 8st. 2lb. F. Finlay 3
11 to 8 agst. Berzak.

The Worth Stakes of 394 sovs.; for two-year-olds; five furlongs.

Lord W. Beresford's bl. g. Blacksmith, by Wolf's Grag—Marina, 9st. 3lb. Sloan 2
Mr. J. H. Locke's ch. c. Parjon Albopp 3
Mr. L. de Rothschild's ch. c. Hulcot, 9st. 7lb. T. Loates 3
6 to 4 agst. Blacksmith.

May 13th.—The Prince's Handicap of 899 sovs.; one mile and a half.

Mr. H. V. Long's ch. c. Lord Edward II., by Enthusiasm—Noble Duchess, 3 yrs., 7st. 10lb. T. Loates 1
Lord W. Beresford's b. f. Jiffy II., 4 yrs., 7st. 11lb. Sloan 2
Mr. Houldsworth's Morning Dew, 4 yrs., 8st. S. Loates 3
11 to 10 agst. Lord Edward II.

The Marlborough Stakes of 800 sovs. for three and four-year-olds which have not won a race up to closing; one mile.

Lord Farquhar's b. c. Hadrian, by St. Angelo—Isona, 3 yrs., 8st. 12lb. Rickaby 1
Lord W. Beresford's b. g. Jolly Tar, 3 yrs., 8st. 4lb. Sloan 2
Mr. J. W. Larnach's Colt by Orme—Nemesis, 3 yrs., 8st. 7lb. O. Madden 3
7 to 1 agst. Hadrian.

CRICKET.

May 4th.—At Lord's, M.C.C. and Ground v. Sussex, former won by 5 wickets.

May 6th.—At Worcester, Worcestershire v. Yorkshire, latter won by 11 runs.

May 6th.—At Kennington Oval, Surrey v. Derbyshire, former won by 10 wickets.

May 13th.—At Leyton, Essex v. Australians, former won by 126 runs.

May 13th.—At Blackheath, Kent v. Gloucestershire, latter won by 51 runs.

May 13th.—At Bath, Somerset v. Yorkshire, latter won by an innings and 301 runs.

ROWING.

May 1st.—George Towns (Australia) v. W. Barry (Putney), for the Sculling Championship of England, former won by six lengths; time, 24 min. 3 secs.

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